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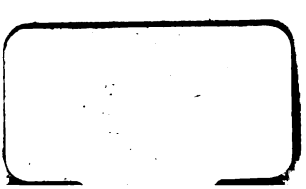

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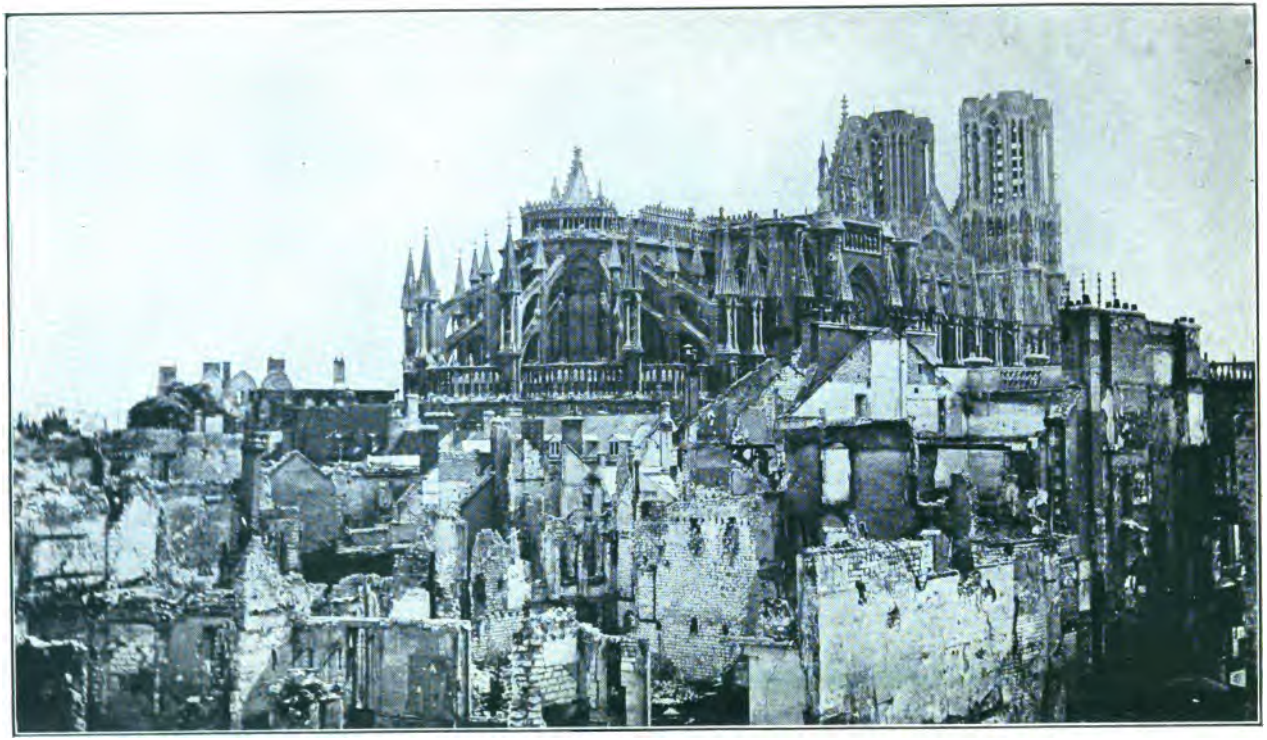

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WORLD'S WAR EVENTS

VOLUME I

BEGINNING WITH THE CAUSES OF THE WAR AND THE INVASION OF BELGIUM IN 1914 AND CARRYING THE HISTORY OF THE WAR TO THE CLOSE OF 1915

TRANSFER FROM C. O. DEC 1924

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WHAT CAUSED THE WAR

BARON BEYENS

I

THE Archduke Francis Ferdinand will go down to posterity without having yielded up his secret. Great political designs have been ascribed to him, mainly on the strength of his friendship with William II. What do we really know about him? He was strong-willed and obstinate, very Clerical, very Austrian, disliking the Hungarians to such an extent that he kept their statesmen at arm's-length, and having no love for Italy. He has been credited with sympathies towards the Slav elements of the Empire; it has been asserted that he dreamt of setting up, in place of the dual monarchy, a "triune State, in which the third factor would have been made up for the most part of Slav provinces carved out of the Kingdom of St. Stephen. Immediately after he had been murdered, the *Vossische Zeitung* refuted this theory with arguments which seemed to me thoroughly sound.

Political designs of Francis Ferdinand.

The Archduke, said the Berlin newspaper, was too keen-witted not to see that he would thus be creating two rivals for Austria instead of one, and that the Serb populations would come within the orbit of Belgrade rather than of Vienna. Serbia would become the Piedmont of the Balkans; she would draw to herself the Slavs of the Danube valley by a process of crystallization similar to that which brought about Italian unity.

From year to year the Archduke had acquired

more and more weight in the governance of the Empire, in proportion as his uncle's will grew weaker beneath the burden of advancing age.

Army and Navy reorganized.

Thus he had succeeded in his efforts to provide Austria-Hungary with a new navy, the counterpart, on a more modest scale, of the German fleet, and to reorganize the effective army, here again taking Germany for his model. Among certain cliques, he was accused of not keeping enough in the background, of showing little tact or consideration in the manner of thrusting aside the phantom Emperor, who was gently gliding into the winter of the years at Schönbrunn amid the veneration of his subjects of every race.

Another charge was that he appointed too many of his creatures to important civil and military posts.

We may well believe that this prince, observing the gradual decay of the monarchy, tried to restore its vigour, and that his first thought was to hold with a firm grasp, even before assuming the Imperial crown, the cluster of nationalities, mutually hostile and always discontented, that go to make up the Dual Empire. So far as foreign relations are concerned, we may assume that he was bent on winning her a place in the first rank of Powers; that he wished, above all, to see her predominant all along the Danube and in the Balkans; that he even aimed at giving her the road to Salonika and the Levant, though it were at the price of a collision with Russia. This antagonism between the two neighbour Empires must have often been among the topics of his conversations with William II.

Antagonism of Russia and Austria.

The Archduke needed military glory, prestige won on the battle-field, in order to seat his consort firmly on the throne and make his children heirs to the Cæsars. He had been suspected, both in Austria and abroad, of not

wishing to observe the family compact which he had signed at the time of his marriage with Countess Sophie Chotek. It was thought that he perhaps reserved the right to declare it null and void, in view of the constraint that had been put upon him. The successive honours that had drawn the Duchess of Hohenberg from the obscurity in which the morganatic wife of a German prince is usually wrapped, and had brought her near to the steps of the throne, showed clearly that her rise would not stop half-way.

Domestic life of the Archduke.

The Archduke, like William II himself, was reputed to be an exemplary father and husband. He was one of those princes who adore their own children, but, under the spur of political ambition, are very prone to send the children of others to the shambles. A fine theme for Socialist and Republican preachers to enlarge upon!

I often met the heir to the Imperial crown, especially at Vienna in 1910, where I had the honour of accompanying my Sovereign, and two years later at Munich, the Prince Regent's funeral.

On each occasion this Hapsburg, with his heavy features, his scowling expression, and his rather corpulent figure (quite different from the slim build characteristic of his line), struck me as a singular type. His face was certainly not sympathetic, nor was his manner engaging. The Duchess of Hohenberg, whom, after having known her as a little girl when her father was Austrian Minister at Brussels. I found gracefully doing the honours in the Belvedere Palace, had retained in her high station the genial simplicity of the Chotek family. This probably did not prevent her from cherishing the loftiest ambitions for herself, and above all for her eldest son, and from coveting the glory of the double crown.

II

Assassination of Francis Ferdinand.

The news that an assassin's hand had struck down the Archduke and his wife, inseparable even in death, burst upon Berlin on the afternoon of Sunday, June 28, like an unexpected thunderclap in the midst of a calm summer's day. I went over at once to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy, in order to express all the horror that I felt at this savage drama. Count Szögyen, the senior member of the diplomatic corps, was on the eve of resigning the post that he had held for twenty years, honoured by all his colleagues. It was whispered that his removal had been asked for by the Archduke, who was anxious to introduce young blood into the diplomatic service. I found the Ambassador quite overcome by the terrible news. He seemed stricken with grief at the thought of his aged Sovereign, who had already lost so many of his nearest and dearest, and of the Dual Empire, robbed of its most skillful pilot, and with no one to steer it now but an octogenarian leaning on a youth of twenty-six. M. Cambon had come to the Embassy at the same time, and we left together discussing the results, still impossible to foresee clearly, that this fatality might have for European affairs.

Serajevo tragedy a menace.

From the very next day the tone of the Berlin Press, in commenting on the Serajevo tragedy, was full of menace. It expected the Vienna Cabinet to send to Belgrade an immediate request for satisfaction, if Serbian subjects, as it was believed, were among those who had devised and carried out the plot. But how far would this satisfaction go, and in what form would it be demanded? There was the rub. The report, issued by the semi-official *Lokal-anzeiger,* of a pressure exerted by the Austro-Hungarian Minister, with a view to making

the Serbian Government institute proceedings again the anarchist societies of which the Archduke and his wife had been the victims, surprised no one, but was not confirmed. On the other hand, a softer breeze soon blew from Vienna and Budapest, and under its influence the excitement of the Berlin newspapers suddenly abated. An order seemed to have been issued: the rage and fluster of the public were to be allowed to cool down. The Austro-Hungarian Government, so we were informed by the news agencies, were quietly taking steps to prosecute the murderers. Count Berchtold, in speaking to the diplomatic corps at Vienna, and Count Tisza, in addressing Parliament at Budapest, used reassuring language, which raised hopes of a peaceful solution.

The Wilhelmstrasse also expressed itself in very measured terms on the guarantees that would be demanded from Serbia. Herr Zimmermann, without knowing (so he said to me) what decision had been arrived at in Vienna, thought that no action would be taken in Belgrade until the Austro-Hungarian Government had collected the proofs of the complicity of Serbian subjects or societies in the planning of the Serajevo crime. He had made a similar statement to the Russian Ambassador, who had hastened to impart to him his fears for the peace of Europe, in the event of any attempt to coerce Serbia into proceeding against the secret societies, if they were accused of intrigues against the Austrian Government in Bosnia and Croatia. Herr Zimmermann declared to M. Sverbeeff that, in his opinion, no better advice could be given to the Serbian Government than this: that it should put a stop to the nefarious work of these societies and punish the accomplices of the Archduke's assassins. The moderation of this remark fairly reflected the general state of public opinion in Berlin.

Opinion is moderate in Berlin

But what of the Emperor, the Archduke's personal friend? Would not his grief and anger find voice in ringing tones? All eyes were turned towards Kiel, where the fatal news reached William II while he was taking part in a yacht race on board his own clipper. He turned pale, and was heard to murmur: "So my work of the past twenty-five years will have to be started all over again!" Enigmatic words which may be interpreted in various ways! To the British Ambassador, who was also at Kiel, with the British squadron returning from the Baltic, he unburdened himself in more explicit fashion: "Es ist ein Verbrechen gegen das Deutschtum" ("It is a crime against Germanity"). By this he probably meant that Germany, feeling her own interests assailed by the Serajevo crime, would make common cause with Austria to exact a full retribution. With more self-control than usual, however, he abstained from all further public utterances on the subject.

Kaiser William's opinion.

It had been announced that he would go to Vienna to attend the Archduke's funeral. What were the motives that prevented him from offering to the dead man this last token of a friendship which, at first merely political, had become genuine and even tender, with a touch of patronage characteristic of the Emperor?

William II not at the funeral.

He excused himself on the ground of some slight ailment. The truth is, no doubt, that he was disgusted with the wretched stickling for etiquette shown by the Grand Chamberlain of the Viennese Court, the Prince di Montenuovo, who refused to celebrate with fitting splendour the obsequies of the late heir apparent and his morganatic wife. Under these circumstances, Vienna could have no desire either for the presence of William II or for his criticisms.

At the beginning of July, the Emperor left for his accustomed cruise along the Norwegian coast, and in Berlin we breathed more freely. If he could withdraw so easily from the centre of things, it was a sign that the storm-clouds that had nearly burst over Serbia were also passing off from the Danube valley. Such, I fancy, was the view taken by the British Government, for its Ambassador, who was already away on leave, was not sent back to Berlin. Other diplomats, among them the Russian Ambassador, took their annual holiday as usual. But the Emperor, in the remote fiords of Norway, was all the time posted up in the secret designs of the Vienna Cabinet. The approaching ultimatum to Serbia was telegraphed to him direct by his Ambassador in Vienna, Herr von Tschirsky, a very active worker, who strenuously advocated a policy of hostility towards Russia, and from the first moment had wanted war.

The Kaiser goes to Norway.

We may assume that the Emperor, if his mind was not already made up at Kiel, came to a decision during his Norwegian cruise. His departure for the north had been merely a snare, a device for throwing Europe and the Triple Entente off the scent, and for lulling them into a false security. While the world imagined that he was merely seeking to soothe his nerves and recruit his strength with the salt sea breezes, he was biding his time for a dramatic reappearance on the stage of events, allowing the introductory scenes to be played in his absence.

The Kaiser decides.

III

During the first half of July, my colleagues and I at Berlin did not live in a fool's paradise. As the deceptive calm caused by Vienna's silence was prolonged, a latent, ill-defined un-

easiness took hold of us more and more. Yet we were far from anticipating that in the space of a few days we should be driven into the midst of a diplomatic maelstrom, in which, after a week of intense anguish, we should look on, mute and helpless, at the shipwreck of European peace and of all our hopes.

Austria's ultimatum to Serbia.

The ultimatum, sent in the form of a Note by Baron von Giesl to the Serbian Cabinet on July 23, was not disclosed by the Berlin newspapers until the following day, in their morning editions. This bolt from the blue proved more alarming than anything we had dared to imagine. The shock was so unexpected that certain journals, losing their composure, seemed to regard the Vienna Cabinet's arraignment as having overshot the mark. "Austria-Hungary," said the *Vossische Zeitung,* "will have to justify the grave charges that she makes against the Serbian Government and people by publishing the results of the preliminary investigations at Serajevo."

My own conviction, shared by several of my colleagues, was that the Austrian and Hungarian statesmen could not have brought themselves to risk such a blow at the Balkan kingdom, without having consulted their colleagues at Berlin and ascertained that the Emperor William would sanction the step. His horror of regicides and his keen sense of dynastic brotherhood might explain why he left his ally a free hand, in spite of the danger of provoking a European conflict. That danger was only too real. Not for one moment did I suppose that Russia would prove so careless of Serbia's fate as to put up with this daring assault on the latter's sovereignty and independence; that the St. Petersburg Cabinet would renounce the principle of "The Balkans for the Balkan nations," proclaimed to the Duma two

Russia would defend Serbia.

months before by M. Sazonoff, in short, that the Russian people would disown the ancient ties of blood that united it with the Slav communities of the Balkan peninsula.

The pessimistic feeling of the diplomatic corps was increased on the following day, the 25th, by the language addressed to it at the Wilhelmstrasse. Herren von Jagow and Zimmermann said that they had not known beforehand the contents of the Austrian Note. This was a mere quibble: they had not known its actual wording, I grant, but they had certainly been apprised of its tenor. They hastened to add, by the way, that the Imperial Government approved of its ally's conduct, and did not consider the tone of its communication unduly harsh. The Berlin Press, still with the exception of the Socialist organs, had recovered from its astonishment of the day before; it joined in the chorus of the Vienna and Budapest newspapers, from which it gave extracts, and faced the prospect of a war with perfect calm, while expressing the hope that it would remain localized.

No signs of peaceful settlement.

In comparison with the attitude of the German Government and Press, the signs pointing to a peaceful settlement seemed faint indeed. They all came from outside Germany, from the impressions recorded in foreign telegrams. Public opinion in Europe could not grasp the need for such hectoring methods of obtaining satisfaction, when there was no case for refusing discussion on the normal diplomatic lines. It seemed impossible that Count Berchtold should ignore the general movement of reproof which appeared spontaneously everywhere but in Berlin against his ultimatum. A moderate claim would have seemed just; but Serbia could not be asked to accept a demand for so heavy an atonement, couched in a form of such unexampled brutality.

Key to the situation in Berlin.

The more I reflected on the ghastly situation created by the collusion of German and Austro-Hungarian diplomacy, the more certain did I feel that the key to that situation (as M. Sazonoff said later) lay in Berlin, and that there was no need to look further for the solution of the problem. If, however, the choice between peace and war was left to the discretion of the Emperor William, whose influence over his ally in Vienna had always overruled that of others, then, considering what I knew as to His Majesty's personal inclinations and the plans of the General Staff, the upshot of it all was no longer in doubt, and no hope of a peaceful arrangement could any longer be entertained. I communicated this dismal forecast to the French Ambassador, whom I went to see on the evening of the 25th. Like myself, M. Cambon laboured under no illusions. That very night I wrote to my Government, in order to acquaint it with my fears and urge it to be on its guard. This report, dated the 26th, I entrusted, as a measure of precaution, to one of my secretaries, who at once left for Brussels. Early next morning, my dispatch was in the hands of the Belgian Foreign Minister.

The ultimatum to Serbia [it ran] is a blow contrived by Vienna and Berlin, or rather, contrived here and carried out at Vienna. Requital for the assassination of the Austrian heir apparent and the Pan-Serb propaganda serves as a stalking-horse. The real aim, apart from the crushing of Serbia and the stifling of Jugo-Slav aspirations, is to deal a deadly thrust at Russia and France, with the hope that England will stand aside from the struggle. In order to vindicate this theory, I beg to remind you of the view prevailing in the German General Staff, namely, that a war with France and Russia is unavoidable and close at hand—a view which the Emperor has been induced to share. This

War aimed at Russia and France.

war, eagerly desired by the military and Pan-German party, might be undertaken to-day under conditions extremely favourable for Germany, conditions that are not likely to arise again for some time to come.

After a summary of the situation and of the problems that it raised, my report concluded as follows:

We, too, have to ask ourselves these harassing questions, and keep ourselves ready for the worst; for the European conflict that has always been talked about, with the hope that it would never break out, is to-day becoming a grim reality.

Dangers for Belgium.

The worst contingencies that occurred to me, as a Belgian, were the violation of a part of our territory and the duty that might fall upon our soldiers of barring the way to the belligerents. In view of the vast area over which a war between France and Germany would be fought, dared we hope that Belgium would be safe from any attack by the German army, from any attempt to use her strategic routes for offensive purposes? I could not bring myself to believe that she would be so fortunate. But between such tentatives and a thoroughgoing invasion of my country, plotted a long time in advance and carried out before the real operations of the war had begun, there was a wide gulf, a gulf that I never thought the Imperial Government capable of leaping over with a light heart, because of the European complications which so reckless a disdain for treaties would not fail to involve.

IV

Until the end of the crisis, the idea of a preventive war continually recurred to my mind. Other heads of legations, however, while shar-

ing my anxieties on this point, did not agree with me as to the premeditation of which I accused the Emperor and the military chiefs. I was not content with putting my questions to the French Ambassador, whose unerring judgment always carried great weight with me. I also visited his Italian colleague, an astute diplomat, thoroughly versed in German statecraft. He had always put me in mind of those dexterous agents employed by the sixteenth-century Italian republics.

Signor Bollati's views.

According to Signor Bollati, the German Government, agreeing in principle with the Vienna Cabinet as to the necessity for chastising Serbia, had not known beforehand the terms of the Austrian Note, the violence of which was unprecedented in the language of Chancelleries. Vienna, as well as Berlin, was convinced that Russia, in spite of the official assurances that had recently passed between the Tsar and M. Poincaré regarding the complete readiness of the French and Russian armies, was not in a position to enter on a European war, and that she would not dare to embark upon so hazardous an adventure. Internal troubles, revolutionary intrigues, incomplete armaments, inadequate means of communication—all these reasons would compel the Russian Government to be an impotent spectator of Serbia's undoing. The same confidence reigned in the German and Austrian capitals as regards, not the French army, but the spirit prevailing among Government circles in Paris.

Germany and Austria confident.

At present [added the Ambassador] feeling runs so high in Vienna that all calm reflection goes by the board. Moreover, in seeking to annihilate Serbia's military power, the Austro-Hungarian Cabinet is pursuing a policy of personal revenge. It cannot realize the mistakes that it made during the Balkan War, or re-

main satisfied with the partial successes then gained with our aid—successes that, whatever judgment may be passed upon them, were certainly diplomatic victories All that Count Berchtold sees to-day is Serbia's insolence and the criticism he has had to endure even in Austria. By this bold stroke, very unexpected from a man of his stamp, he hopes to turn the criticism into applause.

The Ambassador held that Berlin had false ideas as to the course that the Tsar's Government would adopt. The latter would find itself forced into drawing the sword, in order to maintain its prestige in the Slav world. Its inaction, in face of Austria's entry into the field, would be equivalent to suicide. Signor Bollati also gave me to understand that a widespread conflict would not be popular in Italy. The Italian people had no concern with the overthrow of the Russian power, which was Austria's enemy; it wished to devote all its attention to other problems, more absorbing from its own point of view.

The blindness of the Austrian Cabinet with regard to Russian intervention has been proved by the correspondence, since published, of the French and British representatives at Vienna. The Viennese populace was beside itself with joy at the announcement of an expedition against Serbia, which, it felt sure, would be a mere military parade. Not for a single night were Count Berchtold's slumbers disturbed by the vision of the Russian peril. He is, indeed, at all times a buoyant soul, who can happily mingle the distractions of a life of pleasure with the heavy responsibilities of power. His unvarying confidence was shared by the German Ambassador, his most trusted mentor. We can hardly suppose that the Austrian Minister shut his eyes altogether to the possibility of a struggle with the Slav world. Hav-

Vienna welcomes war on Serbia.

ing Germany as his partner, however, he determined, with the self-possession of a fearless gambler, to proceed with the game.

At Berlin, the theory that Russia was incapable of facing a conflict reigned supreme, not only in the official world and in society, but among all the manufacturers who made a specialty of war material.

Berlin believes Russia weak.

Herr Krupp von Bohlen, who was more entitled to give an opinion than any other of this class, declared on July 28 that the Russian artillery was neither efficient nor complete, while that of the German army had never before been so superior to all its rivals. It would be madness on Russia's part, he inferred, to take the field against Germany under these conditions.

V

The foreign diplomatic corps was kept in more or less profound ignorance as to the *pourparlers* carried on since the 24th by the Imperial Foreign Office with the Triple Entente Cabinets. Nevertheless, to the diplomats who were continually going over to the Wilhelmstrasse for news, the crisis was set forth in a light very favourable to Austria and Germany, in order to influence the views of the Governments which they represented. Herr von Stumm, the departmental head of the political branch, in a brief interview that I had with him on the 26th, summed up his exposition in these words: "Everything depends on Russia." I should rather have thought that everything depended on Austria, and on the way in which she would carry out her threats against Serbia.

On the following day I was received by Herr Zimmermann, who adopted the same line

of argument, following it in all its bearings from the origin of the dispute.

It was not at our prompting [he said], or in accordance with our advice, that Austria took the action that you know of towards the Belgrade Cabinet. The answer was unsatisfactory, and to-day Austria is mobilizing. She can no longer draw back without risking a collapse at home as well as a loss of influence abroad. It is now a question of life and death to her. She must put a stop to the unscrupulous propaganda which, by raising revolt among the Slav provinces of the Danube valley, is leading towards her internal disintegration. Finally, she must exact a signal revenge for the assassination of the Archduke. For all these reasons Serbia is to receive, by means of a military expedition, a stern and salutary lesson. An Austro-Serbian War is, therefore, impossible to avoid.

Attempts to limit conflict.

England has asked us to join with her, France, and Italy, in order to prevent the conflict from spreading and a war from breaking out between Austria and Russia. Our answer was that we should be only too glad to help in limiting the area of the conflagration, by speaking in a pacific sense to Vienna and St. Petersburg; but that we could not use our influence with Austria to restrain her from inflicting an exemplary punishment on Serbia. We have promised to help and support our Austrian allies, if any other nation should try to hamper them in this task. We shall keep that promise.

If Russia mobilizes her army, we shall at once mobilize ours, and then there will be a general war, a war that will set ablaze all Central Europe and even the Balkan peninsula, for the Rumanians, Greeks, Bulgarians, and Turks will not be able to resist the temptation to come in.

As I remarked yesterday to M. Boghitchevitch [the former Serbian Chargé d'Affaires, who was on a flying visit to Berlin, where he had been greatly appreciated during the Balkan War], the best advice I can give Serbia is that she should make no more than a show of resistance to Austria, and should come to terms as soon as possible, by accepting all the conditions of the Vienna Cabinet. I added, in speaking to him, that if a universal war broke out and went in favor of the Triplice, Serbia would probably cease to exist as a nation; she would be wiped off the map of Europe. I still hope, though, that such a widespread conflict may be avoided, and that we shall succeed in inducing Russia not to intervene on Serbia's behalf. Remember that Austria is determined to respect Serbia's integrity, once she has obtained satisfaction.

I pointed out to the Under-Secretary that the Belgrade Cabinet's reply, according to some of my colleagues who had read it, was, apart from a few unimportant restrictions, an unqualified surrender to Austria's demands. Herr Zimmermann said that he had no knowledge of this reply (it had been handed in two days before to the Austrian Minister at Belgrade!) and that, in any case, there was no longer any possibility of preventing an Austro-Hungarian military demonstration.

Serbian reply.

The Serbian document was not published by the Berlin newspapers until the 29th. On the previous day they all reproduced a telegram from Vienna, stating that this apparent submission was altogether inadequate. The prompt concessions made by the Pasitch Cabinet concessions that had not been anticipated abroad, failed to impress Germany. She persisted in seeing only with Austria's eyes.

Zimmermann's arguments.

Herr Zimmermann's arguments held solely on the hypothesis that, in the action brought

by Austria against Serbia, no Power had the right to come forward as counsel for the defendant, or to interfere in the trial at all. This claim amounted to depriving Russia of her historic rôle in the Balkans. Carried to its logical conclusion, the theory meant condemning unheard every small State that should be unfortunate enough to have a dispute with a great Power. According to the principles of the Berlin Cabinet, the great Power should be allowed, without let or hindrance, to proceed to the execution of its weak opponent. England, therefore, would have had no right to succor Belgium when the latter was invaded by Germany, any more than Russia had a right to protect Serbia from the Austrian menace.

Russia, it was asserted at the Wilhelmstrasse, ought to be satisfied with the assurance that Austria would not impair the territorial integrity of Serbia or mar her future existence as an independent State. What a hollow mockery such a promise would seem, when the whole country had been ravaged by fire and sword! Surely it was decreed that, after this "exemplary punishment," Serbia should become the lowly vassal of her redoubtable neighbour, living a life that was no life, cowed by the jealous eye of the Austrian Minister—really the Austrian Viceroy—at Belgrade. Had not Count Mensdorff declared to Sir Edward Grey that before the Balkan War Serbia was regarded as gravitating towards the Dual Monarchy's sphere of influence? A return to the past, to the tame deference of King Milan, was the least that Austria would exact.

German opinion is misled.

The version given out by the Imperial Chancellery, besides being intended to enlighten foreign Governments, had a further end in view. Repeated *ad nauseam* by the Press, it

aimed at misleading German public opinion. From the very opening of the crisis, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg and his colleagues strove, with all the ingenuity at their command, to hoodwink their countrymen, to shuffle the cards, to throw beforehand on Russia, in case the situation should grow worse, the odium of provocation and the blame for the disaster, to represent that Power as meddling with a police inquiry that did not concern her in the least. This cunning manœuvre resulted in making all Germany, without distinction of class or party, respond to her Emperor's call at the desired moment, since she was persuaded (as I have explained in a previous chapter) that she was the object of a premeditated attack by Tsarism.

VI

German diplomacy.

The game of German diplomacy during these first days of the crisis, July 24 to 28, has already been revealed. At first inclined to bludgeon, it soon came to take things easily, even affecting a certain optimism, and by its passive resistance bringing to naught all the efforts and all the proposals of the London, Paris, and St. Petersberg Cabinets. To gain time, to lengthen out negotiations, seems to have been the task imposed upon Austria-Hungary's accomplice in order to promote rapid action by the Dual Monarchy, and to face the Triple Entente with irrevocable deeds, namely the occupation of Belgrade and the surrender of the Serbians. But things did not go as Berlin and Vienna had hoped, and the determined front shown by Russia, who in answer to the partial mobilization of Austria mobilized her army in four southern districts, gave food for reflection to the tacticians of the Wilhelmstrasse. Their language and

their frame of mind grew gentler to a singular degree on the fifth day, July 28. It may be recalled, in passing, that in 1913, during the Balkan hostilities, Austria and Russia had likewise proceeded to partial mobilizations; yet these steps had not made them come to blows or even brought them to the verge of hostilities.

The Kaiser returns to Berlin.

On the evening of the 26th the Emperor's return was announced in Berlin. Why did he come back so suddenly? I think I am justified in saying that, at this news, the general feeling among the actors and spectators of the drama was one of grave anxiety. Our hearts were heavy within us; we had a foreboding that the decisive moment was drawing near. It was the same at the Wilhelmstrasse. To the British Chargé d'Affaires Herr von Zimmermann frankly confessed his regret at this move, on which William II had decided without consulting any one.

Nevertheless, our fears at first seemed to be unwarranted. The 28th was marked by a notable loosening of Germany's stiff-necked attitude. The British Ambassador, who had returned to Berlin on the previous day, was summoned in the evening by the Chancellor. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, while rejecting the conference proposed by Sir Edward Grey, promised to use his good offices to induce Russia and Austria to discuss the position in an amicable fashion. "A war between the Great Powers must be averted," were his closing words.

It is highly probable that the Chancellor at that time sincerely wanted to keep the peace, and his first efforts, when he saw the danger coming nearer and nearer, succeeded in curbing the Emperor's impatience for forty-eight hours. The telegram sent by William II to the Tsar on the evening of the 28th

is friendly, almost reassuring: "Bearing in mind the cordial friendship that has united us two closely for a long time past, I am using all my influence to make Austria arrive at a genuine and satisfactory understanding with Russia."

How are we to explain, then, the abrupt change of tack that occurred the following day at Berlin, or rather, at Potsdam, and the peculiar language addressed by the Chancellor to Sir Edward Goschen on the evening of the 29th? In that nocturnal scene there was no longer any question of Austria's demands on Serbia, or even of the possibility of an Austro-Russian war. The centre of gravity was suddenly shifted, and at a single stride the danger passed from the southeast of Europe to the northwest.

What is it that Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg wants to know at once, as he comes straight from the council held at Potsdam under the presidency of the Emperor? Whether Great Britain would consent to remain neutral in a European war, provided that Germany agreed to respect the territorial integrity of France. "And what of the French colonies?" asks the Ambassador with great presence of mind. The Chancellor can make no promise on this point, but he unhesitatingly declares that Germany will respect the integrity and neutrality of Holland. As for Belgium, France's action will determine what operations Germany may be forced to enter upon in that country; but when the war is over, Belgium will lose no territory, unless she ranges herself on the side of Germany's foes.

Will England be neutral?

Such was the shameful bargain proposed to England, at a time when none of the negotiators had dared to speak in plain terms of a European war or even to offer a glimpse of that terrifying vision. This interview was the im-

A bargain proposed.

mediate result of the decisive step taken by German diplomacy on the same day at St. Petersburg. The step in question has been made known to us through the diplomatic documents which have been printed by the orders of the belligerent Governments, and all of which concur in their account of this painful episode. Twice on that day did M. Sazonoff receive a visit from the German Ambassador, who came to make a demand wrapped up in threats.

Germany's demands on Russia.

Count de Pourtalès insisted on Russia contenting herself with the promise, guaranteed by Germany, that Austria-Hungary would not impair the integrity of Serbia. M. Sazonoff refused to countenance the war on this condition. Serbia, he felt, would become a vassal of Austria, and a revolution would break out in Russia. Count de Pourtalès then backed his request with the warning that, unless Russia desisted from her military preparations, Germany would mobilize. A German mobilization, he said, would mean war. The results of the second interview, which took place at two o'clock in the morning, were as negative as those of the first, notwithstanding a last effort, a final suggestion by M. Sazonoff to stave off the crisis. His giving in to Germany's brutal dictation would have been an avowal that Russia was impotent.

To the Emperor William, who had resumed the conduct of affairs since the morning of the 27th—the Emperor William, itching to cut the knot, driven on by his Staff and his generals—to him and no other must we trace the responsibility for this insolent move which made war inevitable. "The heads of the army insisted," was all that Herr von Jagow would vouchsafe a little later to M. Cambon by way of explanation. The Chancellor, and with him the Foreign Secretary and Under-Secretary,

associated themselves with these hazardous tactics, from sheer inability to secure the adoption of less hasty and violent methods. If they believed that this summary breaking off of negotiations would meet with success, they were as grievously mistaken as Count de Pourtalès, whose reports utterly misled them as to the sacrifices that Russia was prepared to make for Serbia.

At all events this upright man, when he realized the appalling effects of his blunder, gave free play to his emotion. Such sensitiveness is rare indeed in a German, and redounds entirely to his credit.

Russian military development.

But the Emperor and his council of generals —what was their state of soul at this critical moment? Perhaps this riddle will never be wholly solved. From the military point of view, which in their eyes claimed first attention, they must thave rejoiced at M. Sazonoff's answer, for never again would they find such a golden opportunity for vanquishing Russia and making an end of her rivalry. In 1917 the reorganization of her army would have been complete, her artillery would have been at full strength, and a new network of strategic railways would have enabled her to let loose upon the two Germanic empires a vast flood of fighting men drawn from the inexhaustible reservoir of her population. The struggle with the colossus of the North, despite the vaunted technical superiority of the German army, would in all likelihood have ended in the triumph of overwhelming might.

French military situation.

In the France of 1917, again, the three years' term of service would have begun to produce its full results, and her first-line troops would have been both more numerous and better trained than at present.

On the other hand, William II could cherish no false hopes as to the consequences of this

second pressure that he was bringing to bear on St. Petersburg. Had it succeeded in 1914 as in 1909, the encounter between Germany and the great Slav Empire would only have been put off to a later day, instead of being finally shelved. How could the Tsar or the Russian people have forgiven the Kaiser for humbling them once more? If they had pocketed the affront in silence, it would only have been in order to bide their time for revenge, and they would have chosen the moment when Russia, in possession of all her resources, could have entered upon the struggle with every chance of winning.

William II and Russia.

Here an objection may be raised. The German Emperor, some may hold, fancying that the weight of his sword in the scale would induce the Tsar to shrink from action, had foreseen the anger of the Slav nation at its sovereign's timorous scruples, and looked forward to revolutionary outbreaks which would cripple the Government for years to come and make it unable to think of war, if indeed they did not sweep the Romanoffs from the throne. I would answer that this Machiavellian scheme could never have entered the head of such a ruler as William II, with his deep sense of monarchial solidarity, and his instinctive horror of anarchist outrages and of revolution.

No: the Emperor, together with the military authorities whose advice he took, wished to profit by a juncture which he had awaited with longing, and which fickle Fortune might never again offer to his ambition. Everything proves it, down to his feverish haste, as soon as M. Sazonoff's reply was conveyed to him, to learn the intentions of England, and to suggest, on that very day, a bargain that might purchase her neutrality. This is why Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg received orders to summon the British Ambassador on the night of the

The Kaiser eager to act.

29th. The Emperor could not wait until the following morning, so eager was he to act. Is this impatience the mark of one who was the victim of a concerted surprise? If he had not wanted war, would he not have tried to resume negotiations with Russia on a basis more in keeping with her dignity as a Great Power, however heavy a blow it was to his own pride that he had failed to intimidate her?

VII

The abortive efforts to overawe St. Petersburg and the offers made to the British Ambassador, as if Great Britain's inaction could be sold to the highest bidder, brought results that were not hard to foresee.

Sir Edward Grey's telegram.

In London, Sir Edward Grey's indignation found immediate vent in the following passage of his telegram of July 30 to Sir Edward Goschen: "It would be a disgrace for us to make this bargain with Germany at the expense of France—a disgrace from which the good name of this country would never recover. The Chancellor also in effect asks us to bargain away whatever obligation or interest we have as regards the neutrality of Belgium. We could not entertain that bargain either."

Through the brazen overtures of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, however, the British Cabinet henceforth came to occupy itself, before all things, with the fate allotted to our country by the Imperial Government in the war that it was preparing. In order to tear off the mask from German statesmanship, the surest method was to ask it a straightforward question. On July 31, Sir Edward Grey, following the example of the Gladstone Ministry of 1870, inquired both of Germany and France whether they would respect the neutrality of Belgium.

At the same time he gave Belgium to understand that Britain counted on her doing her utmost to maintain her neutrality.

Neutrality of Belgium.

The answer of the Republican Government was frank and unhesitating. It was resolved to respect Belgian neutrality, and would only act otherwise if the violation of that neutrality by some other Power forced it to do so in self-defence.

The Belgian Government, for its part, hastened to assure the British Minister at Brussels of its determination to resist with might and main should its territory be invaded.

At Berlin, however, the Foreign Secretary eluded Sir Edward Goschen's questions. He said that he must consult the Emperor and the Chancellor. In his opinion, any answer would entail the risk, in the event of war, of partly divulging the plan of campaign. It seemed doubtful to him, therefore, whether he would be able to give a reply. This way of speaking was perfectly clear in its ambiguity. It did not puzzle Sir Edward Grey for a moment. On the following day he declared to the German Ambassador that the reply of the German Government was a matter of very great regret. Belgian neutrality, he pointed out, was highly important in British eyes, and if Belgium was attacked, it would be difficult to restrain public feeling in his country.

On the same day, August 1, in accordance with instructions from my Government, I read to the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs (at the same time giving him a copy) a dispatch drafted beforehand and addressed to the Belgian Ministers attached to the Powers that had guaranteed our neutrality. This dispatch affirmed that Belgium, having observed, with scrupulous fidelity, the duties imposed on her as a neutral State by the treaties of April 19, 1839, would manifest an unshaken purpose in

fulfilling them; and that she had every hope, since the friendly intentions of the Powers towards her had been so often professed, of seeing her territory secure from all assault, if hostilities should arise near her frontiers. The Belgian Government added that it had nevertheless taken all the necessary steps for maintaining its neutrality, but that, in so doing, it had not been actuated by a desire to take part in an armed struggle among the Powers, or by a feeling of distrust towards any one of them.

Herr Zimmermann listened without a word of comment to my reading of this dispatch, which expressed the loyal confidence of my Government in Germany's goodwill. He merely took note of my communication. His silence did not surprise me, for I had just learnt of Herr von Jagow's evasive reply to the British Government concerning Belgium; but it bore out all my misgivings. His constrained smile, by the way, told me quite as much as his refusal to speak.

From the 30th, Russia and Germany—as an inevitable sequel to the conversations of the 29th—went forward actively with their military preparations. What was the exact nature of these preludes to the German mobilization? It was impossible to gain any precise notion at Berlin. The capital was rife with various rumors that augured ill for the future. We heard tell of regiments moving from the northern provinces towards the Rhine. We learnt that reservists had been instructed to keep themselves in readiness for marching orders. At the same time, postal communication with Belgium and France had been cut off. At the Wilhelmstrasse, the position was described to me as follows: "Austria will reply to Russia's partial mobilization with a general mobilization of her army. It is to be feared that

Russia and Germany hasten preparations.

Russia will then mobilize her entire forces, which will compel Germany to do the same." As it turned out, a general mobilization was indeed proclaimed in Austria on the night of the 30th. Austria mobilises.

Nevertheless, the peace *pourparlers* went on between Vienna and St. Petersburg on the 30th and 31st, although on the latter date Russia, as Berlin expected, in answer both to the Austrian and the German preparations, had mobilized her entire forces. Even on the 31st these discussions seemed to have some chance of attaining their object. Austria was now more accurately gauging the peril into which her own blind self-confidence and the counsels of her ally were leading her, and was pausing on the brink of the abyss. The Vienna Cabinet even consented to talk over the gist of its Note to Serbia, and M. Sazonoff at once sent an encouraging reply.

It was desirable, he stated, that representatives of all the Great Powers should confer in London under the direction of the British Government.

Was a faint glimmer of peace, after all, dawning above the horizon? Would an understanding be reached, at the eleventh hour, among the only States really concerned with the Serbian question? We had reckoned without our host. The German Emperor willed otherwise. Suddenly, at the instance of the General Staff, and after a meeting of the Federal Council, as prescribed by the constitution, he issued the decree of *Kriegsgefahrzustand* (Imminence-of-War). This is the first phase of a general mobilization—a sort of martial law, substituting the military for the civil authorities as regards the public services (means of communication, post, telegraphs, and telephones).

This momentous decision was revealed to us

on the 31st by a special edition of the *Berliner Lokalanzeiger*, distributed at every street corner. The announcement ran as follows:

RUSSIA WANTS WAR!

"From official sources we have just received (at 2 P.M.) the following report, pregnant with consequences:

" 'The German Ambassador at St. Petersburg sends us word to-day that a general mobilization of the Russian Army and Navy had previously been ordered. That is why His Majesty the Emperor William has decreed an Imminence-of-War. His Majesty will take up his residence in Berlin to-day.'

"Imminence-of-War is the immediate prelude to a general mobilization, in answer to the menace that already hangs over Germany to-day, owing to the step taken by the Tsar."

As a drowning man catches at a straw, those who in Berlin saw themselves, with horror, faced by an impending catastrophe, clutched at a final hope. The German general mobilization had not yet been ordered. Who knew whether, at the last moment, some happy inspiration from the British Cabinet, that most stalwart champion of peace, might cause the weapons to drop from the hands that were about to wield them? Once more, however, the Emperor, by his swift moves, shattered this fond illusion. On the 31st, at seven o'clock in the evening, he dispatched to the Russian Government a summons to demobilize both on its Austrian and on its German frontiers. An interval of twelve hours was given for a reply.

The Kaiser's ultimatum to Russia.

It was obvious that Russia, who had refused two days before to cease from her military preparations, would not accept the German

ultimatum, worded as it was in so dictatorial a form and rendered still more insulting by the briefness of the interval granted. As, however, no answer had come from St. Petersburg by the afternoon of August 1st, Herren von Jagow and Zimmermann (so the latter informed me) rushed to the Chancellor and the Emperor, in order to request that the decree for a general mobilization might at least be held over until the following day They supported their plea by urging that the telegraphic communication with St. Petersburg had presumably been cut, and that this would explain the silence of the Tsar. Perhaps they still hoped against hope for a conciliatory proposal from Russia. This was the last flicker of their dying pacifism, or the last awakening of their conscience. Their efforts could make no headway against the stubborn opposition of the War Minister and the army chiefs, who represented to the Emperor the dangers of a twenty-four hours' delay.

Germany mobilizes.

The order for a mobilization of the army and navy was signed at five o'clock in the afternoon and was at once given out to the public by a special edition of the *Lokalanzeiger*. The mobilization was to begin on August 2nd. On the 1st, at ten minutes past seven in the evening, Germany's declaration of war was forwarded to Russia.

Pretexts given in Germany.

As all the world knows, the Berlin Cabinet had to resort to wild pretexts, such as the committing of acts of hostility (so the military authorities alleged) by French aviators on Imperial soil, in order to find motives, two days later, for its declaration of war on France. Although Germany tried to lay the blame for the catastrophe at Russia's door, it was in reality her western neighbor that she wished to attack and annihilate first. On this point there can be no possible doubt to-day. "Poor

France!" said the Berlin newspapers, with feigned compassion. They acknowledged that the conduct of the French Government throughout the crisis had been irreproachable, and that it had worked without respite for the maintenance of peace. While her leaders fulfilled this noble duty to mankind, France was offering the world an impressive sight—the sight of a nation looking calmly and without fear at a growing peril that she had done nothing to conjure up, and, regarding her word as her bond, determined in cold blood to follow the destiny of her ally on the field of battle. At the same time she offered to Germany, who had foolishly counted on her being torn by internal troubles and political feuds, the vision of her children closely linked together in an unconquerable resolve—the resolve to beat back an iniquitous assault upon their country. Nor was this the only surprise that she held in store. With the stone wall of her resistance, she was soon to change the whole character of the struggle, and to wreck the calculations of German strategy.

Heroism of France.

No one had laboured with more energy and skill to quench the flames lit by Austria and her ally than the representative of the Republic at Berlin.

"Don't you think M. Cambon's attitude has been admirable?" remarked the British Ambassador to me, in the train that was whirling us far away from the German capital on August 6th. "Throughout these terrible days nothing has been able to affect his coolness, his presence of mind, and his insight." I cannot express my own admiration better than by repeating this verdict of so capable a diplomat as Sir Edward Goschen, who himself took a most active part in the vain attempt of the Triple Entente to save Europe from calamity.

VIII

The Berlin population had followed the various phases of the crisis with tremendous interest, but with no outward show of patriotic fervour. Those fine summer days passed as tranquilly as usual. Only in the evenings did some hundreds of youths march along the highways of the central districts, soberly singing national anthems, and dispersing after a few cries of "Hoch!" outside the Austro-Hungarian and Italian Embassies and the Chancellor's mansion. Berlin enthusiastic.

On August 2nd I watched the animation of the Sunday crowd that thronged the broad avenue of the Kurfürstendamm. It read attentively the special editions of the newspapers, and then each went off to enjoy his or her favourite pastime—games of tennis for the young men and maidens, long bouts of drinking in the beer-gardens, for the more sedate citizens with their families. When the Imperial motor-car flashed like a streak of lightning down Unter den Linden, it was hailed with loud, but by no means frantic, cheers. It needed the outcries of the Press against Russia as the instigator of the war, the misleading speeches of the Emperor and the Chancellor, and the wily publications of the Government, to kindle a patriotism rather slow to take fire. Towards the close of my stay, feeling displayed itself chiefly by jeers at the unfortunate Russians who were returning post-haste to their native country, and blackguardly behaviour towards the staff of the Tsar's Ambassador as he was leaving Berlin.

That the mass of the German people, unaware of Russia's peaceful intentions, should have been easily deluded, is no matter for astonishment. The upper classes, however, those German people deluded.

of more enlightened intellect, cannot have been duped by the official falsehoods. They knew as well as we do that it was greatly to the advantage of the Tsar's Government not to provoke a conflict. In fact, this question is hardly worth discussing. Once more we must repeat that, in the plans of William II and his generals, the Serbian affair was a snare spread for the Northern Empire before the growth of its military power should have made it an invincible foe.

Uncertainty regarding Britain.

There is no gainsaying that uncertainty as to Britain's intervention was one of the factors that encouraged Germany. We often asked ourselves anxiously at Berlin whether Germany's hand would not have been stayed altogether if the British Government had formally declared that it would not hold aloof from the war. We even hoped, for a brief moment, that Sir Edward Grey would destroy the illusions on which the German people loved to batten. The British Foreign Secretary did indeed observe to Prince Lichnowsky on July 29th that the Austro-Serbian issue might become so great as to involve all European interests, and that he did not wish the Ambassador to be misled by the friendly tone of their conversations into thinking that Britain would stand aside. If at the beginning she had openly taken her stand by the side of her Allies, she might, to be sure, have checked the fatal march of events. This, at any rate, is the most widespread view, for a maritime war certainly did not enter into the calculations of the Emperor and Admiral von Tirpitz, while it was the nightmare of the German commercial world. In my opinion, however, an outspoken threat from England on the 29th, a sudden roar of the British lion, would not have made William II draw back. The memory of Agadir still rankled in the proud Germanic soul. The Emperor would have

England's attitude.

risked losing all prestige in the eyes of a certain element among his subjects if at the bidding of the Anglo-Saxon he had refused to go further, and had thus played into the hands of those who charged him with conducting a policy of mere bluff and intimidation. "Germany barks but does not bite" was a current saying abroad, and this naturally tended to exasperate her. An ominous warning from the lips of Sir Edward Grey would only have served to precipitate the onslaught of the Kaiser's armies, in order that the intervention of the British fleet might have no influence on the result of the campaign, the rapid and decisive campaign planned at Berlin.

We know, moreover, from the telegrams and speeches of the British Foreign Minister, how carefully he had to reckon with public feeling among his countrymen in general and among the majority in Parliament. A war in the Balkans did not concern the British nation, and the strife between Teuton and Slav left it cold. It did not begin to be properly roused until it grasped the reality of the danger to France's very existence, and it did not respond warmly to the eloquent appeals of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey until the day when it knew that the Germans were at the gates of Liège, where they threatened both Paris and Antwerp—Antwerp, "that pistol pointed at the heart of England." British opinion.

With the failure of diplomatic efforts to prevent war as a result of the deliberate intention of Germany to bring about the conflict, the great German war machine was put in motion. It was anticipated by the General Staff that the passage across Belgium would be effected without difficulty and with the acquiescence of King and people.

How wrong was this judgment is one of the

curious facts of history. The Germans discovered this error when their armies presented themselves before the strong fortress of Liege, the first fortified place in their path. Its capture was necessary for the successful passage of the German troops.

Importance of the delay.

It was captured, but at a cost in time and in their arrangement of plans which were a great element in the great thrust—back at the Marne.

THE DEFENCE OF LIEGE

CHARLES BRONNE

ON Sunday, August 2nd, while the news was going round that a train had entered Luxembourg with German forces, the German Minister at Brussels delivered an ultimatum to Belgium demanding the free passage through our territory of the German armies. The following day, Monday, the Belgian Government replied that the nation was determined to defend its neutrality. The same night the German advanced posts entered our territory. Tuesday morning they were before Visé, at Warsage, at Dolhain, and at Stavelot. The bridges of Visé and Argenteau and the tunnels of Troisponts and Nas-Proué were blown up.

Germany invades Belgium.

From this day the atrocities committed by the pioneers of German "Kultur" began at Visé with fire and the massacre of inhabitants. On Thursday, they were to continue at Warsage and Berneau. On Wednesday, August 5th, the investment of Liège began, the bombardment being specially directed to the north-west sector which comprises the forts of Evegnée, Barchon, and Fléron. In the afternoon the attack extended as far as the fort of Chaudfontaine. The region attacked by the foe was thus that between the Meuse and the Vesdre, the beautiful country of Herve, where cornfields are followed by vineyards, where meadowland encroaches on the sides of narrow but picturesque valleys, where small but thick woods conceal the number of the assailants. It was found

Atrocities begin.

necessary to destroy some prosperous little farms, several country houses, and pretty villas. This was but a prelude to the devastation brought by the soldiers of the Kaiser.

The enemy was in force. Later it was known that around Liège were the 10th Prussian Army Corps from Aix-la-Chapelle on the way to Visé, the 7th Corps, which had passed through the Herve country, the 8th, which had entered through Stavelot, and also a brigade of the 11th Corps, making up a total of about 130,000 men.

Forts of Liège.

To resist these forces, General Leman had forts more than twenty-four years old and 30,000 men: the 3rd division of the army increased by the 15th mixed brigade, *i.e.*, the 9th, 11th, 12th, and 14th of the line, a part of the 2nd Lancers, a battalion of the 1st Carabineers, and the Divisional Artillery.

Thursday, August 6th, was rich in moving incidents.

While the enemy were in force before Barchon, in a night attack, an attempt was made on General Leman. The story has been variously told. Here is the true version.

German spies.

The enemy's spies, so numerous in Liège, had been able to give the most exact information regarding the installation of the General Staff in the Rue Sainte Foy. They were quite aware that for a week the defender of Liège had only been taking two or three hours' rest in his office, so as to be more easily in telephonic communication with the forts and garrison. These offices in the Rue Sainte Foy were very badly situated, at the extreme end of the northern quarter, and were defended only by a few gendarmes. General Leman had been warned, however, and the King himself had at last persuaded him to take some precautions against a possible attempt. He had finally given way to this advice, and a rudimentary structure, but

a sure one, fitted with electric light and telephone, was being set up under the railway tunnel near the Palais station.

This was, then, the last night the General would pass at Rue Sainte Foy.

Towards half-past four in the morning a body of a hundred men descended from the heights of Tawes. Whence did they come? How had they been able to penetrate into the town? Some have said that they dressed in Liège itself. In reality, they represented themselves to the advanced posts of the fort of Pontisse as being Englishmen come to the aid of Liège, and asked to be conducted to the General Staff. They were soldiers of a Hanoverian regiment, and bore upon their sleeves a blue band with the word "Gibraltar." This contributed in no small degree to cause them to be taken for British sharpshooters. They were preceded by a spy who had put on the Belgian uniform of the 11th of the line and who seemed to know the town very well. At Thier-à-Liège, they stopped a moment to drink at a wine-shop and then went on. They were more than a hundred in number and were preceded by two officers. A detachment of Garde Civique, posted at the gas factory of the Rue des Bayards, did not consider it their duty to interfere. A few individuals accompanied the troop, crying "Vive les Anglais." A few passers-by, better-aware of the situation, protested. The troop continued its imperturbable march. The officers smiled. Thus they arrived at Rue Sainte Foy where, as we have said, the offices of the General Staff of General Leman were installed.

General Leman in danger.

A German officer asked of the sentinel on the door an interview with General Leman. The officers of the latter, who now appeared, understood the ruse at once, and drew their revolvers. Shots were exchanged. One of the officers, Major Charles Marchand, a non-com-

missioned officer of gendarmes, and several gendarmes were killed. The Germans attempted to enter the offices, of which the door had been closed. They fired through the windows, and even attempted to attack the house by scaling the neighbouring walls. General Leman, who was working, ran out on hearing the first shots. He was unarmed. He demanded a revolver. Captain Lebbe, his aide-de-camp, refused to allow him to expose himself uselessly, and begged him to keep himself for the defence of Liège. He even used some violence to his chief, and pushed him towards the low door which separated the house from the courtyard of a neighbouring cannon foundry. With the help of another officer, the captain placed his General in safety. While this was happening, the alarm had been given, and the Germans, seeing that their attempt to possess themselves of the person of General Leman had failed, retired. The guard, which comprised some fifty men, fired repeatedly on the retreating party. Some fifty Germans, including a standard-bearer and a drummer, were killed. Others were made prisoners.

General Leman in Fort Loncin.

The General retired to the citadel of Sainte Walburge, and later to the fort of Loncin. From there he followed the efforts of the enemy attacking anew the north-east and south-east sectors. The environs of Fort Boncelles are as difficult to defend as those of the Barchon-Evegnée-Fléron front. There is first the discovered part which surrounds what remains of the unfortunate village of Boncelles, which the Belgians themselves were forced to destroy to free their field of fire, but for the rest, there are only woods, that of Plainevaux, which reaches to the Ourthe, Neuville, and Vecquée woods, that of Bégnac, which continues Saint Lambert wood as far as Trooz and the Meuse. Every place here swarmed with Germans,

40,000 at least, an army corps which had spent a day and a night in fortifying themselves, and had been able to direct their artillery towards Plainevaux, to the north of Neuville, and upon the heights of Ramet. Thirty thousand men at least would have been needed to defend this gap and less than 15,000 were available. A similar attack was delivered at the same time between the Meuse and the Vesdre. On both sides miracles of heroism were performed, but the enemy poured on irresistibly. They were able to pass, on the one side, Val Saint Lambert, on the other, between Barchon and the Meuse, between Evegnée and Fléron. Fighting took place well into the night, the enemy being repulsed at Boncelles twice. The following morning I saw pieces of German corpses. The Belgian artillery had made a real carnage, and no smaller number of victims fell in the bayonet charges. The 9th and the Carabineers, who had fought the day before at Barchon, were present here.

Belgian troops fight heroically.

In the other sector, the soldiers of the 12th of the line particularly behaved like heroes. The battle began towards two o'clock in the morning at Rétinne where, after prodigies of valour and a great slaughter of the enemy, the Belgian troops were forced to retire. The struggle continued at Saine and at Queue du Bois. Here Lieutenant F. Bronne and forty of his men fell while covering the retreat. In spite of such devotion and of a bravery that will not be denied, the enemy passed through. Why? Some troops surrendered with their officers, who were afterwards set free upon parole at Liège. But this was only a very small exception, and it was under the pressure of an enemy four times as numerous that the 3rd division succumbed after three days of repeated fighting, during which the soldiers were compelled to make forced marches from one

Retreat ordered.

sector to another, and stop the rest of the time in the trenches fighting. The enemy's losses were 5,000 killed and 30,000 wounded.

General Leman considered that he had obtained from his troops the maximum effort of which they were capable and ordered a retreat. It was executed in good order, and the enemy had suffered so severely that they did not dream of pursuit. They contented themselves with pushing forward as far as the plateau of Saint-Tilman (close to Boncelles) and that of Robermont (behind Fléron) some cannons of 15, which had bombarded the town the first time on Thursday, August 6th, at four o'clock in the morning. No German troops, except some 200 men who entered as prisoners, penetrated into the town on this day.

Although this retreat left behind a few men with several guns, it may be said to have been effected in good order. I was able to see that for myself in passing through with the troops, from the fifth limit of the Saint Trond route, near Fort Loncin, up to the centre of the town. The auto in which I was seated was able to pass easily.

Refugees. The terrified population from Bressoux began to arrive. There were people half-dressed, but who carried some object which to them seemed the most precious, sometimes a simple portrait of a loved one. Others drove cattle before them. The men carried children, while women followed painfully loaded with household goods. Mixed up with them were the Garde Civique. It had just been assembled and informed that it was disbanded, and a certain number of them had told the inhabitants that the Prussians were coming, and that there was nothing better to do than for everyone to bolt himself in. The cannon had thundered all night. The citizens of Liège had found in their letter-boxes a warning from the burgomaster

concerning the behaviour of the inhabitants in case of the town being occupied by the enemy. This urgent notice, distributed the night before between 9 and 11 p.m., foreshadowed an imminent occupation. The hasty flight of the people of Bressoux stopped when they had crossed the Meuse; but as the bombardment recommenced towards noon, fright again seized on the population. The bombardment lasted till two. Some thirty shells fell on different parts of the town.

Bridge of Arches destroyed.

At half-past twelve a dull noise was heard as far as the furthest fort; it was the old Bridge of Arches which gave way, towards the left bank. The engineers had just blown it up. It seemed wiser to destroy the bridge at Val Bénoit, which left the Germans railway communication. But no one thought of this; or rather, orders to that effect were not given by the higher authorities. This was afterwards to cause the degradation to the ranks of the chief officer of engineers who was responsible for this unpardonable lapse.

The second bombardment lasted till two o'clock. Several projectiles now fell upon the citadel, where everything was in readiness to set fire to the provisions and munitions which remained there along with some unserviceable cannon, generally used in the training of the Garde Civique. By 10 a.m. the citadel had been evacuated, only very few persons remaining, among them a major, who hastily hoisted the white flag.

German envoys in Liège.

Burgomaster Kleyer awaited developments at the Town Hall. At half-past three, he received envoys, who demanded the surrender of the town and forts. Put into communication with General Leman, who was all the time at Loncin with his Staff, he informed him that if the forts persisted in their resistance, the town would be bombarded a third time. General Leman

replied that the threat was an idle one, that it would be a cruel massacre, but that the higher interests of Belgium compelled him to impose this sacrifice on the town of Liège.

Bombardment of Liège.

At 9 p.m. fresh shells fell on different parts of the city and caused more damage if not more victims. This bombardment lasted till 2 a.m. It recommenced at intervals of half-an-hour, and caused two fires, one in Rue de Hanque, and the other in Rue de la Commune. After midday, the streets were deserted and all dwelling houses closed. In the afternoon a convoy of Germans taken prisoners were seen to pass along the boulevards, and were then shut up in the Royal Athenæum. Then there was an interminable defile of autos and carts conveying both German and Belgian wounded, especially the former, those who came from Boncelles more particularly. Bodies of stragglers re-entered Liège slowly, ignorant of what had happened, as they were either untouched by the order to retire, or had been forgotten in the advanced posts or in the trenches. They were very tired and hardly had the courage to accelerate their pace, except when the few passers-by explained the position in a couple of words.

Gloomy aspect of the town.

The aspect of the town was very gloomy, and the only places where any animation was to be seen were around Guillemins station, where trains full of fugitives were leaving for Brussels, the West quarter, towards which the last of the retiring companies were marching, and the North, where many were still ignorant of this movement.

On Friday, August 7th, at 3 a.m., the bombardment of Liège began again, chiefly directed against the citadel, where only a few soldiers now remained. These evacuated the place after setting fire to some provisions they were unable to carry off. The population passed through hours of anguish, which were destined

not to be the last. Everybody took refuge in the cellars. Some people lived there for several days in fear that a shell might fall upon their house. On this Friday the Germans penetrated into the town at five o'clock in the morning by the different bridges which had remained intact. They came in through Jupille and Bois de Breux chiefly. They seemed tired and, above all, hungry. Leaving detachments in the Place de Bavière and near the bridges, they successively occupied the Provincial Palace and the citadel.

Germans enter Liège.

Count Lammsdorf, Chief of the Staff of the 10th Corps, Commander of the Army of the Meuse, arrested Burgomaster Kleyer at the Town Hall, and conducted him to the citadel, where he at first made him a rather reassuring communication as to the fate of the town. . . . He then spoke anew and said that he understood all the forts would surrender, in default of which the bombardment would recommence. M. Kleyer vainly protested against a measure so contrary to the laws both of war and of humanity. He was simply authorized to pass through the German lines with a safe conduct, to discuss the matter with General Leman, or even with the King himself.

This task of the burgomaster of Liège was a heavy one, and terrible was the expectant attitude of the German authorities. Later, some people have discussed the attitude he should have taken up and conceived the nature of what should have been his reply; they would have desired words of defiance on his lips and an immediate answer.

The Burgomaster's task.

He lacked courage for this, and who will dare to-day to blame him for the immense anxiety he felt on hearing of the horrible fate with which his beloved town and his unhappy fellow-citizens were threatened?

He gathered together at the Town Hall sev-

eral communal and provincial deputies, some deputies and senators. The general opinion at the beginning of the discussion was that it was necessary to obtain the surrender of the forts. Someone pointed out that there was not much likelihood of getting this decision from General Leman, who had already pronounced himself upon that question, and thought it would be necessary to continue the work heroically begun of arresting the progress of the invader, and that the forts, all intact, would powerfully contribute to that end.

It was finally decided to approach General Leman again with a message which was entrusted to the burgomaster, the Bishop of Liège, and M. Gaston Grégoire, permanent deputy. These gentlemen repaired to the citadel in search of the promised safe conduct. They were met there, according to the demand of Count Lammsdorf, by some prominent Liège citizens, to whom he had expressed his desire to explain the situation.

Hostages to the Germans.

At the moment the three delegates were about to depart on their mission, with a good faith upon which it would be foolish to insist, the German commander declared that all the persons present were detained as hostages. He gave as a specious pretext for this violation of right that some German soldiers had been killed by civilians in some neighbouring villages, and that the hostages would enable the Germans to guard against the repetition of such acts, the more so as they were prepared to make a striking example at the beginning of the campaign.

All the Liège citizens who had entered the citadel on this day were kept there till the next day, Saturday. Moreover, the following persons were retained as responsible hostages for three days: 1. Mgr. Rutien, Bishop of Liège; 2. M. Kleyer, Burgomaster of Liège; 3. M.

Grégoire, Permanent Deputy; 4. M. Armand Flechet, Senator; 5. Senator Van Zuylen; 6. Senator Edouard Peltzer; 7. Senator Colleaux; 8. Deputy De Ponthière; 9. Deputy Van Hoegaerden; 10. M. Falloise, Alderman.

The hostages were shut up in damp casemates, palliasses were given them for the night and, as food, the first day each one had half a loaf and some water. The burgomaster and the bishop were, however, allowed to go about their duties after they had given their parole to remain at the disposal of the German military authorities.

Last train for Brussels.

The same day at 9 a.m. the last train left Liège for Brussels with numbers of fugitives. The number of persons who abandoned Liège and its suburbs may be calculated at some five thousand. From this moment and for several days Liège was absolutely cut off from the rest of the world, all communications having been cut.

On Saturday, August 8th, while the Germans were methodically organising the occupation of Liège, Burgomaster Kleyer was authorised to wait upon the King, in order to discuss the surrender of the forts. Furnished with a safe conduct and accompanied by a German officer, he reached Waremme early in the afternoon, and placed himself in communication with the General Staff. The King was consulted, and the reply brought back to Liège was the one the mayor had foreseen.

The same day saw the appearance of the following order of the day addressed to the soldiers of the army of Liège:—

"Our comrades of the 3rd Army Division and of the 15th mixed brigade are about to re-enter our lines, after having defended, like heroes, the fortified position of Liège.

"Attacked by forces four times as numerous,

they have repulsed all assaults. None of the forts have been taken; the town of Liège is always in our power. Standards and a number of prisoners are the trophies of these combats.

The King encourages the army.

In the name of the Nation I salute you, officers and soldiers of the 3rd Army Division and the 15th mixed brigade.

"You have done your duty, done honour to our arms, shown the enemy what it costs to attack unjustly a peaceable people, but one who wields in its just cause an invincible weapon. The Fatherland has the right to be proud of you.

"Soldiers of the Belgian Army, do not forget that you are in the van of immense armies in this gigantic struggle, and that you await but the arrival of our brothers-in-arms in order to march to victory. The whole world has its eyes fixed upon you. Show it by the vigour of your blows that you mean to live free and independent.

"France, that noble country which has throughout history been associated with just and generous causes, is hurrying to our aid and her armies will enter our territory.

"In your name I address them a fraternal salute. ALBERT."

On this day the Germans, who were not yet sure as to the intentions of the Belgian field army, and who feared a possible offensive on the part of the French advanced guards, put Liège in a state of defence. Moreover, they distrusted the civilian population, and fortified themselves in the town itself. They placed machine guns at the head of the bridges, and upon one of them, Boverie, which they feared might be blown up, or might be bombarded by the forts, they placed a curtained recess in which they shut up several citizens. They caused the soldiers to occupy Quai des Pêcheurs, Quai

German precautions.

l'Industrie, and the houses in proximity to the bridge, after clearing out the occupants. They placed bags of earth in the windows, behind which were installed machine guns. In the arteries leading to La Hesbaye and La Campine, and in the streets of the latter, they erected barricades, and installed themselves in the riverside houses. These labours continued during several days on the heights of Saint Nicholas and Hollogne, while the soldiers of the 10th Corps installed themselves on the plateau of Cointe, the General Staff having taken possession there of a convent, although this had been transformed into a hospital. In the town, the German troops, delayed for a short time by the necessity of carrying off their dead, shifting their wounded, and of taking a much-needed rest, entered in large numbers. They occupied the different stations, that of Ans on the Herbignon plateau being the last one where they established themselves.

Barricades constructed.

On Sunday, September 6th, there were at Liège more than 100,000 Germans. On this day, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the hostages were given their unconditional liberty. On the same date, in the neighbourhood of Landen, the King, accompanied by the General Staff, reviewed the valiant and now reconstituted 3rd Division, reconstituted in spite of the heavy losses in officers suffered by certain regiments. General Leman received from M. Schollaert, President of the Belgian Chamber, the following telegram: "With a heart overflowing with enthusiasm and patriotic pride, I acclaim the glorious defender of Liège."

With reference to the defence of Liège, letters, despatches, and addresses of felicitation were received at Brussels from the Presidents of the French Chamber and the French Senate, from the Paris Municipal Council, and other French municipalities, words of friendship and

Praise for defense of the city.

encouragement were pronounced later in the British Parliament, while the King of the Belgians received the congratulations of King George, the Tsar, and the President of the French Republic. Finally, M. Poincaré sent him the most envied of distinctions, the military medal. The resistance of Liège had everywhere aroused grateful enthusiasm, for the days, and even the hours gained from the invader were now of inestimable value. But while the twelve forts were not yet to harass, as they could, the progress of the enemy, Liège, whose hatred of the Prussian is ingrained, was to pay dearly for the resistance it had made, and its heart was to suffer cruelly over the vexations of which it was to be the object, while awaiting pillage and burning.

President Poincaré honors General Leman.

Here we enter upon a new period, which cannot, however, be separated from the siege of Liège, for at this time the forts still held out.

The forts still held out, but the resistance of their garrisons had to be heroic. The defences crumbled quite rapidly. We should not be surprised at this, but should rather remember that these forts were more than twenty years old. Their construction began in 1889, and their armament, though modified later in certain details, was not capable of resisting the heavy artillery of the Germans. Liège was defended by twelve forts, large and small. The most important works were Barchon, Fléron, Boncelles, Flémalle, Loncin, and Pontisse. These forts possessed five large cupolas and three or four small ones. They were armed with two guns of 15 centimetres, four of 12, two howitzers of 21, and three or four guns of 5·7, ten more of 5·7 flanking the ditches. The little forts counted upon four large and three or four small cupolas. They were armed with two pieces of 15, two of 12, a howitzer of 21, three or four guns, without cupola, of 5·7, and of

The twelve forts.

seven or eight commanding the ditches. The forts are arranged around Liège in the following order:—On the left bank of the Meuse: Flémalle, Hollogne, Loncin, Lantin, and Pontisse. On the right bank, between the Meuse and the Vesdre: Barchon, Evegnée, and Fléron. Between the Vesdre and the Ourthe: Chaudfontaine and Embourg. Between the Ourthe and the Meuse: Boncelles. The forts are four kilometres apart, except Flémalle-Boncelles and Embourg-Pontisse, which are six kilometres apart, while Chaudfontaine and Embourg are only two kilometres from one another. The forts are eight kilometres from the limits of the town. The forts of Hollogne, Loncin, Lantin, and Liers are in grassy country. Boncelles is nearly completely surrounded by woods; Embourg and Chaudfontaine dominate the deep and winding valleys of the Ourthe and the Vesdre. Pontisse, Flémalle, and Barchon, commanding the Meuse, are on broken ground. This last-named fort, with Evegnée and Fléron, holds the most important strategic position in the Herve country, facing the German frontier, in a land cut up by meadows planted with trees and by little woods, trayersed by many vales, not very deep, but winding.

Forts on the banks of the Meuse.

It is known that in the Brialmont project the intervening spaces were to be defended and fortified with siege artillery. To tell the truth, the eminent military engineer, in the pamphlets where he set out the project, only allowed for a small mobile garrison; but he confessed later that the difficulties which he knew he would meet with in the Belgian Parliament over the credits for the fortifications made him underestimate the number of men required. Besides which, the conditions of war have been greatly modified during the twenty-five years which have passed, owing to the increased power of

War conditions changed.

siege guns. So that it may be laid down that 80,000, if not 100,000, men were needed to properly defend the entrenched camp of Liège.

Troops in the forts.

As for the forts, they were each occupied by a battery of artillery (250 men) and three companies (120 men), a total of 370 men. About 4,500 artillerymen for the twelve forts.

General Leman was shut up in Loncin, one of the chief forts, which commanded the road towards Waremme and Brussels. He had sent away all his General Staff with the division, in spite of the supplications of his officers, who begged to be allowed to share his fate. He continued to direct the longest resistance possible. The enemy was anxious to cut all the communications between the forts, but soldiers volunteered for carrying messages to the different commanders. Several succeeded, but many were killed, for the investment became steadily tightened. Indeed, certain gaps, where the ground was most broken, could not be swept by the guns from the forts, and, under cover of the night, troops ensconced themselves there comfortably. Moreover, the Germans, having received reinforcements and heavy artillery, undertook the siege systematically, first of Barchon, which it was unable to take by storm any more than Boncelles, but which it subjected to a formidable deluge of shells. Barchon could only reply haphazard to heavy guns the position of which it could not tell. It was, indeed, deprived of its observation posts, and was in the position of a blind man desperately parrying the blows of an adversary who could see where to strike.

Fort Barchon taken.

The struggle was not for long, and the fort, reduced to impotence, left a wide breach through which the invader scrambled. Through there he could also introduce his heavy siege guns, howitzers of 28, and even pieces of 42 cms.

The enemy then followed a tactic which was to succeed rapidly. He attacked the different fortifications in a reverse way. Thus Loncin, Lantin, Liers, and Pontisse were bombarded by batteries placed in the citadel itself and to which the Belgians could not reply without shelling the town and doing frightful damage. A battery was also placed in a bend of ground up Rue Naniot, under the "Tomb," where some of those who fell in 1830 are buried, but it was discovered and had to be withdrawn. Forts Boncelles and Embourg were attacked by guns placed on the hill at Tilff, a pretty village, which would have been completely destroyed had the firing been responded to. Finally, along the line of the plateau of Herve, no longer dominated by Barchon and Fléron, now destroyed, the enemy was able to bring into the very centre of the town four of those howitzers of 42 cms. which were later to bombard Namur, Maubeuge, and Antwerp.

Forty-two centimeter guns.

The following are the dates on which the different forts succumbed: Barchon and Evegnée fell on August 9th. Right from the 5th they had not ceased to be the object of continual attacks. They had valiantly resisted repeated assaults and field artillery. The heavy pieces poured in a hurricane of fire.

Pontisse, which had so usefully barred the passage of the enemy below Visé, did not give way till the 12th. On the 13th Embourg surrendered after a twenty-six hours' bombardment.

The same day saw the fall of Chaudfontaine and Nameche, where two accidents happened worthy of being related. A shell burst on a cupola gun as it was finishing its movement after being loaded. The whole gun was shattered and ten men were wounded. A little while after, a shell entered the fort through the embrasure and set fire to the powder maga-

zine. One hundred and ten artillerymen were terribly burned, fifty dying upon the spot. The 14th saw the fall of Boncelles, Liers, and Fléron. Boncelles from the 5th had offered an admirable resistance. Commandant Lefert had been wounded on the 8th, when 200 Germans, presenting themselves to surrender, treacherously fired upon him. Suffering greatly, he none the less went on directing the defence until his officers met together in a kind of council of war, and had him taken away in an ambulance. The unfortunate man was seized by a fever and became delirious. Boncelles was bombarded unceasingly for a whole day and the following morning. It was nearly destroyed, and may be considered as the fort which was the centre of the worst carnage of German soldiers. The enormous heaps of dead buried around it bear witness to the fact. Liers was put out of action by guns installed at Sainte Walburge.

Forts yield one by one.

To get the better of the obstinate resistance of Fléron (Commandant Mozin), the Germans united twenty guns by an electric battery and fired them all off at the same time upon the fort, which trembled in its massive foundations. No one can have an idea of how demoralising this rain of projectiles was. On the 15th, Loncin and Lantin fell, the defenders firing until they were overcome by asphyxia. On the 16th, it was the turn of Flémalle, and on the 18th, of Hollogne.

Loncin and Lantin fall.

We know that it was at Loncin, which dominated the roads of La Hesbaye, where General Leman was shut up. Commandant Naessens and Lieutenant Monard had the honour of defending the fort under the General's eyes. Electrified by the presence of the governor of the fortress, the soldiers of Loncin wrote with their blood the most heroic page of the heroic defence of Liège. Commandant Naes-

sens modestly narrated the story when he had been wounded and transported to the military hospital of Saint Laurent. General Leman has also *résuméd* the different phases of the attack, while a prisoner at Magdeburg. We will listen to his clear and crisp recital.

General Leman's story.

He distinguishes four periods during the bombardment. The first commenced on August 14th at 4.15 p.m. The shell fire, directed with great exactitude, lasted two hours without interruption. After a break of half-an-hour, some 21-centimetre guns opened fire. All night, at intervals of ten minutes, they rained shells upon the fort, causing it considerable damage. The escarpment was damaged, the protecting walls of the left flank battery destroyed, and the shutters of the windows pierced. Another unfavourable circumstance was that all the places of the escarpment where shelter could be obtained were full of smoke from the shells which had burst either in the protecting wall or in the ditches. The deleterious gases rendered it impossible to stand in the covered places, and forced the General to assemble the garrison in the interior and in the gallery. Even in these refuges the stupefying effects of the gases allowed themselves to be felt, and weakened the fighting value of the garrison.

Horrors of the bombardments.

The third period of bombardment began on the 15th at 5.30 a.m. and continued until two o'clock in the afternoon. The projectiles caused fearful havoc. The vault of the commanding post, where General Leman was present with his two adjutants, was subjected to furious shocks, and the fort trembled to its foundations. Towards two o'clock, a lull occurred in the firing, and the general took advantage of it to inspect the fort. He found part of it completely in ruins.

The fourth period is described as follows: "It was two o'clock when the bombardment

recommenced with a violence of which no idea can be given. It seemed to us as if the German batteries were firing salvoes. When the large shells fell we heard the hissing of the air, which gradually increased into a roar like a furious hurricane, and which finished by a sudden noise of thunder. At a certain moment of this formidable bombardment, I wished to reach the commanding post in order to see what was happening, but at the end of a few paces in the gallery I was knocked down by a shock of violent air and fell face forward. I got up and wished to continue my way, but I was held back by a current of poisonous air which invaded the whole space. It was a mixture of the gas from the exploded powder and of the smoke of a fire which had started in the rooms of the troops where furniture and bedding were kept.

Currents of poisonous gas.

"We were thus driven back to the place whence we had come, but the air had become unbreathable. We were near to being asphyxiated when my adjutant, Major Collard, had the idea of taking off the top of the shutter, which gave us a little air. I was, however, obsessed by the idea of placing part of the garrison in safety, and I told my comrade I desired to reach the counter-escarpment. I managed to pass the gap and reach the ditch, which I crossed. What was my amazement when I perceived that the fort was blown up, and that the front was strewn with ruins, forming a quay reaching from the escarpment to the counter-escarpment. Some soldiers were running to and fro upon it. I took them for Belgian gendarmes and called to them. But I was being suffocated, giddiness seized upon me, and I fell to the ground. When I came to, I found myself in the midst of my comrades, who tried to come to my aid. Among them was a German major, who gave me a glass of water to drink. As I learnt afterwards, it was then

The fort blown up.

about 6.30 p.m. I was placed in an ambulance carriage and transported to Liège. General Leman a prisoner.

"I was taken, but I had not yet surrendered."

Following the capture of Liège the German armies made rapid progress through Belgium. After several sharp engagements with Belgian troops, which resisted with heroic tenacity, the Germans on August 19 took Louvain, and then began the deliberate system of atrocities which horrified the civilized world. The most valuable parts of the city, including many beautiful and important edifices, were burned, citizens were killed and tortured, and the utmost brutality was practiced, under the excuse that German troops had been fired upon by citizens of the town. On August 17 Brussels had been abandoned by the Belgian Government which withdrew to Antwerp. The former city was surrendered without resistance. In the meantime the French had hurried their armies to assist the Belgian forces and, joined by the available troops of the English Expeditionary Force, they encountered the Germans at Charleroi. On August 23 the great fortress of Namur was surrendered under the fire of the heavy German artillery, and on the following day, the Allied armies were defeated at Charleroi, and began the Great Retreat toward Paris which was to continue to the banks of the Marne. The French armies were under the command of General Joffre, while Sir John French commanded the British Expeditionary Force. In the following narrative General French describes the heroic performances of his gallant troops during the terrible ordeal. Surrender of Namur.

THE GREAT RETREAT

SIR JOHN FRENCH

THE transport of the troops from England both by sea and by rail was effected in the best order and without a check. Each unit arrived at its destination in this country well within the scheduled time.

Disposition of British forces.

The concentration was practically complete on the evening of Friday, September 21st, and I was able to make dispositions to move the force during Saturday, the 22d, to positions I considered most favorable from which to commence operations which the French Commander in Chief, General Joffre, requested me to undertake in pursuance of his plans in prosecution of the campaign.

The line taken up extended along the line of the canal from Condé on the west, through Mons and Binche on the east. This line was taken up as follows:

From Condé to Mons inclusive was assigned to the Second Corps, and to the right of the Second Corps from Mons the First Corps was posted. The Fifth Cavalry Brigade was placed at Binche.

In the absence of my Third Army Corps I desired to keep the cavalry division as much as possible as a reserve to act on my outer flank, or move in support of any threatened part of the line. The forward reconnoissance was intrusted to Brigadier General Sir Philip Chetwode with the Fifth Cavalry Brigade, but I directed General Allenby to send forward a few squadrons to assist in this work.

During the 22d and 23d these advanced squadrons did some excellent work, some of them penetrating as far as Soignies, and several encounters took place in which our troops showed to great advantage. Advance on Soignies.

2. At 6 A. M. on August 23, I assembled the commanders of the First and Second Corps and cavalry division at a point close to the position and explained the general situation of the Allies, and what I understood to be General Joffre's plan. I discussed with them at some length the immediate situation in front of us.

From information I received from French Headquarters I understood that little more than one, or at most two, of the enemy's army corps, with perhaps one cavalry division, were in front of my position; and I was aware of no attempted outflanking movement by the enemy. I was confirmed in this opinion by the fact that my patrols encountered no undue opposition in their reconnoitring operations. The observations of my aeroplanes seemed also to bear out this estimate.

About 3 P. M. on Sunday, the 23d, reports began coming in to the effect that the enemy was commencing an attack on the Mons line, apparently in some strength, but that the right of the position from Mons and Bray was being particularly threatened. Attack on Mons line.

The commander of the First Corps had pushed his flank back to some high ground south of Bray, and the Fifth Cavalry Brigade evacuated Binche, moving slightly south; the enemy thereupon occupied Binche.

The right of the Third Division, under General Hamilton, was at Mons, which formed a somewhat dangerous salient; and I directed the commander of the Second Corps to be careful not to keep the troops on this salient too long, but, if threatened seriously, to draw back the centre behind Mons. This was done before

dark. In the meantime, about 5 P. M., I received a most unexpected message from General Joffre by telegraph, telling me that at least three German corps, viz., a reserve corps, the Fourth Corps and the Ninth Corps, were moving on my position in front, and that the Second Corps was engaged in a turning movement from the direction of Tournay. He also informed me that the two reserve French divisions and the Fifth French Army on my right were retiring, the Germans having on the previous day gained possession of the passages of the Sambre between Charleroi and Namur.

Germans gain passages of the Sambre.

3. In view of the possibility of my being driven from the Mons position, I had previously ordered a position in rear to be reconnoitred. This position rested on the fortress of Maubeuge on the right and extended west to Jenlain, southeast of Valenciennes, on the left. The position was reported difficult to hold, because standing crops and buildings made the siting of trenches very difficult and limited the field of fire in many important localities. It nevertheless afforded a few good artillery positions.

British retire to Maubeuge position.

When the news of the retirement of the French and the heavy German threatening on my front reached me, I endeavored to confirm it by aeroplane reconnoissance; and as a result of this I determined to effect a retirement to the Maubeuge position at daybreak on the 24th.

A certain amount of fighting continued along the whole line throughout the night and at daybreak on the 24th the Second Division from the neighborhood of Harmignies made a powerful demonstration as if to retake Binche. This was supported by the artillery of both the First and Second Divisions, while the First Division took up a supporting position in the neighborhood of Peissant. Under cover of this demonstration the Second Corps retired on the

line Dour-Quarouble-Frameries. The Third Division on the right of the corps suffered considerable loss in this operation from the enemy, who had retaken Mons.

The Second Corps halted on this line, where they partially intrenched themselves, enabling Sir Douglas Haig with the First Corps gradually to withdraw to the new position; and he effected this without much further loss, reaching the line Bavai-Maubeuge about 7 P. M. Toward midday the enemy appeared to be directing his principal effort against our left.

I had previously ordered General Allenby with the cavalry to act vigorously in advance of my left front and endeavor to take the pressure off.

General Allenby supports Fifth Division.

About 7:30 A. M. General Allenby received a message from Sir Charles Fergusson, commanding the Fifth Division, saying that he was very hard pressed and in urgent need of support. On receipt of this message General Allenby drew in the cavalry and endeavored to bring direct support to the Fifth Division.

During the course of this operation General De Lisle, of the Second Cavalry Brigade, thought he saw a good opportunity to paralyze the further advance of the enemy's infantry by making a mounted attack on his flank. He formed up and advanced for this purpose, but was held up by wire about 500 yards from his objective, and the Ninth Lancers and the Eighteenth Hussars suffered severely in the retirement of the brigade.

The Nineteenth Infantry Brigade, which had been guarding the line of communications, was brought up by rail to Valenciennes on the 22d and 23d. On the morning of the 24th they were moved out to a position south of Quarouble to support the left flank of the Second Corps.

With the assistance of the cavalry Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien was enabled to effect his retreat

Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien suffers great losses.

to a new position; although, having two corps of the enemy on his front and one threatening his flank, he suffered great losses in doing so.

At nightfall the position was occupied by the Second Corps to the west of Bavai, the First Corps to the right. The right was protected by the fortress of Maubeuge, the left by the Nineteenth Brigade in position between Jenlain and Bry, and the cavalry on the outer flank.

4. The French were still retiring, and I had no support except such as was afforded by the Fortress of Maubeuge; and the determined attempts of the enemy to get round my left flank assured me that it was his intention to hem me against that place and surround me. I felt that not a moment must be lost in retiring to another position.

I had every reason to believe that the enemy's forces were somewhat exhausted and I knew that they had suffered heavy losses. I hoped, therefore, that his pursuit would not be too vigorous to prevent me effecting my object.

The operation, however, was full of danger and difficulty, not only owing to the very superior force in my front, but also to the exhaustion of the troops.

The retirement was recommenced in the early morning of the 25th to a position in the neighborhood of Le Cateau, and rearguards were ordered to be clear of the Maubeuge-Bavai-Eth Road by 5:30 A. M.

General Allenby covers west flank.

Two cavalry brigades, with the divisional cavalry of the Second Corps, covered the movement of the Second Corps. The remainder of the cavalry division, with the Nineteenth Brigade, the whole under the command of General Allenby, covered the west flank.

The Fourth Division commenced its detrainment at Le Cateau on Sunday, the 23d, and by

the morning of the 25th eleven battalions and a brigade of artillery with divisional staff were available for service.

I ordered General Snow to move out to take up a position with his right south of Solesmes, his left resting on the Cambrai-Le Cateau Road south of La Chaprie. In this position the division rendered great help to the effective retirement of the Second and First Corps to the new position.

Although the troops had been ordered to occupy the Cambrai-Le Cateau-Landrecies position, and the ground had, during the 25th, been partially prepared and intrenched, I had grave doubts—owing to the information I had received as to the accumulating strength of the enemy against me—as to the wisdom of standing there to fight.

Retirement of French troops on right.

Having regard to the continued retirement of the French on my right, my exposed left flank, the tendency of the enemy's western corps (II.) to envelop me, and, more than all, the exhausted condition of the troops, I determined to make a great effort to continue the retreat till I could put some substantial obstacle, such as the Somme or the Oise, between my troops and the enemy, and afford the former some opportunity of rest and reorganization. Orders were, therefore, sent to the corps commanders to continue their retreat as soon as they possibly could toward the general line Vermand-St. Quentin-Ribemont.

The cavalry, under General Allenby, were ordered to cover the retirement.

Throughout the 25th and far into the evening, the First Corps continued its march on Landrecies, following the road along the eastern border of the Forêt de Mormal, and arrived at Landrecies about 10 o'clock. I had intended that the corps should come further west so as to fill up the gap between Le Cateau and Lan-

drecies, but the men were exhausted and could not get further in without rest.

British brigade in Landrecies.

The enemy, however, would not allow them this rest, and about 9:30 P. M. a report was received that the Fourth Guards Brigade in Landrecies was heavily attacked by troops of the Ninth German Army Corps, who were coming through the forest on the north of the town. This brigade fought most gallantly, and caused the enemy to suffer tremendous loss in issuing from the forest into the narrow streets of the town. This loss has been estimated from reliable sources at from 700 to 1,000. At the same time information reached me from Sir Douglas Haig that his First Division was also heavily engaged south and east of Maroilles. I sent urgent messages to the commander of the two French reserve divisions on my right to come up to the assistance of the First Corps, which they eventually did. Partly owing to this assistance, but mainly to the skillful manner in which Sir Douglas Haig extricated his corps from an exceptionally difficult position in the darkness of the night, they were able at dawn to resume their march south toward Wassigny on Guise.

French reserve divisions support First Corps.

By about 6 P. M. the Second Corps had got into position with their right on Le Cateau. their left in the neighborhood of Caudry, and the line of defense was continued thence by the Fourth Division toward Seranvillers, the left being thrown back.

During the fighting on the 24th and 25th the cavalry became a good deal scattered, but by the early morning of the 26th General Allenby had succeeded in concentrating two brigades to the south of Cambrai.

The Fourth Division was placed under the orders of the general officer commanding the Second Army Corps.

On the 24th the French cavalry corps, con-

sisting of three divisions under General Sordêt, had been in billets north of Avesnes. On my way back from Bavai, which was my "Poste de Commandement" during the fighting of the 23d and 24th, I visited General Sordêt, and earnestly requested his co-operation and support. He promised to obtain sanction from his army commander to act on my left flank, but said that his horses were too tired to move before the next day. Although he rendered me valuable assistance later on in the course of the retirement, he was unable for the reasons given to afford me any support on the most critical day of all, viz., the 26th.

British Second Corps and Fourth Division heavily attacked.

At daybreak it became apparent that the enemy was throwing the bulk of his strength against the left of the position occupied by the Second Corps and the Fourth Division.

At this time the guns of four German army corps were in position against them, and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien reported to me that he judged it impossible to continue his retirement at daybreak (as ordered) in face of such an attack.

I sent him orders to use his utmost endeavors to break off the action and retire at the earliest possible moment, as it was impossible for me to send him any support, the First Corps being at the moment incapable of movement.

The French cavalry corps, under General Sordêt, was coming up on our left rear early in the morning, and I sent an urgent message to him to do his utmost to come up and support the retirement of my left flank; but owing to the fatigue of his horses he found himself unable to intervene in any way.

There had been no time to intrench the position properly, but the troops showed a magnificent front to the terrible fire which confronted them.

The artillery, although outmatched by at

British artillery outmatched by four to one.

least four to one, made a splendid fight, and inflicted heavy losses on their opponents.

At length it became apparent that, if complete annihilation was to be avoided, a retirement must be attempted; and the order was given to commence it about 3:30 P. M. The movement was covered with the most devoted intrepidity and determination by the artillery, which had itself suffered heavily, and the fine work done by the cavalry in the further retreat from the position assisted materially in the final completion of this most difficult and dangerous operation.

Fortunately the enemy had himself suffered too heavily to engage in an energetic pursuit.

General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien cited for conspicuous service.

I cannot close the brief account of this glorious stand of the British troops without putting on record my deep appreciation of the valuable services rendered by General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

I say without hesitation that the saving of the left wing of the army under my command on the morning of the 26th August could never have been accomplished unless a commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, and determination had been present to personally conduct the operation.

British retreat holding on line Noyon-Chauny-La Fère.

The retreat was continued far into the night of the 26th and through the 27th and 28th, on which date the troops halted on the line Noyon-Chauny-La Fère, having then thrown off the weight of the enemy's pursuit.

On the 27th and 28th August I was much indebted to General Sordêt and the French cavalry division which he commands for materially assisting my retirement and successfully driving back some of the enemy on Cambrai.

General D'Amade also, with the Sixty-first and Sixty-second French Reserve Divisions, moved down from the neighborhood of Arras

on the enemy's right flank and took much pressure off the rear of the British forces located there.

End of four days' battle at Mons.

This closes the period covering the heavy fighting which commenced at Mons on Sunday afternoon, 23d August, and which really constituted a four days' battle.

At this point, therefore, I propose to close the present dispatch.

Serious losses in British forces.

I deeply deplore the very serious losses which the British forces have suffered in this great battle; but they were inevitable in view of the fact that the British Army—only two days after a concentration by rail—was called upon to withstand a vigorous attack of five German army corps.

It is impossible for me to speak too highly of the skill evinced by the two general officers commanding army corps; the self-sacrificing and devoted exertions of their staffs; the direction of the troops by divisional, brigade, and regimental leaders; the command of the smaller units by their officers; and the magnificent fighting spirit displayed by non-commissioned officers and men.

Royal Flying Corps cited for admirable work.

I wish particularly to bring to your Lordship's notice the admirable work done by the Royal Flying Corps under Sir David Henderson. Their skill, energy, and perseverance have been beyond all praise. They have furnished me with the most complete and accurate information, which has been of incalculable value in the conduct of the operations. Fired at constantly both by friend and foe, and not hesitating to fly in every kind of weather, they have remained undaunted throughout.

Further, by actually fighting in the air, they have succeeded in destroying five of the enemy's machines.

I wish to acknowledge with deep gratitude the incalculable assistance I received from the

General and Personal Staffs at Headquarters during this trying period.

Lieutenant General Sir Archibald Murray, Major General Wilson, Brigade General Hon. Lambton cited for admirable work.

Lieutenant General Sir Archibald Murray, Chief of the General Staff; Major General Wilson, Sub-Chief of the General Staff; and all under them have worked day and night unceasingly with the utmost skill, self-sacrifice, and devotion; and the same acknowledgment is due by me to Brigadier General Hon. W. Lambton, my Military Secretary, and the personal Staff.

Major General Sir William Robertson cited for admirable work.

In such operations as I have described the work of the Quartermaster General is of an extremely onerous nature. Major General Sir William Robertson has met what appeared to be almost insuperable difficulties with his characteristic energy, skill, and determination; and it is largely owing to his exertions that the hardships and sufferings of the troops—inseparable from such operations—were not much greater.

Major General Sir Nevil Macready.

Major General Sir Nevil Macready, the Adjutant General, has also been confronted with most onerous and difficult tasks in connection with disciplinary arrangements and the preparation of casualty lists. He has been indefatigable in his exertions to meet the difficult situations which arose.

THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

SIR JOHN FRENCH

17th September, 1914.

MY LORD: In continuation of my dispatch of September 7, I have the honor to report the further progress of the operations of the forces under my command from August 28.

On that evening the retirement of the force was followed closely by two of the enemy's cavalry columns, moving southeast from St. Quentin.

The retreat in this part of the field was being covered by the Third and Fifth Cavalry Brigades. South of the Somme General Gough, with the Third Cavalry Brigade, threw back the Uhlans of the Guard with considerable loss.

General Chetwode, with the Fifth Cavalry Brigade, encountered the eastern column near Cerizy, moving south. The brigade attacked and routed the column, the leading German regiment suffering very severe casualties and being almost broken up.

General Chetwode routs German attack.

The Seventh French Army Corps was now in course of being railed up from the south to the east of Amiens. On the 29th it nearly completed its detrainment, and the French Sixth Army got into position on my left, its right resting on Roye.

The Fifth French Army was behind the line of the Oise, between La Fère and Guise.

The pursuit of the enemy was very vigorous; some five or six German corps were on the Somme, facing the Fifth Army on the Oise. At least two corps were advancing toward my

Vigorous pursuit of retreating German forces.

front, and were crossing the Somme east and west of Ham. Three or four more German corps were opposing the Sixth French Army on my left.

This was the situation at 1 o'clock on the 29th, when I received a visit from General Joffre at my headquarters.

I strongly represented my position to the French Commander in Chief, who was most kind, cordial, and sympathetic, as he has always been. He told me that he had directed the Fifth French Army on the Oise to move forward and attack the Germans on the Somme, with a view to checking pursuit. He also told me of the formation of the Sixth French Army on my left flank, composed of the Seventh Army Corps, four reserve divisions, and Sordêt's corps of cavalry.

Short retirement towards Compiegne-Soissons.

I finally arranged with General Joffre to effect a further short retirement toward the line Compiègne-Soissons, promising him, however, to do my utmost to keep always within a day's march of him.

In pursuance of this arrangement the British forces retired to a position a few miles north of the line Compiègne-Soissons on the 29th.

Right flank of German army in dangerous line of connection.

The right flank of the Germany Army was now reaching a point which appeared seriously to endanger my line of communications with Havre. I had already evacuated Amiens, into which place a German reserve division was reported to have moved.

Orders were given to change the base to St. Nazaire, and establish an advance base at Le Mans. This operation was well carried out by the Inspector General of Communications.

In spite of a severe defeat inflicted upon the Guard Tenth and Guard Reserve Corps of the German Army by the First and Third French Corps on the right of the Fifth Army, it was not part of General Joffre's plan to pursue this

advantage; and a general retirement to the line of the Marne was ordered, to which the French forces in the more eastern theatre were directed to conform. Retirement to the Marne ordered.

A new Army (the Ninth) had been formed from three corps in the south by General Joffre, and moved into the space between the right of the Fifth and left of the Fourth Armies.

While closely adhering to his strategic conception to draw the enemy on at all points until a favorable situation was created from which to assume the offensive, General Joffre found it necessary to modify from day to day the methods by which he sought to attain this object, owing to the development of the enemy's plans and changes in the general situation.

In conformity with the movements of the French forces, my retirement continued practically from day to day. Although we were not severely pressed by the enemy, rearguard actions took place continually.

On the 1st September, when retiring from the thickly wooded country to the south of Compiègne, the First Cavalry Brigade was overtaken by some German cavalry. They momentarily lost a horse artillery battery, and several officers and men were killed and wounded. With the help, however, of some detachments from the Third Corps operating on their left, they not only recovered their own guns, but succeeded in capturing twelve of the enemy's. Attack on British First Cavalry Brigade.

Similarly, to the eastward, the First Corps, retiring south, also got into some very difficult forest country, and a somewhat severe rearguard action ensued at Villers-Cotterets, in which the Fourth Guards Brigade suffered considerably.

On September 3 the British forces were in position south of the Marne between Lagny and Signy-Signets. Up to this time I had been re-

British forces in position south of the Marne.

quested by General Joffre to defend the passages of the river as long as possible, and to blow up the bridges in my front. After I had made the necessary dispositions, and the destruction of the bridges had been effected, I was asked by the French Commander in Chief to continue my retirement to a point some twelve miles in rear of the position I then occupied, with a view to taking up a second position behind the Seine. This retirement was duly carried out. In the meantime the enemy had thrown bridges and crossed the Marne in considerable force, and was threatening the Allies all along the line of the British forces and the Fifth and Ninth French Armies. Consequently several small outpost actions took place.

On Saturday, September 5, I met the French Commander in Chief at his request, and he informed me of his intention to take the offensive forthwith, as he considered conditions very favorable to success.

General Joffre announces intention to take offensive.

General Joffre announced to me his intention of wheeling up the left flank of the Sixth Army, pivoting on the Marne and directing it to move on the Ourcq; cross and attack the flank of the First German Army, which was then moving in a southeasterly direction east of that river.

He requested me to effect a change of front to my right—my left resting on the Marne and my right on the Fifth Army—to fill the gap between that army and the Sixth. I was then to advance against the enemy in my front and join in the general offensive movement.

Battle begins Sunday, September 6.

These combined movements practically commenced on Sunday, September 6, at sunrise; and on that day it may be said that a great battle opened on a front extending from Ermenonville, which was just in front of the left flank of the Sixth French Army, through Lizy on the Marne, Mauperthuis, which was

about the British centre, Courtecon, which was on the left of the Fifth FrenchArmy, to Esternay and Charleville, the left of the Ninth Army under General Foch, and so along the front of the Ninth, Fourth and Third French Armies to a point north of the fortress of Verdun.

Battle concluded September 10. Germans driven to the line Soissons-Rheims.

This battle, in so far as the Sixth French Army, the British Army, the Fifth French Army, and the Ninth French Army were concerned, may be said to have concluded on the evening of September 10, by which time the Germans had been driven back to the line Soissons-Rheims, with a loss of thousands of prisoners, many guns, and enormous masses of transport.

About September 3 the enemy appears to have changed his plans and to have determined to stop his advance south direct upon Paris, for on September 4 air reconnoissances showed that his main columns were moving in a southeasterly direction generally east of a line drawn through Nanteuil and Lizy on the Ourcq.

On September 5 several of these columns were observed to have crossed the Marne, while German troops, which were observed moving southeast up the left flank of the Ourcq on the 4th, were now reported to be halted and facing that river. Heads of the enemy's columns were seen crossing at Changis, La Ferte, Nogent, Château Thierry, and Mezy.

German columns converging on Montmirail.

Considerable German columns of all arms were seen to be converging on Montmirail, while before sunset large bivouacs of the enemy were located in the neighborhood of Coulommiers, south of Rebais, La Ferté-Gaucher, and Dagny.

I should conceive it to have been about noon on September 6, after the British forces had changed their front to the right and occupied the line Jouy-Le Chatel-Faremoutiers-Ville-

neuve Le Comte, and the advance of the Sixth French Army north of the Marne toward the Ourcq became apparent, that the enemy realized the powerful threat that was being made against the flank of his columns moving southeast, and began the great retreat which opened the battle above referred to.

Position of allies and Germans on September 6.

On the evening of September 6, therefore, the fronts and positions of the Allied Army were roughly as follows:

Sixth French Army.—Right on the Marne at Meux, left toward Betz.

British Forces.—On the line Dagny-Coulommiers-Maison.

Fifth French Army.—At Courtagon, right on Esternay.

Conneau's Cavalry Corps.—Between the right of the British and the left of the French Fifth Army.

The position of the German Army was as follows:

Fourth Reserve and Second Corps.—East of the Ourcq and facing that river.

Ninth Cavalry Division.—West of Crecy.

Second Cavalry Division.—North of Coulommiers.

Fourth Corps.—Rebais.

Third and Seventh Corps.—Southwest of Montmirail.

First and Second German army.

All these troops constituted the First German Army, which was directed against the French Sixth Army on the Ourcq, and the British forces, and the left of the Fifth French Army south of the Marne.

The Second German Army (IX., X., X.R., and Guard) was moving against the centre and right of the Fifth French Army and the Ninth French Army.

On September 7 both the Fifth and Sixth French Armies were heavily engaged on our flank. The Second and Fourth Reserve Ger-

man Corps on the Ourcq vigorously opposed the advance of the French toward that river, but did not prevent the Sixth Army from gaining some headway, the Germans themselves suffering serious losses. The French Fifth Army threw the enemy back to the line of the Petit Morin River after inflicting severe losses upon them, especially about Montceaux, which was carried at the point of the bayonet.

The enemy retreated before our advance, covered by his Second and Ninth and Guard Cavalry Divisions, which suffered severely.

Our cavalry acted with great vigor, especially General De Lisle's brigade, with the Ninth Lancers and Eighteenth Hussars.

Germans retreat September 8.

On September 8 the enemy continued his retreat northward, and our army was successfully engaged during the day with strong rear-guards of all arms on the Petit Morin River, thereby materially assisting the progress of the French armies on our right and left, against whom the enemy was making his greatest efforts. On both sides the enemy was thrown back with very heavy loss. The First Army Corps encountered stubborn resistance at La Trétoire, (north of Rebais.) The enemy occupied a strong position with infantry and guns on the northern bank of the Petit Morin River; they were dislodged with considerable loss. Several machine guns and many prisoners were captured, and upward of 200 German dead were left on the ground.

Forcing of Petit Morin September 9.

The forcing of the Petit Morin at this point was much assisted by the cavalry and the First Division, which crossed higher up the stream.

Later in the day a counter-attack by the enemy was well repulsed by the First Army Corps, a great many prisoners and some guns again falling into our hands.

On this day (September 8) the Second Army Corps encountered considerable opposition, but

drove back the enemy at all points with great loss, making considerable captures.

The Third Army Corps also drove back considerable bodies of the enemy's infantry and made some captures.

British First and Second Army Corps forced passage of Marne.

On September 9 the First and Second Army Corps forced the passage of the Marne and advanced some miles to the north of it. The Third Corps encountered considerable opposition, as the bridge at La Ferté was destroyed and the enemy held the town on the opposite bank in some strength, and thence persistently obstructed the construction of a bridge; so the passage was not effected until after nightfall.

During the day's pursuit the enemy suffered heavy loss in killed and wounded, some hundreds of prisoners fell into our hands and a battery of eight machine guns was captured by the Second Division.

Sixth French Army heavily engaged west of River Ourcq.

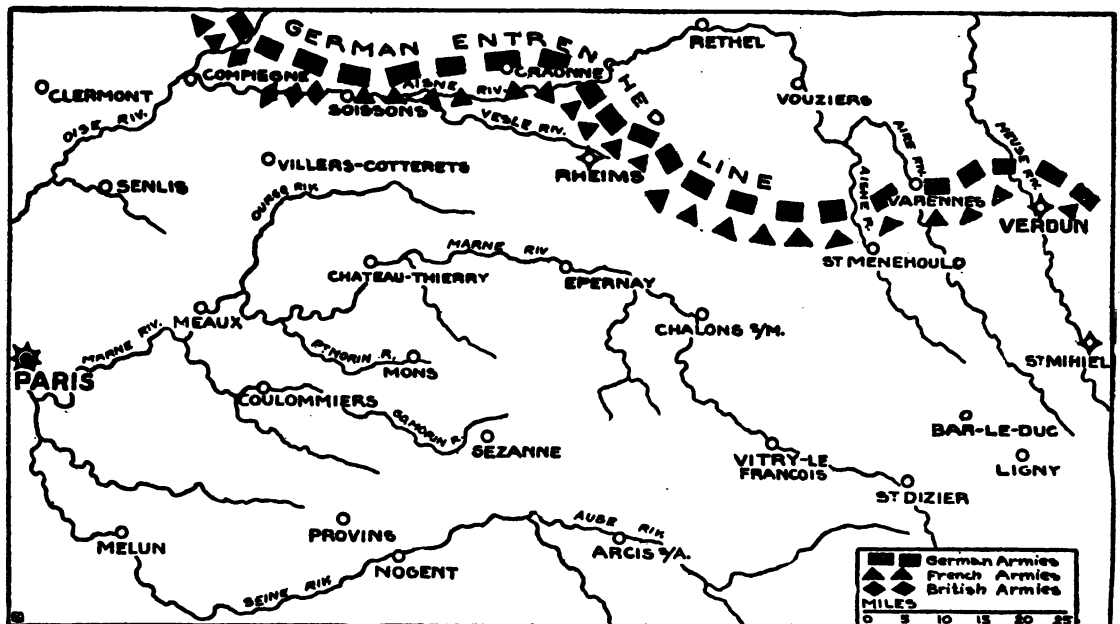
On this day the Sixth French Army was heavily engaged west of the River Ourcq. The enemy had largely increased his force opposing them; and very heavy fighting ensued, in which the French were successful throughout.

The left of the Fifth French Army reached the neighborhood of Château Thierry after the most severe fighting, having driven the enemy completely north of the river with great loss.

The fighting of this army in the neighborhood of Montmirail was very severe.

British and French advance on the line of the Ourcq, September 10.

The advance was resumed at daybreak on the 10th up to the line of the Ourcq, opposed by strong rearguards of all arms. The First and Second Corps, assisted by the cavalry divisions on the right, the Third and Fifth Cavalry Brigades on the left, drove the enemy northward. Thirteen guns, seven machine guns, about 2,000 prisoners, and quantities of transport fell into our hands. The enemy left many



BATTLE OF THE MARNE—END OF GERMAN RETREAT AND THE INTRENCHED LINE ON THE AISNE RIVER

dead on the field. On this day the French Fifth and Sixth Armies had little opposition.

First and Second German armies in full retreat.

As the First and Second German Armies were now in full retreat, this evening marks the end of the battle which practically commenced on the morning of the 6th inst.; and it is at this point in the operations that I am concluding the present dispatch.

In concluding this dispatch I must call your Lordship's special attention to the fact that from Sunday, August 23, up to the present date, (September 17,) from Mons back almost to the Seine, and from the Seine to the Aisne, the army under my command has been ceaselessly engaged without one single day's halt or rest of any kind.

Continuous fighting of British from Sunday, August 23, to September 17, from Mons to Seine and from Seine to the Aisne.

In the narratives preceding we have seen how the English forces conducted themselves during the Great Retreat and at the Marne. It must be remembered, however, that they comprised but a small proportion of the armies opposing the Germans. The French bore the brunt of the attack, and a French army turned the tide of battle. Beginning with the first days of September all other military events were overshadowed by the Great Retreat. On September 1 the Germans, in spite of French and British resistance, had reached Senlis. On September 4th Amiens was captured, and two days later the German army entered Rheims. In the following narrative is shown, through the official records, how the French armies bore themselves during the Great Retreat, the First Battle of the Marne, and in the fighting which marked the hurried return of the German armies to the banks of the Aisne which they had, with true foresight, fortified with such a possible situation in mind.

Amiens and Rheims captured.

HOW THE FRENCH FOUGHT

THE FRENCH OFFICIAL ACCOUNT

THE first month of the campaign began with successes and finished with defeats for the French troops. Under what circumstances did these come about?

Two principal actions.

Our plan of concentration had foreseen the possibility of two principal actions, one on the right betweeen the Vosges and the Moselle, the other on the left to the north of Verdun-Toul line, this double possibility involving the eventual variation of our transport. On August 2, owing to the Germans passing through Belgium, our concentration was substantially modified by General Joffre in order that our principal effort might be directed to the north.

From the first week in August it was apparent that the length of time required for the British Army to begin to move would delay our action in connection with it. This delay is one of the reasons which explain our failures at the end of August.

Mulhouse occupied.

Awaiting the moment when the operations in the north could begin, and to prepare for it by retaining in Alsace the greatest possible number of German forces, the General in Chief ordered our troops to occupy Mulhouse, (Mülhousen,) to cut the bridges of the Rhine at Huningue and below, and then to flank the attack of our troops, operating in Lorraine.

This operation was badly carried out by a leader who was at once relieved of his command. Our troops, after having carried Mulhouse, lost it and were thrown back on Belfort. The work had, therefore, to be recommenced

afresh, and this was done from August 14 under a new command.

Mulhouse was taken on the 19th, after a brilliant fight at Dornach. Twenty-four guns were captured from the enemy. On the 20th we held the approaches to Colmar, both by the plain and by the Vosges. The enemy had undergone enormous losses and abandoned great stores of shells and forage, but from this moment what was happening in Lorraine and on our left prevented us from carrying our successes further, for our troops in Alsace were needed elsewhere.

Enemy losses.

On August 28 the Alsace army was broken up, only a small part remaining to hold the region of Thann and the Vosges.

The purpose of the operations in Alsace was, namely, to retain a large part of the enemy's forces far from the northern theatre of operations. It was for our offensive in Lorraine to pursue still more directly by holding before it the German army corps operating to the south of Metz.

This offensive began brilliantly on August 14. On the 19th we had reached the region of Saarburg and that of the Etangs, (lakes,) and we held Dieuze, Morhange, Delme, and Château Salins.

French offensive stopped.

On the 20th our success was stopped. The cause is to be found in the strong organization of the region, in the power of the enemy's artillery, operating over ground which had been minutely surveyed, and, finally, in the default of certain units.

On the 22d, in spite of the splendid behavior of several of our army corps, notably that of Nancy, our troops were brought back on to the Grand Couronne, while on the 23d and 24th the Germans concentrated reinforcements—three army corps, at least—in the region of Lunéville and forced us to retire to the south.

German reinforcements.

This retreat, however, was only momentary. On the 25th, after two vigorous counter-attacks, one from south to north and the other from west to east, the enemy had to fall back. From that time a sort of balance was established on this terrain between the Germans and ourselves. Maintained for fifteen days, it was afterward, as will be seen, modified to our advantage.

Battle of the north.

There remained the principal business, the battle of the north—postponed owing to the necessity of waiting for the British Army. On August 20 the concentration of our lines was finished and the General in Chief gave orders for our centre and our left to take the offensive. Our centre comprised two armies. Our left consisted of a third army, reinforced to the extent of two army corps, a corps of cavalry, the reserve divisions, the British Army, and the Belgian Army, which had already been engaged for the previous three weeks at Liége Namur, and Louvain.

The German plan on that date was as follows: From seven to eight army corps and four cavalry divisions were endeavoring to pass between Givet and Brussels, and even to prolong their movements more to the west. Our object was, therefore, in the first place, to hold and dispose of the enemy's centre and afterward to throw ourselves with all available forces on the left flank of the German grouping of troops in the north.

The offensive fails.

On August 21 our offensive in the centre began with ten army corps. On August 22 it failed, and this reverse appeared serious.

The reasons for it are complex. There were in this affair individual and collective failures, imprudences committed under the fire of the enemy, divisions ill-engaged, rash deployments, precipitate retreats, a premature waste of men, and, finally, the inadequacy of certain

of our troops and their leaders, both as regards the use of infantry and artillery.

In consequence of these lapses the enemy, turning to account the difficult terrain, was able to secure the maximum of profit from the advantages which the superiority of his subaltern complements gave him.

In spite of this defeat our manoeuvre had still a chance of success, if our left and the British Army obtained a decisive result. This was unfortunately not the case. On August 22, at the cost of great losses, the enemy succeeded in crossing the Sambre and our left army fell back on the 24th upon Beaumont-Givet, being perturbed by the belief that the enemy was threatening its right.

Enemy crosses the Sambre.

On the same day, (the 24th,) the British Army fell back after a German attack upon the Maubeuge-Valenciennes line. On the 25th and 26th its retreat became more hurried. After Landrecies and Le Cateau it fell back southward by forced marches. It could not from this time keep its hold until after crossing the Marne.

The rapid retreat of the English, coinciding with the defeat sustained in Belgian Luxembourg, allowed the enemy to cross the Meuse and to accelerate, by fortifying it, the action of his right.

The British retreat.

The situation at this moment may be thus summed up: Either our frontier had to be defended on the spot under conditions which the British retreat rendered extremely perilous, or we had to execute a strategic retirement which, while delivering up to the enemy a part of the national soil, would permit us, on the other hand, to resume the offensive at our own time with a favorable disposition of troops, still intact, which we had at our command. The General in Chief determined on the second alternative.

Henceforward the French command devoted its efforts to preparing the offensive. To this end three conditions had to be fulfilled: New offensive planned.

1. The retreat had to be carried out in order under a succession of counter-attacks which would keep the enemy busy.

2. The extreme point of this retreat must be fixed in such a way that the different armies should reach it simultaneously, ready at the moment of occupying it to resume the offensive all together.

3. Every circumstance permitting of a resumption of the offensive before this point should be reached must be utilized by the whole of our forces and the British forces.

The counter-attacks, executed during the retreat, were brilliant and often fruitful. On August 20 we successfully attacked St. Quentin to disengage the British Army. Two other corps and a reserve division engaged the Prussian Guard and the Tenth German Army Corps, which was debouching from Guise. By the end of the day, after various fluctuations, the enemy was thrown back on the Oise and the British front was freed. Counter-attacks.

On August 27 we had also succeeded in throwing back upon the Meuse the enemy, who was endeavoring to gain a foothold on the left bank. Our successes continued on the 28th in the woods of Marfée and of Jaulnay. Thanks to them we were able, in accordance with the orders of the General in Chief, to fall back on the Buzancy-Le Chesne-Bouvellemont line.

Further to the right another army took part in the same movement and carried out successful attacks on August 25 on the Othain and in the region of Spincourt.

On the 26th these different units recrossed the Meuse without being disturbed and were able to join in the action of our centre. Our Recrossing the Meuse.

armies were, therefore, again intact and available for the offensive.

On August 26 a new army composed of two army corps, five reserve divisions, and a Moorish brigade was constituted. This army was to assemble in the region of Amiens between August 27 and September 1 and take the offensive against the German right, uniting its action with that of the British Army, operating on the line of Ham-Bray-sur-Somme.

The retreat continues.

The hope of resuming the offensive was from this moment rendered vain by the rapidity of the march of the German right wing. This rapidity had two consequences, which we had to parry before thinking of advancing. On the one hand, our new army had not time to complete its detraining, and, on the other hand, the British Army, forced back further by the enemy, uncovered on August 31 our left flank. Our line, thus modified, contained waves which had to be redressed before we could pass to the offensive.

To understand this it is sufficient to consider the situation created by the quick advance of the enemy on the evening of September 2.

A corps of cavalry had crossed the Oise and advanced as far as Château-Thierry. The First Army, (General von Kluck,) comprising four active army corps and a reserve corps, had passed Compiègne.

The Second Army, (General von Bülow,) with three active army corps and two reserve corps, was reaching the Laon region.

The Third Army, (General von Hausen,) with two active army corps and a reserve corps, had crossed the Aisne between the Château Porcien and Attigny.

The German armies.

More to the east the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Armies, namely, twelve army corps, four reserve corps, and numerous Ersatz

formations, were in contact with our troops, the Fourth and Fifth Armies between Vouziers and Verdun and the others in the positions which have been indicated above, from Verdun to the Vosges.

The left in peril.

It will, therefore, be seen that our left, if we accepted battle, might be in great peril through the British forces and the new French Army, operating more to the westward, having given way.

A defeat in these conditions would have cut off our armies from Paris and from the British forces and at the same time from the new army which had been constituted to the left of the English. We should thus be running the risk of losing by a single stroke the advantage of the assistance which Russia later on was to furnish.

General Joffre chose resolutely for the solution which disposed of these risks, that is to say, for postponing the offensive and the continuance of the retreat. In this way he remained on ground which he had chosen. He waited only until he could engage in better conditions.

The limit of the retreat.

In consequence, on September 1, he fixed as an extreme limit for the movement of retreat, which was still going on, the line of Bray-sur-Seine, Nogent-sur-Seine, Arcis-sur-Aube, Vitry-le-François, and the region to the north of Bar-le-Duc. This line might be reached if the troops were compelled to go back so far. They would attack before reaching it, as soon as there was a possibility of bringing about an offensive disposition, permitting the co-operation of the whole of our forces.

On September 5 it appeared that this desired situation existed.

The First German Army, carrying audacity to temerity, had continued its endeavor to envelop our left, had crossed the Grand Morin,

and reached the region of Chauffry, to the north of Rebaix and of Esternay. It aimed then at cutting our armies off from Paris, in order to begin the investment of the capital.

The German lines.

The Second Army had its head on the line Champaubert, Etoges, Bergeres, and Vertus.

The Third and Fourth Armies reached to Chalons-sur-Marne and Bussy-le-Repos. The Fifth Army was advancing on one side and the other from the Argonne as far as Triacourt-les-Islettes and Juivecourt. The Sixth and Seventh Armies were attacking more to the east.

But—and here is a capital difference between the situation of September 5 and that of September 2—the envelopment of our left was no longer possible.

In the first place, our left army had been able to occupy the line of Sézanne, Villers-St. Georges and Courchamps. Furthermore, the British forces, gathered between the Seine and the Marne, flanked on their left by the newly created army, were closely connected with the rest of our forces.

Allies' armies ready.

This was precisely the disposition which the General in Chief had wished to see achieved. On the 4th he decided to take advantage of it, and ordered all the armies to hold themselves ready. He had taken from his right two new army corps, two divisions of infantry, and two divisions of cavalry, which were distributed between his left and his centre.

On the evening of the 5th he addressed to all the commanders of armies a message ordering them to attack.

Joffre orders the advance.

"The hour has come," he wrote, "to advance at all costs, and to die where you stand rather than give way."

If one examines on the map the respective positions of the German and French armies on September 6 as previously described, it will

be seen that by his inflection toward Meaux and Coulommiers General von Kluck was exposing his right to the offensive action of our left. This is the starting point of the victory of the Marne.

The Battle of the Marne.

On the evening of September 5 our left army had reached the front Penchard-Saint-Souflet-Ver. On the 6th and 7th it continued its attacks vigorously with the Ourcq as objective. On the evening of the 7th it was some kilometers from the Ourcq, on the front Chambry-Marcilly-Lisieux-Acy-en-Multien. On the 8th, the Germans, who had in great haste reinforced their right by bringing their Second and Fourth Army Corps back to the north, obtained some successes by attacks of extreme violence. They occupied Betz, Thury-en-Valois, and Nanteuil-le-Haudouin. But in spite of this pressure our troops held their ground well. In a brilliant action they took three standards, and, being reinforced, prepared a new attack for the 10th. At the moment that this attack was about to begin the enemy was already in retreat toward the north. The attack became a pursuit, and on the 12th we established ourselves on the Aisne.

Enemy left exposed.

Why did the German forces which were confronting us and on the evening before attacking so furiously retreat on the morning of the 10th? Because in bringing back on the 6th several army corps from the south to the north to face our left the enemy had exposed his left to the attacks of the British Army, which had immediately faced around toward the north, and to those of our armies which were prolonging the English lines to the right. This is what the French command had sought to bring about. This is what happened on September 8 and allowed the development and rehabilitation which it was to effect.

On the 6th the British Army had set out

The part of the British.

from the line Rozcy-Lagny and had that evening reached the southward bank of the Grand Morin. On the 7th and 8th it continued its march, and on the 9th had debouched to the north of the Marne below Chateau-Thierry, taking in flank the German forces which on that day were opposing, on the Ourcq, our left army. Then it was that these forces began to retreat, while the British Army, going in pursuit and capturing seven guns and many prisoners, reached the Aisne between Soissons and Longueval.

The rôle of the French army.

The rôle of the French Army, which was operating to the right of the British Army, was threefold. It had to support the British attacking on its left. It had on its right to support our centre, which from September 7 had been subjected to a German attack of great violence. Finally, its mission was to throw back the three active army corps and the reserve corps which faced it.

On the 7th it made a leap forward, and on the following days reached and crossed the Marne, seizing, after desperate fighting, guns, howitzers, mitrailleuses, and 1,300,000 cartridges. On the 12th it established itself on the north edge of the Montagne-de-Reime in contact with our centre, which for its part had just forced the enemy to retreat in haste.

Attack on the French center.

Our centre consisted of a new army created on August 29 and of one of those which at the beginning of the campaign had been engaged in Belgian Luxembourg. The first had retreated on August 29 to September 5 from the Aisne to the north of the Marne and occupied the general front Sézanne-Mailly.

The second, more to the east, had drawn back to the south of the line Humbauville-Chateau-Beauchamp - Bignicourt - Blesmes - Mauruptle-Montoy.

The enemy, in view of his right being arrested

and the defeat of his enveloping movement, made a desperate effort from the 7th to the 10th to pierce our centre to the west and to the east of Fére-Champenoise. On the 8th he succeeded in forcing back the right of our new army, which retired as far as Gouragançon. On the 9th, at 6 o'clock in the morning, there was a further retreat to the south of that village, while on the left the other army corps also had to go back to the line Allemant-Connantre.

A further retreat.

Despite this retreat the General commanding the army ordered a general offensive for the same day. With the Morocco Division, whose behavior was heroic, he met a furious assault of the Germans on his left toward the marshes of Saint Gond. Then with the division which had just victoriously overcome the attacks of the enemy to the north of Sézanne, and with the whole of his left army corps, he made a flanking attack in the evening of the 9th upon the German forces, and notably the guard, which had thrown back his right army corps. The enemy, taken by surprise by this bold manœuvre, did not resist, and beat a hasty retreat.

Foch out-manœuvers Germans.

On the 11th we crossed the Marne between Tours-sur-Marne and Sarry, driving the Germans in front of us in disorder. On the 12th we were in contact with the enemy to the north of the Camp de Chalons. Our other army of the centre, acting on the right of the one just referred to, had been intrusted with the mission during the 7th, 8th, and 9th of disengaging its neighbor, and it was only on the 10th that, being reinforced by an army corps from the east, it was able to make its action effectively felt. On the 11th the Germans retired. But, perceiving their danger, they fought desperately, with enormous expenditure of projectiles, behind strong intrenchments. On the 12th the result had none the less been attained,

Center armies established.

and our two centre armies were solidly established on the ground gained.

To the right of these two armies were three others. They had orders to cover themselves to the north and to debouch toward the west on the flank of the enemy, which was operating to the west of the Argonne. But a wide interval in which the Germans were in force separated them from our centre. The attack took place, nevertheless, with very brilliant success for our artillery, which destroyed eleven batteries of the Sixteenth German Army Corps.

Germans retreat on the right.

On the 10th inst. the Eighth and Fifteenth German Army Corps counter-attacked, but were repulsed. On the 11th our progress continued with new successes, and on the 12th we were able to face round toward the north in expectation of the near and inevitable retreat of the enemy, which, in fact, took place from the 13th.

The withdrawal of the mass of the German force involved also that of the left. From the 12th onward the forces of the enemy operating between Nancy and the Vosges retreated in a hurry before our two armies of the East, which immediately occupied the positions that the enemy had evacuated. The offensive of our right had thus prepared and consolidated in the most useful way the result secured by our left and our centre.

Such was this seven days' battle, in which more than two millions of men were engaged. Each army gained ground step by step, opening the road to its neighbor, supported at once by it, taking in flank the adversary which the day before it had attacked in front, the efforts of one articulating closely with those of the other, a perfect unity of intention and method animating the supreme command.

Meaning of the victory.

To give this victory all its meaning it is necessary to add that it was gained by troops

which for two weeks had been retreating, and which, when the order for the offensive was given, were found to be as ardent as on the first day. It has also to be said that these troops had to meet the whole German army, and that from the time they marched forward they never again fell back. Under their pressure the German retreat at certain times had the appearance of a rout.

Numbers of German prisoners.

In spite of the fatigue of our men, in spite of the power of the German heavy artillery, we took colors, guns, mitrailleuses, shells, more than a million cartridges, and thousands of prisoners. A German corps lost almost the whole of its artillery, which, from information brought by our airmen, was destroyed by our guns.

The next objective is the Channel ports.

After the failure of the German drive against Paris, whose capture was the first objective in the plan of campaign of the German General Staff, preparations were made to carry out the plans for the second objective, the capture of the Channel seaports, and the control of the coasts. The Allied commanders were quite aware of this purpose, and made plans to circumvent it. Then followed the famous Race for the Channel, which is described by official French observers in the pages that follow.

THE RACE FOR THE CHANNEL

FRENCH OFFICIAL ACCOUNT

AS early as September 11 the Commander in Chief had directed our left army to have as important forces as possible on the right bank of the Oise. On September 17 he made that instruction more precise by ordering "a mass to be constituted on the left wing of our disposition, capable of coping with the outflanking movement of the enemy." Everything led us to expect that flanking movement, for the Germans are lacking in invention. Indeed, their effort at that time tended to a renewal of their manoeuvre of August. In the parallel race the opponents were bound in the end to be stopped only by the sea; that is what happened about October 20.

Allies in the race to the sea.

The Germans had an advantage over us, which is obvious from a glance at the map—the concentric form of their front, which shortened the length of their transports. In spite of this initial inferiority we arrived in time.

From the middle of September to the last week in October fighting went on continually to the north of the Oise, but all the time we were fighting we were slipping northward. On the German side this movement brought into line more than eighteen new army corps (twelve active army corps, six reserve corps, four cavalry corps). On our side it ended in the constitution of three fresh armies on our left and in the transport into the same district of the British Army and the Belgian Army from Antwerp.

For the conception and realization of this fresh and extended disposition the French command, in the first place, had to reduce to a minimum the needs for effectives of our armies to the east of the Oise, and afterwards to utilize to the utmost our means of transport. It succeeded in this, and when, at the end of October, the battle of Flanders opened, when the Germans, having completed the concentration of their forces, attempted with fierce energy to turn or to pierce our left, they flung themselves upon a resistance which inflicted upon them a complete defeat.

Resistance in Battle of Flanders.

The movement began on our side only with the resources of the army which had held the left of our front during the battle of the Marne, reinforced on September 15 by one army corps.

This reinforcement, not being sufficient to hold the enemy's offensive (district of Vaudelincourt-Mouchy-Uaugy), a fresh army was transported more to the left, with the task "of acting against the German right wing in order to disengage its neighbor, * * * while preserving a flanking direction in its march in relation to the fresh units that the enemy might be able to put into line."

To cover the detrainments of this fresh army in the district Clermont-Beauvais-Boix a cavalry corps and four territorial divisions were ordered to establish themselves on both banks of the Somme. In the wooded hills, however, which extend between the Oise and Lassigny the enemy displayed increasing activity. Nevertheless, the order still further to broaden the movement toward the left was maintained, while the territorial divisions were to move toward Bethune and Aubigny. The march to the sea went on.

Reinforcements for the First Army.

From the 21st to the 26th all our forces were engaged in the district Lassigny-Roye-

Alternate reverse and success.

Peronne, with alternations of reverse and success.

It was the first act of the great struggle which was to spread as it went on. On the 26th the whole of the Sixth German Army was deployed against us. We retained all our positions, but we could do no more; consequently there was still the risk that the enemy, by means of a fresh afflux of forces, might succeed in turning us.

Once more reinforcements, two army corps, were directed no longer on Beauvais, but toward Amiens. The front was then again to extend. A fresh army was constituted more to the north.

From September 30 onward we could not but observe that the enemy, already strongly posted on the plateau of Thiepval, was continually slipping his forces from south to north, and everywhere confronting us with remarkable energy.

Cavalry operations.

Accordingly, on October 1 two cavalry corps were directed to make a leap forward and, operating on both flanks of the Scarpe, to put themselves in touch with the garrison of Dunkirk, which, on its side, had pushed forward as far as Douai.

But on October 2 and 3 the bulk of our fresh army was very strongly attacked in the district of Arras and Lens. Confronting it were two corps of cavalry, the guards, four active army corps, and two reserve corps. A fresh army corps was immediately transported and detrained in the Lille district.

But once more the attacks became more pressing, and on October 4 it was a question whether, in view of the enemy's activity both west of the Oise and south of the Somme, and also further to the north, a retreat would not have to be made. General Joffre resolutely

put this hypothesis aside and ordered the offensive to be resumed with the reinforcements that had arrived. It was, however, clear that, despite the efforts of all, our front, extended to the sea as it was by a mere ribbon of troops, did not possess the solidity to enable it to resist with complete safety a German attack, the violence of which could well be foreseen.

In the Arras district the position was fairly good. But between the Oise and Arras we were holding our own only with difficulty. Finally, to the north, on the Lille-Estaires-Merville-Hazebrouck-Cassel front, our cavalry and our territorials had their work cut out against eight divisions of German cavalry, with very strong infantry supports. It was at this moment that the transport of the British Army to the northern theatre of operations began.

Transport of the British Army.

Field Marshal French had, as early as the end of September, expressed the wish to see his army resume its initial place on the left of the allied armies. He explained this wish on the ground of the greater facility of which his communications would have the advantage in this new position, and also of the impending arrival of two divisions of infantry from home and of two infantry divisions and a cavalry division from India, which would be able to deploy more easily on that terrain. In spite of the difficulties which such a removal involved, owing to the intensive use of the railways by our own units, General Joffre decided at the beginning of October to meet the Field Marshal's wishes and to have the British Army removed from the Aisne.

British Army taken from the Aisne.

It was clearly specified that on the northern terrain the British Army should co-operate to the same end as ourselves, the stopping of the German right. In other terms, the British

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Army was to prolong the front of the general disposition without a break, attacking as soon as possible, and at the same time seeking touch with the Belgian Army.

But the detraining took longer than had been expected, and it was not possible to attack the Germans during the time when they had only cavalry in the Lille district and further to the north.

There remained the Belgian Army. On leaving Antwerp on October 9 the Belgian Army, which was covered by 8,000 British bluejackets and 6,000 French bluejackets, at first intended to retire as far as to the north of Calais, but afterwards determined to make a stand in Belgian territory. Unfortunately, the condition of the Belgian troops, exhausted by a struggle of more than three months, did not allow any immediate hopes to be based upon them. This situation weighed on our plans and delayed their execution.

Wearied Belgian troops.

On the 16th we made progress to the east of Ypres. On the 18th our cavalry even reached Roulers and Cortemark. But it was now evident that, in view of the continual reinforcing of the German right, our left was not capable of maintaining the advantages obtained during the previous few days. To attain our end and make our front inviolable a fresh effort was necessary. That effort was immediately made by the dispatch to the north of the Lys of considerable French forces, which formed the French Army of Belgium.

The French Army of Belgium consisted, to begin with, of two territorial divisions, four divisions of cavalry, and a naval brigade. Directly after its constitution it was strengthened by elements from other points on the front whose arrival extended from October 27 to November 11. These reinforcements were equivalent altogether in value to five army corps, a

division of cavalry, a territorial division, and sixteen regiments of cavalry, plus sixty pieces of heavy artillery.

Thus was completed the strategic manoeuvre defined by the instructions of the General in Chief on September 11 and developed during the five following weeks with the ampleness we have just seen. The movements of troops carried out during this period were methodically combined with the pursuit of operations, both defensive and offensive, from the Oise to the North Sea.

Five armies co-ordinated.

On October 22 our left, bounded six weeks earlier by the Noyon district, rested on Nieuport, thanks to the successive deployment of five fresh armies—three French armies, the British Army, and the Belgian Army.

Thus the co-ordination decided upon by the General in Chief attained its end. The barrier was established. It remained to maintain it against the enemy's offensive. That was the object and the result of the battle of Flanders, October 22 to November 15.

The German attack in Flanders was conducted strategically and tactically with remarkable energy. The complete and indisputable defeat in which it resulted is therefore significant.

The forces of which the enemy disposed for this operation between the sea and the Lys comprised:

German forces between the sea and the Lys.

(1) The entire Fourth Army commanded by the Duke of Württemberg, consisting of one naval division, one division of Ersatz Reserve, (men who had received no training before the war,) which was liberated by the fall of Antwerp; the Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Reserve Corps, and the Forty-eighth Division belonging to the Twenty-fourth Reserve Corps.

(2) A portion of another army under Gen-

eral von Fabeck, consisting of the Fifteenth Corps, two Bavarian corps and three (unspecified) divisions.

(3) Part of the Sixth Army under the command of the Crown Prince of Bavaria. This army, more than a third of which took part in the battle of Flanders, comprised the Nineteenth Army Corps, portions of the Thirteenth Corps and the Eighteenth Reserve Corps, the Seventh and Fourteenth Corps, the First Bavarian Reserve Corps, the Guards, and the Fourth Army Corps.

(4) Four highly mobile cavalry corps prepared and supported the action of the troops enumerated above. Everything possible had been done to fortify the "morale" of the troops. At the beginning of October the Crown Prince of Bavaria in a proclamation had exhorted his soldiers "to make the decisive effort against the French left wing," and "to settle thus the fate of the great battle which has lasted for weeks."

On October 28, Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria declared in an army order that his troops "had just been fighting under very difficult conditions," and he added: "It is our business now not to let the struggle with our most detested enemy drag on longer * * * The decisive blow is still to be struck." On October 30, General von Deimling, commanding the Fifteenth Army Corps (belonging to General von Fabeck's command, issued an order declaring that "the thrust against Ypres will be of decisive importance." It should be noted also that the Emperor proceeded in person to Thielt and Courtrai to exalt by his presence the ardor of his troops. Finally, at the close of October, the entire German press incessantly proclaimed the importance of the "Battle of Calais." It is superfluous to add that events in Poland explain in a large measure the pas-

Importance of thrusts in Flanders.

sionate resolve of the German General Staff to obtain a decision in the Western theatre of operations at all costs. This decision would be obtained if our left were pierced or driven in. To reach Calais, that is, to break our left; to carry Ypres, that is, to cut it in half; through both points to menace the communications and supplies of the British expeditionary corps, perhaps even to threaten Britain in her island—such was the German plan in the Battle of Flanders. It was a plan that could not be executed.

German plan in Flanders.

The enemy, who had at his disposal a considerable quantity of heavy artillery, directed his efforts at first upon the coast and the country to the north of Dixmude. His objective was manifestly the capture of Dunkirk, then of Calais and Boulogne, and this objective he pursued until November 1.

Dunkirk the first objective.

On October 23 the Belgians along the railway line from Nieuport to Dixmude were strengthened by a French division. Dixmude was occupied by our marines (fusiliers marins). During the subsequent day our forces along the railway developed a significant resistance against an enemy superior in number and backed by heavy artillery. On the 29th the inundations effected between the canal and the railway line spread along our front. On the 30th we recaptured Ramscapelle, the only point on the railway which Belgians had lost. On the 1st and 2d of November the enemy bombarded Furnes, but began to show signs of weariness. On the 2d he evacuated the ground between the Yser and the railway, abandoning cannon, dead and wounded. On the 3d our troops were able to re-enter the Dixmude district. The success achieved by the enemy at Dixmude at this juncture was without fruit. They succeeded in taking the town. They could not debouch from it. The coastal attack had

Ramscapelle retaken.

Allies win the Battle of Calais.

thus proved a total failure. Since then it has never been renewed. The Battle of Calais, so noisily announced by the German press, amounted to a decided reverse for the Germans.

The enemy had now begun an attack more important than its predecessor, in view of the numbers engaged in it. This attack was intended as a renewal to the south of the effort which had just been shattered in the north. Instead of turning our flank on the coast, it was now sought to drive in the right of our northern army under the shock of powerful masses. This was the Battle of Ypres.

In order to understand this long, desperate, and furious battle we must hark back a few days in point of time. At the moment when our cavalry reached Roulers and Cortemark (October 28) our territorial divisions from Dunkirk, under General Biden, had occupied and organized a defensive position at Ypres. It was a point d'appui, enabling us to prepare and maintain our connections with the Belgian Army. From October 23 two British and French army corps were in occupation of this position, which was to be the base of their forward march in the direction of Roulers-Menin. The delays already explained and the strength of the forces brought up by the enemy soon brought to a standstill our progress along the line Poelcapelle, Paschendaele, Zandvorde, and Gheluvelt. But in spite of the stoppage here, Ypres was solidly covered, and the connections of all the allied forces were established. Against the line thus formed the German attack was hurled from October 25 to November 13, to the north, the east, and the south of Ypres. From October 26 on the attacks were renewed daily with extraordinary violence, obliging us to employ our reinforcements at the most threatened points as soon

Importance of the Ypres position.

as they came up. Thus, on October 31, we were obliged to send supports to the British cavalry, then to the two British corps between which the cavalry formed the connecting link, and finally to intercalate between these two corps a force equivalent to two army corps. Between October 30 and November 6 Ypres was several times in danger. The British lost Zandvorde, Gheluvelt, Messines, and Wytschaete. The front of the Allies, thus contracted, was all the more difficult to defend; but defended it was without a recoil.

British cavalry a connecting link.

The arrival of three French divisions in our line enabled us to resume from the 4th to the 8th a vigorous offensive. On the 10th and 11th this offensive, brought up against fresh and sharper German attacks, was checked. Before it could be renewed the arrival of fresh reinforcements had to be awaited, which were dispatched to the north on November 12. By the 14th our troops had again begun to progress, barring the road to Ypres against the German attacks, and inflicting on the enemy, who advanced in massed formation, losses which were especially terrible in consequence of the fact that the French artillery had crowded nearly 300 guns on to these few kilometers of front.

French reinforcements.

Thus the main mass of the Germans sustained the same defeat as the detachments operating further to the north along the coast. The support which, according to the idea of the German General Staff, the attack on Ypres was to render to the coastal attack, was as futile as that attack itself had been.

During the second half of November the enemy, exhausted and having lost in the Battle of Ypres alone more than 150,000 men, did not attempt to renew his effort, but confined himself to an intermittent cannonade. We, on the contrary, achieved appreciable progress to

Losses of the enemy.

the north and south of Ypres, and insured definitely by a powerful defensive organization of the position the inviolability of our front.

The war in Belgium.

We have seen that, with the fall of Liège the German armies swept through Belgium on their way to Paris. Brussels was abandoned as the capital, and the Government moved hastily to Antwerp, where a portion of the Belgian army also gathered to defend the city. The remainder of the Belgian forces, under the leadership of their gallant King, opposed as stoutly as their numbers would permit the advance of the Germans. Battles were fought at Alost and Termonde in which the Germans were, for the time, repulsed, but their ever-increasing reenforcements enabled them to advance despite the efforts of the Belgians to check them. Ghent was captured on September 5 and the Belgians, in an effort to stay the German advance on Antwerp, opened the dikes and let in the waters of the North Sea. Termonde fell on September 13, and seven days later the German armies began the siege of Antwerp. The military authorities in command of the city had taken whatever measures were possible for defense. A body of British marines was hurried to the beleaguered city and preparations were made for a long siege. The Germans brought up guns of heavy caliber, with which they bombarded the city at long range. After a brave defense of two weeks, during which the inhabitants endured many hardships, it was plain that further resistance was useless, and the city was surrendered on October 10. The Belgian troops in the city, and many of the noncombatants escaped. The Belgian troops retreated to Ostend, which they reached on October 11 and 12, after having been greatly harassed by the pursuing Germans. On the 13th, Ostend was evacuated, and was

Siege of Antwerp.

Belgian troops retreat to Ostend.

occupied by the Germans, and Bruges on the following day. The German forces now controlled the whole of Belgium, with the exception of the northwest corner, north of Ypres, to the coast of the Channel. This little slip of territory they held throughout the entire war, and at what a cost! But the heroic defense of this territory by the Belgians saved the French coast cities and prevented the Germans from breaking through the line which extended now from the North Sea to Belgium.

The territory left to the Belgians.

THE LAST DITCH IN BELGIUM

ARNO DOSCH

A LITTLE piece of the Low Countries, so small I walked across it in two hours, was all that remained of Belgium in the last days of October. A tide-water stream, the Yser, ebbed and flowed through the sunken fields, and there King Albert with his remnant of an army stopped the German military machine in its advance on Calais. If he and his forty thousand men had been crushed back ten miles farther they would have been fighting on French soil. The Yser was the last ditch in Belgium.

The Yser the Belgians' last ditch.

The Belgians were able to hold that mere strip of land against more men and better artillery because they had determined to die there. Some of those who had not yet paid the price of death told me. They were not tragic about it. There was no display of heroics. They said it seriously, but they smiled a little, too, over their wine glasses, and the next morning they were back in the firing-line.

I counted on my American passport and my *permit de sejour* in Paris seeing me through the zone of the fighting, and they did. At the station at Dunkirk, when I admitted I had no *laisser passer,* an obliging gendarme led me to his commander, and he placed his visée on my passport without question. He asked me whether I was a correspondent, and I confessed to it, but it seemed only to facilitate the affair. Earlier experiences had made me feel that the French gendarmes were my natural enemies,

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but I have had a kindlier regard for them since.

The train I was on had ten cars full of French and Belgian soldiers. The Belgians had all been recently re-equipped. On other troop trains which passed us going forward there were many more Belgian soldiers, some of whom I had seen only a few hours earlier in the streets of Calais without rifles. As their trains passed now I could see them studying the mechanism and fondling their new firearms. Troop trains.

Coming in through the suburbs of Dunkirk we passed hundreds of children perched on the fences singing the Marseillaise. Nor were their voices flat and colorless like most school children's. They felt every word they sang, and they put their little hearts into it. Looking back along the side of the cars at the faces of soldiers leaning out, I could see they were touched by the faith of the children.

As I rattled along on the cobbles of Dunkirk half an hour later I heard an explosion with a note unfamiliar to me. It sounded close, too, but it did not seem to bother the people of the street. A few children ran behind their mothers' skirts and a young girl hurried from the middle of the street to the protection of an archway, but that was all. In Dunkirk.

Standing up in the fiacre I could see a thin smoke about three hundred feet away in a garden in the direction from which the explosion came, and high in the evening sky I could barely make out an aeroplane. "A German bomb?" I asked the driver in some excitement.

"Oh, yes," he replied, cracking his whip, "we usually get three or four every afternoon about this time, but they have not hurt any one."

Dunkirk that night answered the description of what a threatened town which was not afraid should look like. It had none of the depressing atmosphere of Calais. All the refugees

and the wounded were passed on to a safer place. It was full of French, English, and Belgian soldiers, with a scattering of sailors and breezy officers from both the French and English navies. They kept the waiters in the cafés on the run, and there was only an occasional bandage showing from under a cap or around a hand to indicate these men were engaged in any more serious business than a manœuvre.

Armored motor-car.

In the street, however, in front of the statute of Jean Bart, an armored Belgian motor-car was standing. It was built with a turret where the tonneau usually is and it was covered with thick sheet steel right down to the ground. Just in front of the driver was a slit with a lip extending over it, giving it somewhat the effect of the casque belonging to an ancient suit of armor. That was the only opening except the one for the barrel of the rapid-fire gun in the turret. The armor was dented in a dozen places where bullets had glanced off, but it had only been penetrated at one spot, about six inches from the muzzle of the gun. From the soldier at the steering gear I learned that that bullet had passed over the shoulder of the man in the turret.

Bombardment of Nieuport.

Twenty-four hours later, at Nieuport, when the German shells seemed to be falling in every street and on every house, I saw this car again, going forward at not less than forty miles an hour. The turret was being swung to bring the gun-muzzle forward, as if the gunner were expecting to go into action almost immediately. As the last of the Belgian trenches were just the other side of the town, I have no doubt that he did.

Getting out of Dunkirk was rather more of a problem than going in. To obtain permission to ride toward the Belgian line in any kind of conveyance was an elaborate performance, and quite properly so, as I soon learned. There

were preparations for defence going on there which should not have been publicly known. The country was full of spies. Four suspects had been picked up on the boat coming from Folkestone. If I had realized what I was to see in the next few miles I would not have attempted what I did. But, as I was anxious to get on and the firing-line was only twenty miles away, I decided to walk.

A walk to the firing line.

A French hat and a French suit of clothes, I think, were alone responsible for my success in passing through the city gate. Two military automobiles were stopped and forced to show their credentials, but I strolled through unmolested. Once outside, the reservists guarding the various barricades let me pass as soon as I showed them my passport viséd in Dunkirk. I was stopped many times, too, trying each time not to give an appearance of too great interest in the works of defence being built all around me.

Even though this cannot be published for some time I do not feel free to tell what these defences were. I have no doubt there are complete descriptions of these works in the hands of the German army, their spy system is so thorough, but I would not care to have any military secrets escape through anything I write. I think I can go so far as to say, though, that I received a liberal education in how to barricade sand-dunes and low-lying fields.

Sand-dune barricades.

Ten miles out of Dunkirk I was surprised to see a civilian on a bicycle, as civilians were no longer permitted to go near the theatre of war on bicycles, a precaution taken against spies. As he approached I recognized Mr. J. Obels, the Belgian correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News,* whom I had last seen under arrest near Brussels when the German army first passed through Belgium. He told me he had been kept in prison seventeen days by the German mili-

tary governor of Brussels, but, once released, was given every possible kind of pass. I was relieved to see him alive and free.

As Obels left me to continue his journey to Dunkirk and on to London to deliver his own "copy," he advised me to go directly to Furnes, the most considerable town in what was left of Belgium, and have my passport viséd again. So I continued down the long, flat highway, bordered on both sides by sunken fields, toward the cannonading I could now hear ahead. The road had been fairly full of automobiles, motor-trucks, motorcycles, and bicycles over its whole length, but it became crowded now with the addition of a long string of Parisian motor-buses taking several infantry regiments forward. A whole artillery division of yellow French "Schneiders" also took up its share of the wide road, and at the barricades there were traffic blockades lasting at times for ten minutes.

The road to Furnes.

All the way from Dunkirk I had been struck by the character of the land. As I approached Furnes, the dykes were being opened and half the fields were already inundated. It seemed a poor country for military operations. There were at most three highways, all defended. They could only be taken at a price no army could afford, and any departure from them meant being mired in the heavy fields, now being hastily harvested of a bumper crop of sugar-beets: at one place a whole French regiment in uniform was gathering the beets preparatory to inundation. With the dykes open these fields would be covered with four feet of water half the time. The only possible course for an army was over the sand-dunes, which lay a mile to the north, looking like the imitation mountains you see in the scenic-railways at every amusement resort in the United States.

A reservist with whom I walked a mile or so told me Dunkirk had never been successfully attacked except over those sand-dunes, and the English and French had fought some of the bloodiest battles of history there against the Spanish, when they held Dunkirk. I doubt, though, that they were as bloody as the battle I was to see within a few hours. Tommies' battles on the sand-dunes.

The old Flemish town of Furnes had much less military precision about it than Dunkirk. It was on the very edge of the battle, and an occasional shell was dropping in the town. One exploded as I crossed the bridge and entered a narrow street, but it was on the far side of town, too far away for the soldiers halted in the street to notice. These were tired and dirty men, but not too tired to be courteous. They were also passing jokes among themselves, and laughing. By that, even if I had not known their uniforms, I could have told they were Belgians. Belgian soldiers.

Every street and every courtyard in Furnes was full of Belgian soldiers. They were resting for the day, waiting to go forward at night-fall to relieve the men on the firing line only five miles away. Even above the noises of the street I could hear the answer of their small field artillery to the heavy assault of the German guns. Nothing I heard the soldiers say, however, would have given the idea that the Belgians considered themselves outclassed by their enemy. They seemed superbly unconscious of the absurdity of their position. This was the tenth day they had held the Germans at the Yser, and they had done it with rifles and machine guns, taking punishment every minute from the big fieldpieces the Germans had brought against them. So far they had lost twelve thousand men at that ditch, but the thought of giving it up had evidently not even occurred to them. They could not give it up, The enemy held at the Yser.

one of them explained to me later, it was all they had left. There was a little irritation in his tone, too, as he said it, such as one might feel toward a child who was slow at grasping a simple fact.

Military automobiles and wagons.

The town square was full of military automobiles and a few provision wagons. I did not see any fieldpieces or machine guns. Every last one was right up on the firing-line. My feet were tired from walking over the Belgian blocks, and I held tenaciously to the sidewalk passing around the square, though it was mostly taken up with café tables and bay trees in boxes. At one point the tables were empty and a single sentry was sauntering up and down. I stopped to ask him the way to the *gendarmerie,* and, in the middle of giving me the directions, he came to attention, as a door opened behind me, and saluted.

Two Belgian generals.

Two men came out of the door, one rather tall, with an easy manner, and smartly dressed as a general in the Belgian army. The other was older, also a general, wearing, if anything, the more gold braid of the two. They entered a waiting automobile and drove off as casually as two men at home might leave their office for their club.

Something about the first of the two men impressed me as familiar. I had only seen his back, but that had arrested my attention. I thought possibly I had seen him at the beginning of the war in Brussels, so I asked the sentry his name.

King Albert.

"That is our king, Albert," he said quite simply.

During the next couple of days I saw the King of Belgium a number of times. He spent his nights at a small villa on the seashore at La Panne, a hundred yards possibly beyond the hotel where I spent mine. He passed through the streets as unnoticed as any one of the other

Belgians who had retreated from Antwerp and Ghent ahead of the army, but preferred the chilly nights in an unheated seaside hotel in Belgium to comfort somewhere beyond. It seemed to be a point of courtesy on the part of the Belgians not to bother their king with ceremony at this trying time. I doubt if he cares much for ceremony, anyhow. Searching around for a single adjective to describe him, I should call him off-handed. His manner, even then, while alert, was casual. It is easy to see why the Belgians love him. If kings had always been as simple and direct as Albert, I am inclined to think democracy would have languished.

Luncheon at La Panne.

At La Panne, which I reached at noon on a little steam railway running from Furnes, I had luncheon with several Belgian soldiers and a Belgian in civilian clothes, who told me I would see all the fighting I was looking for at Nieuport, just beyond. The civilian, a tall youth with a blond beard, volunteered to show me the way to the beach, the shortest route, and ended by going all the way. He told me he was recovering from an "attack of Congo," which I take to be an intermittent fever. He had just been mustered out of the civic guard and was waiting for a uniform to join the army. He had the afternoon free and his Belgian sense of hospitality impelled him to see that the stranger was properly looked after.

For several miles along the wide, flat beach, which stretches unobstructed as far as Ostend, except for the piers at Nieuport-les-Bains and Westende, there were Belgian soldiers bathing in the shallow water. Some of them, cavalrymen, were riding naked into the deeper water, and this, mind you, was late October. They were even playing jokes on one another, and did not seem to be paying any attention to the fifteen English and French cruisers and gun-

boats which were standing off the shore almost opposite them, keeping up a steady stream of fire obliquely along the beach at the sand dunes just beyond the pier at Nieuport-les-Bains. In these dunes, five miles away, big German guns were hidden.

Fishermen unconcerned.

Farther on, and even right up to the pier at Nieuport, we passed, along the beach behind the shrimp fishermen, who seemed even less interested in the novel fight on land and sea. The barelegged men and women were as industriously taking advantage of the low-tide as if nothing at all were happening. The French and English warships were directly opposite them, and, by this time, they were drawing the German fire. German shells, probably from siege guns, were plumping down into the water all around them only a couple of miles off-shore, but, though the shrimpers looked up occasionally when the explosion of a shell fairly shook the face of the ocean, their attention would be directed again to their work before the column of water raised by the shell had had time to fall again. The shelling kept up about an hour, but none of the warships was struck. They kept moving at full-speed in an uneven line, making it impossible to get their range.

Just before we reached the pier heavy cannonading began inland. We climbed the sand dunes and there we came suddenly upon a perfect panoramic view of the battle all the way from the dunes across the inundated fields to Dixmude in the distance. The whole line of battle for ten miles was in the midst of a German attack, covered by a terrific artillery fire. Over the white, red-tiled cottages of the fishermen, almost lost among the lesser sand dunes, we could make out the Belgian line by the fire of their rifle and machine guns. At two points we could see the Yser Canal and at

A panorama of battle.

one of these the Germans were trying to throw across a pontoon bridge. Germans try to cross the Yser.

We could see it only through the smoke of breaking shells, but it was the most exciting event I have ever witnessed. At three miles or more, though, the figures of the men were so small, it was hard to keep the fact in mind that those who dropped were not merely stooping, but had been shot. Eager to get closer, we ran over the sand dunes, but never got another view of it.

My Belgian friend knew his way and we trotted along a raised path among the fields toward Nieuport. It was under fire, but it seemed worth the risk to get close enough so we could see the pontoons being rushed into the water. As we neared Nieuport, however, the firing became much more active and we stopped for second thought. After catching our breath, we decided to pass through the edge of Nieuport and to go on to the village of Ramscapelle to the south of it. Few shells seemed to be breaking there. Running to see a battle.

Along the cross road we took, alternately running and walking. The Belgian trenches were perhaps a half mile beyond us, and we could make out the tap-tap of the rifle fire which had been only a continuous cracking a mile in the rear. Into this the machine guns cut with a whir. Spent bullets dropped here and there in the inundated field to the west of us, but the German shell fire must have been right in the trenches. Almost under fire.

Somewhere before we reached Ramscapelle we crossed a road with military automobiles going both ways, but my desire to get behind the sheltering buildings of Ramscapelle was too strong at the moment to take it in.

About a hundred yards from the village there was a house on the edge of a canal, and we stopped behind it, safe from bullet-fire, to catch

our breath again. It was as far as we were destined to get. All at once shells began dropping on the village, and I have not seen shells drop so fast in so small an area. In the first minute there must have been twenty. Three fires broke out almost at once. Between the explosions we could hear the falling tiles.

Fires and explosions in Ramscapelle.

The short October day grew unexpectedly dusk and the fires in the village reflected in the water on the fields. After the bombarding had been going on without the least let-up for fully fifteen minutes, a bent old woman, a man perhaps older but less bent, and a younger woman appeared on the road to Furnes just beyond us, hurrying along without once looking back. They were the only people we saw and the destruction of the town looked like the most ruthless piece of vandalism. It had a military purpose, however. The Germans were concentrating an attack on it with the hope of reaching Furnes. They occupied it that night, but were later driven out again. I have learned since some of the villagers remained through that bombardment, and were killed in their houses.

Destruction of Ramscapelle.

While we stood sheltered by the house on the canal, speculating as to which one of the houses still standing in Ramscapelle would be hit next, the light from those on fire reflected on the dark, brackish water of the canal, which was running in with the tide. Presently we noticed something in the water, and, stooping down in the twilight, we made out the body of a man face downward. The color of the coat and the little short skirt to it showed it was the body of a German soldier. It passed on and was followed by three more before we left. They had been in the water several days.

The fire from the trenches died down at dusk and we made our way back along the empty crossroad. Half way back to the dunes we

passed a Red Cross motor ambulance, headed toward Ramscapelle. On the seat beside the driver was a young English woman. She was wearing the gray-brown coat and gray-brown puttees of the English soldier. We called out to her we thought the town was empty, but the only answer we got from the speeding ambulance was an assuring wave of the young woman's hand, which was evidently meant to inform us she knew where she was going.

Ambulances and infantry pass.

On the main road from Nieuport to Furnes, which we followed a short distance, there were dozens of ambulances going to the rear and a long column of infantry going forward. Headed toward the rear there were also many wounded men on foot. They had been dressed at Nieuport, but there were not enough ambulances to take them all away. One who was walking slowly and painfully told me he had a bullet in his back.

During the afternoon the Schneiders I had seen had evidently been placed among the sand dunes, and they were now bombarding the German lines over our heads. Crossing over the sand dunes to the beach, we passed under two batteries, though we did not see them. We could tell they were French, though, by the rapidity of the fire. The French seem to be able to fire their guns several times as fast as the Germans or the English.

A cluster of houses belonging to shrimp fishermen was right under these batteries, where they were sure to get some of the return fire. But we noticed there were lights in every one of the cottages. Inside were the same fishermen who were so apathetic about the fight off-shore.

Battle of the sand-dunes.

The view from the sand dunes was what the war artists on English illustrated weeklies try so hard to show. The French batteries were using shrapnel on the German trenches, the

shrapnel leaving puffs of white smoke in long, uneven lines; and the Germans were keeping up their steady pounding of contact shells, with a short red flash after each explosion. The firing of the guns on both sides gave the effect of continuous summer lightning.

Red flashing of the contact shells.

Into the panorama the fleet off-shore kept up a new attack on the German batteries in the sand dunes just beyond Nieuport-les-Bains. As it was dark now we could see where they were only by the streaks of fire from their guns. These flashes came and went like the strokes of a dagger, as if they were stabbing the dark.

We went back along the beach to avoid being questioned, turning around constantly to watch the fleet. At Coxyde a whole company of French soldiers was standing along the edge of the water, jumping back in surprise when the little waves advanced on them. They told us they were from the centre of France and had never seen salt water before.

French soldiers.

The shore there is lined with new villas made of light colored bricks. One of these had been dynamited, because it belonged to a German and was suspected of having a concrete floor for siege guns. I had heard of cases of this kind before, but I had never had an opportunity to examine one.

My private thought was that the villa had probably been built by a German with a passion for solidity, but, examining it under a half-full moon, I could see the foundations were brick walls two feet thick covered with mosaic backed by reinforced concrete about a foot thick. It seemed like something more than Teutonic thoroughness.

Concrete foundations.

A little later in La Panne I was shown a concrete tennis court belonging to a German which had been punched full of holes. It was in no place thick enough, however, to give

cause for suspicion that its real purpose was in any way sinister.

By the time we regained La Panne I was hardly able to walk as I had been going hard all day, a good deal of the way through soft sand. But even if I had been much more tired I would have sensed the atmosphere of that town. To me the little seaside village, built for summer gayety, had more of the romance of war in it than any place I have seen.

The half dozen summer hotels and all the villas were filled with the mothers, wives, and children of the Belgian soldiers whose firing line I had just left. Their homes had been in Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent. Now they were in the last little town in Belgium. To some their soldiers had already returned, and they were dining as merrily as if to-morrow did not hold out a reasonable likelihood of being killed. At the doors of the hotels and on the street were many others waiting, and, as the street had filled up with another French artillery division bivouacked for a few hours, they could not see their men folk until they were close at hand.

Now and then as we passed we could hear little gasps of happiness. For some, of course, there were disappointment and bad news. But they must have carried their sorrow to their chambers, as La Panne was all gayety. Refugees at La Panne.

A comment on the Belgian soldiers made at the beginning of the war occurred to me: "They shoot the enemy all day; at night they come home and kiss mother. In the morning they kiss mother again and go back to shoot some more."

They certainly showed themselves capable of shaking off the horrors of war before their women folk. To see them there in La Panne that night you might have thought it was all

a sham battle if it had not been for a conviction of reality that would not shake off.

It was nearly ten o'clock, now but Belgian soldiers relieved from the firing line and off duty for the night were still coming into La Panne. In the Hotel Des Arcades, which incidentally, has no arcades, the bar and the dining room were full of soldiers. Officers and their men were eating and drinking together in the pleasant democratic way they have in the Belgian army. Room was made for us at the long central table in the dining room, and all at the table were solicitous to see that we were at once given plenty to eat and drink. Several of the fifteen men at the table had hands or heads bandaged, but that did not seem to detract from their gayety.

Spirit of the Belgian soldiers.

A joke was being told as we sat down, and every one was taking a lively interest in it. the narrator was a bearded man of fifty, and he was telling to the delight of the others how his son had once got the better of him in Brussels before the war. There were other stories of matters equally foreign to war. The private on one side of me told me he was the manager for Belgium of an American typewriter. The lieutenant on the other side was in ordinary times an insurance agent. All the men there were in business and talked and acted like a company of young American business men.

My first hint that these men had been through any trying experience was the apology offered by a new-comer for being late. He entered rather gravely and said something about having to take the word to his sister of his brother-in-law's death. The whole company turned grave then and conversation from being general was carried on for a few minutes between those near together. I asked the typewriter agent, to fill an awkward pause, whether they

had seen much action, and he told me their story.

This was a crack mitrailleuse company of Brussels. It had been in the fight from Liège back to Malines and from Antwerp back to Dixmude and Nieuport. Three days before it was told to hold a road into Nieuport. It was a road the Germans must take, if they were to advance, but the Belgians would not give way. They were too clever with their rapid-fire guns to be rushed, and the German bayonet charges only blocked the road with their dead. Again and again the gray line came on, but each time it crumpled before their fire. They were attacked every hour of the day or night, but they were always ready. Finally the Germans got their range and dropped shell after shell right among them.

The fight on the road to Nieuport.

"They blew us all to pieces," the story went on in a low tone at my elbow. "Those shells don't leave many wounded, but they littered the place with arms and legs. They got a good many of us, but they did not seem to be able to get our guns."

I asked what their loss had been, and he looked around the table, counting, before he answered.

"Let's see, now," he said. "We lost some at Dixmude first. I think there were just seventy last Monday." This was Thursday. "We had a pretty bad time," he ended; looking down.

"How many are there now?" I asked, and he answered with a sweep of his hand around the table. "Five or six more," he said. There were eighteen of them at table now. That meant twenty-three or twenty-four—out of seventy.

"The dogs suffered, too," he added. "We've only got eight out of twenty, and I just heard the dogs around here have already been pressed into service."

Courtesy of the machine gunners.

When I went to bed four of the members of that shattered mitrailleuse company climbed three flights of stairs to see that I had a comfortable room. And these men had just come out of a trench where they had lost more than two thirds their number in three days stopping one of the main lines of the German advance.

Back to the lines.

In the twilight of early morning, when the cannonading had at last died down, I heard the movement of troops in the street and saw my friends of the night before falling into line and getting their equipment straight. By the time I reach the sidewalk they were moving off, some of the men helping the dogs with the mitrailleuse.

"Big fight last night," said the typewriter agent smiling. "Company that relieved us got it hard. We must hurry back."

They were all very alert and soldierlike in the chill of the morning, but they were a pitifully small company as they passed up the road and were lost in the sand dunes.

In August and September, while on the western front were being fought the great initial struggles of the Great War, Turkey, long under German political influence, was making ready to cast her lot with the Teutonic Powers. Germany had already made diplomatic and military moves which indicated that she was certain of a Turkish alliance. The strongest figures of the Ottoman Empire, Enver Pasha and Talaat Bey were strongly pro-German, although the latter endeavored for a time to conceal his real sentiments and intentions under a cloak of pretended neutrality. The causes which induced Turkey to side with the Central Powers rather than with the Allies is explained in the narrative which follows.

WHY TURKEY ENTERED THE WAR

ROLAND G. USHER

MANY people entirely misunderstand the significance of the declaration of war by Turkey against Russia, France, and England. Why these despairing gasps of the dying? they ask. What possible chance has this weak, moribund state to survive a clash of arms with the Triple Entente? Has not the Turk, in fact, dug his own grave and committed suicide? In all probability the Turk is in considerable danger, but the danger does not arise from his joining Germany. In fact, the war and the present international situation provide the Turk with the best opportunity in a century to achieve the aims cherished by Turkish statesmen who have the best interests of Turkey itself at heart. For several years Turkey has been in extreme peril. It was condemned to death by the Triple Entente some time ago, and the prediction of the British Prime Minister in a recent public speech that this war would end the existence of Turkey as an independent power was only the publication of the sentence of death long since decided upon. The Sick Man was kept alive by his friends, the doctors, largely because they deemed his malady incurable. The moment he showed signs of convalescence they agreed to poison him. But for the protection of Germany the political existence of Turkey would be already a thing of the past. The Turk, therefore, will stand or

Extreme danger of Turkey.

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fall according to the decision in this war for or against Germany. He will be excessively foolish not to do everything he can to insure a German victory.

Entrance of Turkey into War.

The entrance of Turkey into the war has long been foreseen, and its vast significance has long been clear to students. Some trained observers go much further: Sir Harry Johnston, a traveler, statesman, and diplomat of repute, has declared: "Constantinople is really the core of the war." In diplomatic circles in Vienna this summer there was a general agreement that the loss of Salonika, which the Turk was forced to hand over to Greece at the end of the Balkan wars, was a vital blow to the Triple Alliance, and its recovery would be of sufficient importance to justify the risk of a European war to accomplish it. The situation in the Near East and in the Balkans is an integral part of the European war. In fact, the war is not a European war at all; it is a world war in the most literal sense of the words.

Constantinople core of the War.

At the beginning of the twentieth century keen observers saw clearly that the old order of things, which had preserved the Turk so long in the face of many enemies, had passed away beyond a peradventure and had left the Turk in great peril. Ever since the decay of the strength of the Ottoman Empire the Turk had been hardly pressed in Europe by Russia and by Austria, both of whom coveted sections of his dominions, and both of whom would have been glad to obtain Constantinople, the gateway between Europe and Asia. Of the two, Russia was more insistent because her interests made the control of the exit from the Black Sea imperative for her. The Turk, however, until very recently, was himself strong enough to throw considerable obstacles in the face of the invader; he was probably, in 1900, more efficient than in 1850; but his enemies had grown by

Control of exit from the Black Sea imperative to Russia.

leaps and bounds. He was confronted by a new Austria and a new Russia.

What was worse, the Balkan nations, who had long been subject peoples, ill-organized, poverty stricken, had grown with the help of the Turk's enemies into sturdy, self-reliant, independent communities with good-sized armies and something approaching national wealth. The long years of subjection had left behind a consuming hatred of the Turk in their breasts; as Christians, they hated the Turk as the Infidel; and they promised themselves some day the control of Constantinople in the interest of Christianity. The neighbors of the Turk had grown formidable and would be able to make short work of him unless help arrived.

There was none to be had from his past friends; so much was only too clear. The shift in the international situation caused by the astounding industrial growth of Germany, the rapid development of the German, Austrian, and Italian fleets, the increased efficiency of the armies of the Triple Alliance had all made the control of the Mediterranean far more difficult for England and France. They could no longer spare ships and troops in sufficient numbers to rescue the Turk from Russia without exposing themselves more than was wise in northern Europe. Besides, the designs of the Triple Alliance made it seem only too probable that the possession of Constantinople by Russia and the creation of a fleet in the Black Sea might be the only means of preserving for the French and English control of the western Mediterranean. The old order had changed: the Turk's friends were now his enemies bent on his destruction.

Industrial growth of Germany.

Old order changes.

Yet there had never been a time when the Sick Man was more desperately determined to get well, when life had seemed to him so entirely desirable. The passing of the old order

caused no grief among the Turks—outside of those few henchmen who had long drawn a fat revenue from foreign nations. The Turks had become fired with ambition, with democratic conceptions, highly inconsistent with the state of things which the old order had so long sanctioned. The new democrats declared indignantly that Turkey had been for years conducted for the benefit of foreign nations; it should be conducted in the future solely in the interests of Turkey. They were roused to enthusiasm by the past history of the Ottoman empire and burned to reconquer its old provinces, to establish a closer relationship between the provinces which remained. An imperialistic movement, a nationalistic revival, if you will, was preached in Turkey by ardent enthusiasts whose words fell on willing ears. To the democratic and nationalist revival was joined religious discontent. The Sultan was the religious head of the Mohammedan world. Everywhere the true Believers were in chains. Everywhere the infidel reigned supreme. From Constantinople to Mecca, from the confines of Morocco to the plains of India, the Mohammedan world was ground under the heel of the conqueror and the conqueror was the Arch Enemy of Truth. There must be, they preached, a great crusade, a united rising to cast out the Christian dogs and restore the sceptre of empire to the hand of a devout believer in Allah. Turkey, Assyria, Asia Minor, Persia, Arabia, India, Egypt, the whole of Africa, should be freed from the yoke of the oppressor.

Ambition of new Turkish party.

Democratic and nationalist revival.

And now appeared an ally, unfortunately a Christian, in fact a peculiarly devout Christian, but one able to save the Turk from his foes, glad to foster his ambitions. The plans of Germany for her future involved the creation of a great confederation of states stretching from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf and includ-

Great Confederation of States.

ing Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, the Balkans, Turkey, and Persia. These states controlled the great overland roads from central Europe to the Persian Gulf and would make possible overland trade with the East. A railroad already existed as far as Constantinople, and a railroad from Constantinople to Bagdad and the Gulf would not only throw open Asia Minor and the great plains of Mesopotamia to European capital, but would furnish a perfectly practicable commercial road to the East through which in time would flow a trade which would make the great Confederation rich. Of this Confederation, Turkey would be an integral and essential part. Adrianople, the key to the Balkans; Salonika, key to the Ægean; Constantinople, controlling the outlet to the Black Sea and the crossing to Asia Minor; the land approaches of the Tigris and Euphrates valleys—all these the Turk had, all these an alliance with him would give Germany. The stronger the Turkish State, the better organized, the larger its army and fleet, the greater its resources, the more useful it would be to Germany and the more thoroughly it would insure the success of Pan-Germanism.

From Berlin to Bagdad railroad.

It had been for the interests of England and France to keep Turkey weak. The Turk must hold Constantinople, but must not be strong enough to use it; as a tenant, as a nominal owner, he was extremely useful; some one had to own it; England and France could not hold it themselves; they were determined Russia should not have it; and the Turk was a useful *locum tenens*. They, therefore, frowned upon Turkish ambitions for democratic government and would, undoubtedly, have sacrificed the Turk rather than see an independent Mohammedan State take real control of Asia Minor and Northern Africa.

England and France sustain courteous hold on Constantinople.

Germany, on the contrary, wished an active

agent to pursue an aggressive policy in her favor. If the Sick Man could get out of bed only with assistance, Germany was anxious to help him; and the Turk vastly preferred an alliance with a Power which was eager to make him well to one with Powers almost afraid to keep him alive. The Turks wished a capable government, a good army, a State deserving of independence, and were overjoyed to find Germany ready and desirous to foster this ambition. Indeed, as a member of the Pan-Germanic Confederation, the Turk must be strong enough to hold Constantinople and the Bagdad Railway in the event of a general European war, without depending upon Germany for more than assistance, supplies, and advice. Germany and Austria, menaced on both sides at home, would not be able to take the risks of sending troops to the Near East, and the Turk would have to be strong enough to keep at bay such forces as it seemed likely Russia would be able to spare from the battlefields of northern Europe.

Pan-Germanic Confederation.

Germany was equally ready to have the Turk gratify his imperialist and religious ambitions. Pan-Islam would destroy the political control of England and France in northern Africa and in Egypt. It might even overturn the British Empire in India. This would be the greatest possible service any one could render Germany, and it might be one which Germany could accomplish in no other way. If the Triple Entente was the greatest foe of Pan-Islamism, Pan-Germanism should be its greatest friend. Where ambition and interest coincide, cooperation is simple.

Pan-Islam.

In complete accord, therefore, the Germans and the Turks undertook the reorganization of Turkey above five years or more ago. They saw with clear vision the real truth about Turkey. With engaging candor they laid the blame

Reorganization of Turkey.

for the deficiencies of Turkish government upon England and France and declared them the work of intention. Turkey, they saw, was not a nation in the European sense of the word; it was not even a single race. It was not a geographical unit by any means, but a series of districts on the whole geographically disconnected. Far from being an economic unit with a single interest vital to all its inhabitants, it produced nothing essential to the outside world which its inhabitants could depend upon exchanging for European manufactured goods.

Turkey's economic interests.

Its economic interests were potential rather than real; its trade, the result of its strategic position rather than of the interests and the capacity of its population. Normally and naturally the Turk should be a middleman, a distributor rather than a producer. He was placed in control of the continental roads between Asia and Central Europe, and was able to control the overland trade as soon as it emerged from the Caucasus or the Persian Gulf, and maintain that control until the continental highway passed into the defiles of the Balkans beyond Adrianople. Constantinople itself, controlling the narrow passage which formed the exit of the Black Sea, was in a position to foster or hinder the entire trade of southern Russia with the rest of the world. In fact, it was impossible to deny, and the Germans thoroughly well understood it, that the trade of the East with Europe and the trade of Russia with the rest of the world might pass through Turkey, but was not likely to stay there.

Turkey's important strategic position.

In this important strategic position, economically valuable to others but not to its inhabitants, had been collected a peculiar and extraordinary conglomeration of races, creeds, and interests; few of which had much in common, and all of which cherished for each other antipathies and jealousies almost as old as history.

The racial problem of Turkey would be less difficult if the races were only located side by side in solid masses. With few exceptions the races interpenetrate one another to a remarkable extent and the Turk himself is numerically in the majority in comparatively few districts of Asia Minor, where the bulk of the Turkish population lives, and in scarcely any part of European Turkey. The Turks are literally overlords, a ruling class.

Turkey's weak political fabric.

The Turk has governed this vast territory and this conglomeration of races and religions by a peculiarly weak political fabric which seemed in the nineteenth century to combine in one structure all the disadvantages of centralization, and all those of decentralization. Subject peoples have been ruled by a combination of military, civil, and religious authority which has been dependent in the long run for its support on the army. However, had the subject peoples hated each other less cordially, had they been more capable of organization and willing to compromise, they might have ended the Turkish rule decades ago, army or no army. Some observers, indeed, have thought the Turkish Government an artificial sham kept alive by France and England for their own purposes. Whatever reasons were to be given, the Germans and the Turks saw that Turkey as a nation and Turkey as a state had been, both of them, practically non-existent. Both had been names, not realities. Turkey had appeared on the European maps. A series of so-called statesmen had taken European bribes in Constantinople; numerous incompetent and venal officials had robbed the populace with the help of the soldiers in the provinces, and this Government plus the army was Turkey. Turkey had, indeed, been sick, but that particular kind of illness, the Turks thought, could be cured; and the Germans agreed with them.

We must not forget as observers the exceeding importance of German willingness to assist the ambitions of the educated Turks for self-government and for independence from European influence. The English and French control of Turkey was fortuitous and artificial and depended solely upon the control of a little group of men in Constantinople. German influence in Turkey has deep and fundamental roots in a large and significant part of the Turkish population and appeals to their best and highest impulses. We have here in the last analysis the reasons why Turkey has joined Germany in the war. The enlightened Turks see in Pan-Germanism a democratic Turkey with constitutional self-government, a Turkey developing its own resources, a Turkey gradually freeing itself from the fetters of European alliances and becoming gradually but certainly strong enough to take its place in the Pan-Germanic chain as a state of worth, integrity, and importance. They see in the victory of Pan-Germanism the effective promise of the realization of such ideals. They see in the defeat of Pan-Germanism political and national death, the annexation of Turkey by its enemies, and the subjection of the Turks to the rule of the Infidel. For these reasons they joined Germany in the first place. For these deep, fundamental reasons they hold staunchly to their friend. We shall be guilty of quibbling and of shortsightedness if we look for an explanation of Turkish policy in the seizure of warships and the breach of treaties.

Germany's willingness to assist Turkey.

Germany's influence in Turkey.

Reasons for Turkey's joining Germany.

The reorganization of Turkey was duly observed by the Triple Entente and its purpose thoroughly well understood. Their opposition to it was prompt, and Italy attempted by the Tripolitan War to rob the Turk of one of his distant provinces. Having seized Tripoli with the consent of the Triple Entente, Italy then

Reorganization of Turkey.

changed sides, returned to the Triple Alliance and took Tripoli with her. The result was a prompt reversal of the strategic situation in the Eastern Mediterranean and placed England and France in such danger that they saw the moment had probably come when it would be positively to their advantage to gratify Russia's ambition and allow her to seize Constantinople. The Tripolitan War suspended the sword of Damocles over the Turk's head.

The Balkan War.

The Balkan War threatened for a time to annihilate him. The prompt aid of Austria and Germany as stout representatives in the international conclave, the mobilization of the Austrian army, the knowledge that Germany was ready to mobilize, saved the Turk. The ambitions of Bulgaria brought her over to the side of the Triple Alliance, which was more than ready to assist her in dominating the Balkans. The second war cost Bulgaria dear but gave back to the Turk Adrianople. Macedonia, however, was lost entirely, and much of Thrace, with Salonika, the key of the Ægean, was also lost and fell into the hands of the Turk's enemy, Greece.

The loss of Macedonia.

The reorganized state was now undeniably in great peril; and the probability of an outbreak of a European war in the near future, the knowledge that the Turk must himself defend Constantinople and the Bagdad Railway, urged the Germans and the Turks to great efforts in reorganizing the army and providing equipment. The fleet also received attention; two battleships were building in England and another was purchased from one of the South American states. There would this time be no escape. The death sentence had been passed upon the Turk, and if he waited for his enemies to gather and descend upon him defense would be problematical. It was, of course, realized that in the long run Germany would save

Turkey by battles won in France or in Poland, and also that German defeats in Europe would in the long run spell the downfall of Turkey whatever the Turk did. It was, therefore, advisable to postpone action as long as possible. While Russia was exerting herself to the utmost to mobilize an army in Poland, there was small likelihood of an attack on Constantinople, and the Turk might well remain neutral, equip and organize the army, acquire supplies, and choose the moment to take the offensive.

Little likelihood of attack on Constantinople.

England, on the outbreak of the war, seized the two battleships building in England, and, therefore, weakened the Turkish strength in the Black Sea. The deficiency was supplied by sending two German cruisers to Constantinople and selling them to the Turkish Government. Some weeks ago the Germans judged that the time had come when the Turk must openly join in the war, send his troops to the frontier in order to hold the invader as far as possible from Constantinople. Indeed, action at this time might allow the Turk to accomplish results of the utmost importance. Those who see simply the fact that Russia could easily overwhelm the Turk standing alone, that the Balkan States united might also dispose of him, entirely fail to grasp the possibilities before the Turk at the present moment when Russia is extremely busy in the North, when the Balkan States seem hopelessly divided, and when Italy is maintaining with determination her neutrality.

German cruisers at Constantinople.

The most important thing the Turk has done for Germany has been the closing of the Black Sea. The sowing of a few mines in the Straits promptly put an end to Russian trade from the Black Sea and dealt southern Russia a great blow commercially. Germany thus struck at England, because a large part of the English

Closing of the Black Sea by Turkey.

food supply has normally come from the Black Sea district, and the desire to protect the grain ships through the Mediterranean has been one of England's chief reasons for maintaining control of that sea. So large were these supplies normally that England has had considerable difficulty in replacing them and is destined soon to experience greater difficulty in furnishing a supply equivalent in volume and accessibility. The Black Sea district also has large oil supplies which would be of enormous value to England and France, now that the extensive use of the automobile in warfare has made gasolene a supply second in importance only to powder and food. If the Turkish navy, augmented by the German cruisers, can dispose of the Russian ships in the Black Sea, and this seems not improbable, the Turk might annex for Germany this supply of oil. That would be a stroke of the utmost consequence.

Enormous value of oil supplies in the Black Sea District.

Closing the Black Sea by the Turk, plus the closing of the Baltic by the German fleet in the North Sea, would also accomplish another extremely important result, the absolute and complete isolation of Russia from contact with all parts of the world except Germany, Austria, and Turkey. The question has often arisen as to the ability of Germany to prolong the war in the face of her inability to export goods to her usual customers. The complete cessation of manufacture in Germany would sooner or later bankrupt the country and bring her to knees. The Germans point out that the isolation of Russia will have precisely the same effect on that country unless Russia can find some place where her raw products can be exchanged for the manufactured goods which are much more necessary in warfare than the crude products which she always has to sell. The experience of the past has proved again and again that belligerent countries persistently trade with

Isolation of Russia.

one another when it is profitable. The Germans expect to sell their manufactured goods in Russia in exchange for the raw materials which Russia produces, just as long as their fleet holds the mouth of the Baltic and the Turk controls Constantinople. A brisk trade between Germany, Austria, and Russia is already reported and if it attains the proportions the Germans expect, their commercial problem will have been largely solved. But its continued solution will depend upon the maintaining of Turkey in Constantinople. If these considerations are as important as the Pan-Germanists have usually claimed, it will be obvious that the adhesion of the Turk has exceeding importance for Germany and had long been arranged in advance.

Importance of Turkey to Germany.

The possibilities before the Turkish army, well equipped with modern munitions of war and capably officered by Germans, have been by no means forgotten. The great objective of Pan-Germanism is not in Europe but in Asia and Africa. The defense of the English and French dominions in both will have to be made in Europe. The strength of the German army, the size of the German fleet, would prevent the English and French from dissipating their forces over the vast territory which they claim to control. The experienced troops in India, in Egypt, and in Morocco were shipped to France upon the outbreak of the war exactly as the Germans expected and hoped. Their places were filled by less experienced regiments from France, England, and the English colonies. Egypt and the Suez Canal, India, and the great defenses would not be so strongely held. The Turk occupied a position flanking Persia and a position flanking Egypt. A strong, well-trained Turkish army might conceivably capture either or both. Assistance from within might well be expected in both,

and victory in either would exert a moral effect upon the war in Europe which would be of the utmost importance. A few hours' possession of the Suez Canal, furthermore, would allow the Germans to obstruct it and effectually block the approach of England to Australia and India except by the long road around Africa. Conceivably this might interfere seriously with the English food supplies from Australia and New Zealand, particularly with the supplies of meat from the latter. This would be more than usually important in view of the deficiency of meat supplies in the United States and Canada, and the length of time necessary to procure them from the Argentine Republic. It is by these blows at the food supply that the Germans expect to make the greatest impression upon England. Short of actual invasion, the stoppage of supplies is the only method by which the Germans can inflict suffering upon England

Control of the Suez Canal vital to Great Britain.

No one in Berlin or Constantinople has forgotten the existence of the Balkans. Servian enmity, Greek hatred for the Turk, are only too obvious; Bulgaria is believed to be entirely faithful to the German interests; Roumania has never been very trustworthy, and has at times been an ally of both the coalitions in Europe. The ability of the Turk, of course, to hold Constantinople and above all to take the offensive would depend upon the continued neutrality or alliance of the Balkan States. Combined, they are amply strong enough to overrun Turkey in Europe and probably to invade Asia Minor in force. All the Balkan States except Roumania—which is hardly a Balkan State—were very much weakened in men and in resources by the late Balkan wars, and will probably have considerable difficulty in obtaining any quantity of supplies from foreign countries, though we are told of large

Bulgaria ally of Germany.

All Balkan states weakened by Balkan War.

purchases by the Greeks in the United States. The fact, however, that the Turk has taken the offensive against Egypt and Persia makes it extremely probable that the Balkan hatreds have offset each other. Bulgaria's existence probably depends upon Austrian protection. Roumania is probably afraid to take the field with Bulgaria, Turkey, Russia, and Austria against her, while the Greeks and Servians have still to recover from the recent wars. It is probable, therefore, that, Bulgaria and Roumania being neutral, Servia at war with Austria, Turkey can take from Greece Salonika and possibly Macedonia. Should the war in Europe progress favorably for Germany, the attitude of the Balkan States toward Germany would be influenced and a scramble would ensue to join the victor, which would probably result in the extinction of Servia and Greece and the strengthening of Bulgaria and Turkey. Naturally, the Turk would retake the islands in the Ægean Sea which are now in Italy's hands.

Turkey's position if Germany wins in Europe.

Let us suppose that all goes as they hope: that the Germans win in Europe; that the Turks and Bulgarians take control of the Balkans; that the Russians are excluded from Persia, and the English from Egypt. The victorious Turkish army is then in a position to advance along the Persian Gulf road upon India, and would assail India at her weakest point, outflanking the great defenses at Quetta which have been developed primarily against Russia.

Possibilities of Pan-Islam.

We must not forget to enumerate, among the possibilities, Pan-Islam. Success by the Turks in Egypt or Persia would undoubtedly give an impulse to Pan-Islam which might put all the fanatical enthusiasm of the Mohammedans into a vast uprising which might sweep the French and English out of northern Africa and India.

The Sultan of Turkey is the official head of the Mohammedan religion. His orders Moslems are all bound to obey. At present the Mohammedans in the English and French possessions, who are, of course, under English and French influence, are claiming that the acts of the Sultan are not really his, but those of German officers; and the reports at the time of writing indicate that at the present moment the order from Constantinople for a holy war will probably not be regarded or obeyed. But a victory by Turkish arms would probably instantly change the situation and might loose the pent-up fanaticism of the most intensely emotional of the Oriental races. Here is another weapon in the German arsenal whose use will depend upon the cooperation of the Turk.

Key of situation is Constantinople.

It should now be evident that there is much to be said for the view that the key to the present situation is Constantinople. We are dealing with world politics, with a world war which is being fought on the battlefields of Europe; but we are dealing with a world war whose results are not expected to develop in Europe proper. The key to this situation lies in Constantinople, and the Turk holds it.

The outbreak of the Great War found the British navy in a high state of preparedness, and so preponderant in number of vessels and in weight of guns that the German Grand Fleet as a whole was content to remain behind the walls of Helgoland. Squadrons were sent out, however, to attack isolated British ships, and on August 28 the first naval battle of the war occurred in the Bight of Helgoland. Here British and German cruisers engaged in a struggle in which the honors were for a time even. The arrival of British dreadnoughts quickly turned the scale, and the German ships fled to the safety of their harbor. The Germans

lost four large ships, while the British fleet lost none.

The German navy was revenged in November 3, when a fleet of warships met and sunk three British cruisers off the Coronel. On December 9, however, a British fleet, after a search of many days, came up with and sank three German cruisers, and severely damaged two others in the Battle of Falkland Islands.

THE FALKLAND SEA FIGHT

A. N. HILDITCH

IN 1592, John Davis, the arctic explorer, after whom the strait between Greenland and the North American mainland is named, made an attempt, in company with Thomas Cavendish, to find a new route to Asia by the Straits of Magellan. Differences arose between the two leaders. One was an explorer: the other had a tendency towards freebooting. They parted off the coast of Patagonia. Davis, driven out of his course by stormy weather, found himself among a cluster of unknown and uninhabited islands, some three hundred miles east of the Straits of Magellan. This group, after many changes and vicissitudes, passed finally into the hands of Great Britain, and became known as the Falkland Islands.

The Falkland Islands.

They consist of two large islands and of about one hundred islets, rocks, and sandbanks. The fragments of many wrecks testify to the dangers of navigation, though masses of giant seaweed act as buoys for many of the rocks. So numerous are the penguins, thronging in battalions the smaller islands and the inland lagoons, that the governor of the colony is nicknamed King of the Penguins. As New Zealand is said to be the most English of British possessions, the Falklands may perhaps be appropriately termed the most Scottish. Their general appearance resembles that of the Outer Hebrides. Of the population, a large proportion are of Scottish extraction. The climate is not unlike that of Scotland. The winters are

Battle Sketches by A. N. Hilditch, Oxford University Press.

misty and rainy, but not excessively cold. So violent are the winds that it is said to be impossible to play tennis or croquet, unless walls are erected as shelter, while cabbages grown in the kitchen-gardens of the shepherds, the only cultivated ground, are at times uprooted and scattered like straw. The surface, much of which is bogland, is in some parts mountainous, and is generally wild and rugged. Small streams and shallow freshwater tarns abound. A natural curiosity, regarded with great wonder, exists in 'stone-rivers'; long, glistening lines of quartzite rock débris, which, without the aid of water, slide gradually to lower levels. There are no roads. Innumerable sheep, the familiar Cheviots and Southdowns, graze upon the wild scurvy-grass and sorrel. The colony is destitute of trees, and possesses but few shrubs. The one tree that the Islands can boast, an object of much care and curiosity, stands in the Governor's garden. The seat of government, and the only town, is Port Stanley, with a population of about 950. Its general aspect recalls a small town of the western highlands of Scotland. Many of the houses, square, white-washed, and grey-slated, possess small greenhouse-porches, gay with fuchsias and pelargoniums, in pleasing contrast to the prevailing barrenness. A small cathedral, Christ Church, and an imposing barracks, generally occupied by a company of marines, stand in the midst of the town. The Government House might be taken for an Orkney or Shetland manse.

Climate surface, and vegetation.

The administration of the colony and of its dependencies is vested in a Governor, aided by a Colonial Secretary, and by an executive and a legislative council. The Governor acts as Chief Justice, and the Colonial Secretary as Police Magistrate. There is a local jail, capable of accommodating six offenders at

Government.

a time. Its resources are not stated, however, to be habitually strained. Education is compulsory: the Government maintains schools and travelling teachers. The inhabitants are principally engaged in sheep-farming and seafaring industries. The colony is prosperous, with a trade that of late years has grown with extraordinary rapidity. The dividends paid by the Falkland Islands Company might excite the envy of many a London director. Stanley's importance has been increased by the erection of wireless installation; and as a coaling and refitting station for vessels rounding the Horn, the harbour, large, safe, and accessible, is of immense value.

Prosperity of the colony.

To this remote outpost of empire came tidings of war in August, 1914. Great excitement and enthusiasm prevailed. News was very slow in getting through: the mails, usually a month in transit, became very erratic. But the colony eagerly undertook a share in the burden of the Empire; £2,250 was voted towards the war-chest; £750 was collected on behalf of the Prince of Wales's Fund. Detached, though keen, interest changed, however, as the weeks passed, to intimate alarm. The Governor, Mr. Allardyce, received a wireless message from the Admiralty that he must expect a raid. German cruisers were suspected to be in the neighbourhood. Never before had the colony known such bustle and such excitement. They, the inhabitants of the remote Falklands, were to play a part in the struggle that was tugging at the roots of the world's civilization. The exhilaration of expectancy and of danger broke suddenly into their uneventful, though not easy, lives. But there was cause for keen anxiety. The colonists were, however, reassured for a time by a visit from three British warships, the cruisers *Good Hope, Monmouth,* and *Glasgow,* with the armed liner *Otranto.*

A raid expected.

The *Good Hope* had, at the declaration of war, been patrolling the Irish coast. She was ordered to sweep the Atlantic trade routes for hostile cruisers. She reached the coast of North America, after many false alarms, stopping English merchantmen on the way, and informing the astonished skippers of the war and of their course in consequence. When forty miles east of New York, Rear-Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock came aboard with his staff, and hoisted his flag. The Admiral turned southwards, sweeping constantly for the enemy. Passing through the West Indies, he proceeded to the coast of Brazil. Here he was joined by the *Glasgow*. The *Good Hope* had picked up the *Monmouth* previously. The three ships, accompanied by the auxiliary cruiser *Otranto*, kept a southerly course. The discovery at Pernambuco of twenty-three German merchantmen snugly ensconced behind the breakwater, in neutral harbour, proved very galling. The Straits of Magellan and the cold Tierra del Fuego were at length reached. The squadron was on the scent of three German cruisers, the *Leipzig*, *Dresden*, and *Nürnberg*. It was suspected that they had gone to coal in this remote corner of the oceans. Their secret and friendly wireless stations were heard talking in code. The British made swoops upon wild and unsurveyed bays and inlets. The land around was covered with ice and snow, and the many huge glaciers formed a sight wonderful to behold. But the search had proved fruitless. After rounding the Horn several times, the squadron had turned towards the Falklands.

British warships arrive.

Search for German cruisers.

The inhabitants could not long rely, however, upon these powerful guardians. The squadron, after coaling, departed, again bound for the Straits of Magellan and the Pacific. Its strength was certainly adequate to tackle with success the three German ships believed

to be in the vicinity. The colony could depend upon Admiral Cradock to protect it to the best of his ability. But it was not improbable that the enemy might evade the patrolling cruisers, and descend upon the hapless Falklands without warning. The Governor saw the advisability of instant preparation On October 19, he issued a notice that all women and children were to leave Stanley. Provisions, stores, and clothes were hastily removed into the interior, which was locally termed the 'camp'. The colony possessed a Volunteer Rifle Company, some 120 strong, and two nine-pounder field-guns. Further volunteers were enrolled and armed. Suddenly, on November 3, an alarming wireless message was received. The *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth* were reported to have been sunk off the coast of Chili. It was unsigned. There was no proof of its authenticity. But the next day another message followed from the captain of the *Glasgow*. The disaster was confirmed. The *Glasgow*, in company with H. M. S. *Canopus*, was running with all speed for the Falklands. They were probably being followed by the victorious Germans. Four days of acute suspense followed. The situation seemed critical. The Governor passed several nights without taking off his clothes, in expectancy of wireless messages that needed instant decoding. People slept beside their telephones. Early in the morning of Sunday, November 8, the two warships arrived.

Rumors of disaster.

The *Glasgow* was badly damaged. An enormous hole, three feet by nine feet, gaped in her side. A shell had wrecked Captain Luce's cabin, giving off fumes such as rendered unconscious several men who rushed in to put out the fire. The vessel had escaped any serious outbreak, however, and had suffered only four slight casualties. Warm tributes were paid by the captain to the cool and disciplined conduct

The *Glasgow* arrives.

of both officers and men. The *Canopus* had not been engaged. But a narrative of the preceding events may now be appropriate.

German cruisers in Pacific.

Vice-Admiral the Graf Maximilian von Spee was in command, at the outbreak of hostilities, of the German China fleet stationed at Tsing-tao. A successor, indeed, had been appointed, and was on the way to relieve him. But just before war was declared von Spee and his squadron steamed off into the open seas. To remain at Tsing-tao while vastly superior forces were closing in upon him would be to little purpose. Commerce raiding offered a field for rendering valuable service to the Fatherland. The *Emden* was dispatched to the southern seas. The *Leipzig* and the *Nürnberg* proceeded across the Pacific, and began to prey upon the western coast of South America. Half the maritime trade of Chili was carried in English ships. Many of them might be seized and destroyed at little risk. The Admiral, with his two remaining vessels, the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*, successfully evaded the hostile fleets for some time. On September 14 he touched at Apia, in German Samoa, familiar to readers of Robert Louis Stevenson. It could be remembered how, fifteen years before, this colony, shortly to fall before a New Zealand expeditionary force, had been a bone of contention between Great Britain and Germany. Captain Sturdee, whom von Spee was soon to meet in more arduous operations, had on that occasion commanded the British force in the tribal warfare. Eight days later, on September 22, the two German cruisers arrived off Papeete, in Tahiti, one of the loveliest of Pacific islands. A small disarmed French gunboat lying there was sunk, and the town was bombarded. The Admiral, planning a concentration of German ships, then steamed east across the Pacific. He got into touch with friendly vessels. By skilful ma-

manœuvring he finally brought five warships, with colliers, together near Valparaiso.

Armament of cruisers.

The German ships were all of recent construction. The *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* were armoured cruisers of 11,600 tons. The *Leipzig*, the *Nürnberg*, and the *Dresden* were light cruisers of about 3,500 tons. The armament of the larger vessels included eight 8·2-inch and six 6-inch guns. The smaller relied upon either ten or twelve 4-inch pieces. Each ship carried torpedo tubes, and the speed of each was about twenty-two or twenty-three knots an hour. The *Dresden*, however, could go to twenty-seven knots. The squadron possessed all-important allies. Several German merchant-marine companies, notably the Kosmos, plied along the Chilian coast. The tonnage of their vessels, indeed, amounted to no less than half that of the English companies. The advance of German enterprise in Chili in recent years had been very marked. Von Spee's great stumbling-block was coal. The laws of war prevented him from sending more than three of his warships into a neutral port at the same time, from staying there more than twenty-four hours, from taking more coal than was necessary to reach the nearest German harbour, from coaling again for three months at a port of the same nationality. But if German merchantmen, hampered by no such restrictions, could constantly renew his supplies, the difficulty of fuel could be to some extent met. Provisions and secret information as to British movements could also be obtained through the same source. Such employment of merchantmen, however, being contrary to international law, would have to be clandestine. The great Pacific coast offered numerous harbours and abundant facilities for being utilized as a base under such conditions. It showed many historic precedents for bold and adventurous ex-

Coal needed.

ploits which could not fail to appeal to an admiral whose family, ennobled by the Emperor Charles VI, took pride in its ancient and aristocratic lineage. The occasion seemed opportune, moreover, for the accomplishment, by himself, his officers, and men, of deeds which should inspire their posterity as British naval traditions, for lack of other, at present inspired them. They could recall how, on this very coast, in 1578-9, Drake, the master raider, had seized a Spanish treasure-ship off Valdivia, had descended like a hawk upon Callao, had pounced upon another great galleon, taking nearly a million pounds in gold and silver; and how the intrepid mariner, sailing off into the unknown ocean, had circumnavigated the globe, while the furious de Toledo waited, with eleven warships, in the Straits of Magellan. Why, indeed, should not the Germans imitate, in the twentieth century, the deeds of Drake in the sixteenth? If they preyed ruthlessly upon English merchantmen, laden with the wealth of the West, if they made a descent upon the Falkland Islands, if then they were to disappear into the wide Pacific, a career of splendid adventure and of unbounded usefulness would earn for them both the respect and the plaudits of the world. Australian and Japanese warships were sweeping the eastern Pacific for them. Many British vessels, called from useful employment elsewhere, would have to join in the search for them. But so vast was the area that they might elude their enemies for months.

Drake's exploits.

Search for cruisers.

British ships were already cruising near the Horn, possibly unaware that a concentration of the Germans had been effected. It was not unlikely that von Spee might be able to cut off and to destroy stray units of the patrolling squadrons. The Graf could see many opportunities of serving effectively the

cause of the Fatherland. He must utilize them to the full.

Cradock near coast of Chili.

Sir Christopher Cradock, meanwhile, had rounded the Horn once more, and was cruising northwards up the coast of Chili. That coast, indeed, once the haunt of corsairs and filibusters, was rich in historic associations and in natural beauties. An element of grandeur and of mystery seemed to hover around the countless ridges and peaks of the Andes, stretching, with the gleam of their eternal snows, for four thousand miles, and gazing down across the illimitable waters of the occident. Upon the plateaux, miles above sea level, stood old stone temples and pyramids which rivalled in massiveness and ingenuity those of Egypt and of Babylon. The student of ancient civilizations could trace, in the mystic deities of the Incas and Araucanians, a strange similarity to the deities of the Chaldeans and Babylonians. Speculation upon this analogy formed a fascinating theme. This coast, too, was sacred to memories that could not but be dear to sailors as gallant and daring as Cradock, since his services in China, in 1900, was known to be. Among other familiar British names, Cochrane, Lord Dundonald, had won enduring glory in the struggle for Chilian independence. nearly a hundred years before. The conditions of naval warfare had, indeed, through the introduction of armour and the perfection of weapons, radically changed since Cochrane, in a series of singularly audacious exploits, had overcome the fleets of Spain. Sea-fighting had become purely a matter of science. The object of strategy was to concentrate faster ships and more powerful guns against weaker force. The odds with which Cradock was to contend against the Germans were greater in proportion, if less in bulk, than the odds with which Cochrane had contended, with his peasant

crews and his hulks, against the Spanish "wooden-walls". Admiral Cradock now knew that there were two more cruisers in the neighbourhood than had at first been supposed. The *Canopus* had accordingly been sent to join his squadron. But she was a battleship, and much slower than the cruisers. She could travel no faster than at eighteen knots. Cradock proceeded northwards, ahead of the *Canopus*, made a rendezvous off Concepcion Bay for his colliers, and went into Coronel and on to Valparaiso to pick up news and receive letters. The squadron then returned to the rendezvous and coaled. This completed, the Admiral directed the *Glasgow* to proceed again to Coronel to dispatch certain cables. Captain Luce duly carried out his mission, and left Coronel at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, November 1, steaming northwards to rejoin the other ships. A gale was rising. The wind was blowing strongly from the south. Heavy seas continually buffeted the vessel. At two o'clock a wireless signal was received from the *Good Hope*. Apparently from wireless calls there was an enemy ship to northward. The squadron must spread out in line, proceeding in a direction north-east-by-east, the flagship forming one extremity, the *Glasgow* the other. It was to move at fifteen knots. At twenty minutes past four in the afternoon, smoke was observed upon the horizon. The *Glasgow* put on speed and approached. Officers soon made out the funnels of four cruisers. It was the enemy. The Germans, their big armoured cruisers leading, and the smaller behind, gave chase.

German cruisers sighted.

The *Glasgow* swept round to northward, calling to the flagship with her wireless. Von Spee, anticipating this move, at once set his wireless in operation, in order to jamb the British signals. Captain Luce soon picked up the *Monmouth* and the *Otranto*, and the three ships

raced northwards towards the flagship, the *Glasgow* leading. At about five o'clock the *Good Hope* was seen approaching. The three ships wheeled into line behind her, and the whole squadron now proceeded south. Von Spee, coming up from that direction in line ahead, about twelve miles off, changed his course and also proceeded south, keeping nearer to the coast. The wind was now blowing almost with the force of a hurricane. So heavy was the sea that small boats would have been unable to keep afloat. But the sky was not completely overcast, and the sun was shining. Firing had not opened. The washing of the seas and the roaring of the wind deafened the ear to other sounds. The warship of to-day, when her great turbines are whirling round at their highest speed, moves without throb and almost without vibration through the waves. The two squadrons, drawing level, the Germans nearer to the coast, raced in the teeth of the gale, in two parallel lines, to the south.

The squadrons approach.

Sir Christopher Cradock could not but realize that the situation was hazardous. He had three vessels capable of fighting men-of-war. The *Otranto* was only an armed liner, and must withdraw when the battle developed. The *Good Hope* displaced some 14,000 tons, and was armed with two 9·2-inch and sixteen 6-inch guns. The *Monmouth*, with a tonnage of 9,800, carried fourteen 6-inch pieces, but the *Glasgow*, a ship of 4,800 tons, had only two of the 6-inch weapons. It was certain that the German 8·2-inch guns, if the shooting was at all good, would be found to outrange and outclass the British. Cradock was certainly at a disadvantage in gun-power. His protective armour was weaker than that of the enemy. Nor did his speed give him any superiority. Though the *Glasgow* was capable of twenty-six knots,

British vessels.

the flagship and the *Monmouth* could only go to twenty-three. But there was another consideration which the Admiral might weigh. Coming slowly up from the south, but probably still a considerable distance off, was the battleship *Canopus*. Her presence would give the British a decided preponderance. She was a vessel of some 13,000 tons, and her armament included four 12-inch and twelve 6-inch pieces. How far was she away? How soon could she arrive upon the scene? Evening was closing in. Cradock was steering hard in her direction. If the British, engaging the enemy immediately, could keep them in play throughout the night, when firing must necessarily be desultory, perhaps morning would bring the *Canopus* hastening into the action. It was possible that the Germans did not know of her proximity. They might, accepting the contest, and expecting to cripple the British next morning at their leisure, find themselves trapped. But in any case they should not be allowed to proceed without some such attempt being made to destroy them. It must not be said that, because the enemy was in greater force, a British squadron had taken to flight. Perhaps it would be better, since darkness would afford little opportunity of manœuvring for action, to draw nearer and to engage fairly soon. It was about a quarter past six. The Germans were about 15,000 yards distant. Cradock ordered the speed of his squadron to seventeen knots. He then signalled by wireless to the *Canopus*, 'I am going to attack enemy now'.

Cradock orders attack.

The sun was setting. The western horizon was mantled by a canopy of gold. Von Spee's manœuvre in closing in nearer to the shore had placed him in an advantageous position as regards the light. The British ships, when the sun had set, were sharply outlined against the glowing sky. The Germans were partly hidden

in the failing light and by the mountainous coast. The island of Santa Maria, off Coronel, lay in the distance. Von Spee had been gradually closing to within 12,000 yards. The appropriate moment for engaging seemed to be approaching. A few minutes after sunset, about seven o'clock, the leading German cruiser opened fire with her largest guns. Shells shrieked over and short of the *Good Hope*, some falling within five hundred yards. As battle was now imminent, the *Otranto* began to haul out of line, and to edge away to the south-west. The squadrons were converging rapidly, but the smaller cruisers were as yet out of range. The British replied in quick succession to the German fire. As the distance lessened, each ship engaged that opposite in the line. The *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth* had to bear the brunt of the broadsides of the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*. The *Glasgow*, in the rear, exchanged shots with the light cruisers, the *Leipzig* and the *Dresden*. The shooting was deadly. The third of the rapid salvos of the enemy armoured cruisers set the *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth* afire. Shells began to find their mark, some exploding overhead and bursting in all directions. In about ten minutes the *Monmouth* sheered off the line to westward about one hundred yards. She was being hit heavily. Her foremost turret, shielding one of her 6-inch guns, was in flames. She seemed to be reeling and shaking. She fell back into line, however, and then out again to eastward, her 6-inch guns roaring intermittently. Darkness was now gathering fast. The range had narrowed to about 5,000 yards. The seven ships were all in action. Many shells striking the sea sent up columns of white spray, showing weirdly in the twilight. It was an impressive scene. The dim light, the heavy seas, the rolling of the vessels, distracted the aim.

At closer range.

Some of the guns upon the main decks, being near the water-line, became with each roll almost awash. The British could fire only at the flashes of the enemy's guns. Often the heavy head seas hid even the flashes from the gun-layers. It was impossible to gauge the effect of their shells. The fore-turret of the *Good Hope* burst into flames, and she began to fall away out of line towards the enemy. The *Glasgow* kept up a continual fire upon the German light cruisers with one of her 6-inch guns and her port batteries. A shell struck her below deck, and men waited for the planks to rise. No explosion nor fire, however, occurred. But the British flagship was now burning brightly forward, and was falling more and more out of line to eastward. It was about a quarter to eight. Suddenly there was the roar of an explosion. The part about the *Good Hope's* after-funnel split asunder, and a column of flame, sparks, and débris was blown up to a height of about two hundred feet. She never fired her guns again. Total destruction must have followed. Sir Christopher Cradock and nine hundred brave sailors went down in the stormy deep. The other ships raced past her in the darkness. The *Monmouth* was in great distress. She left the line after a while, and turned back, steaming with difficulty to north-west. She had ceased firing. The vessels had been travelling at a rate which varied from seven to seventeen knots. The *Glasgow,* now left alone, eased her speed in order to avoid shells intended for the *Monmouth.* The Germans dropped slowly back. The *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* now concentrated their salvos upon the *Glasgow.* The range was about 4,500 yards. A shell struck the second funnel: five others hit her side at the waterline, but fortunately not in dangerous places. Luce, her captain, since the flagship was no more,

Only gun flashes to direct fire.

The *Good Hope* blown up.

was senior officer. He brought his vessel round and moved rapidly back.

The *Monmouth* had now fallen away to a north-easterly course. Luce stood by signalling. Could she steer north-west? She was making water badly forward, Captain Brandt answered, and he wanted to get stern to sea. The enemy were following, Luce signalled again. There was no reply. The *Glasgow* steamed nearer.

Monmouth in distress.

The *Monmouth* was in a sinking condition. Her bows were under water, and the men were assembled at the stern. The sea was running very high. Rain and mist had come on, though a moon was now rising. The enemy had altered course, and were approaching in line abreast about 6,000 yards away. A light kept twinkling at regular intervals from one of the ships.

Enemy is signalling in Morse.

They were signalling in Morse, and evidently were forming plans of action. Firing was still proceeding intermittently. It was about half-past eight. Captain Luce could see nothing for it but to abandon the *Monmouth* to her fate. To rescue her crew, under such conditions, was impossible, while to stand by and endeavour to defend her would be folly. The *Glasgow* was not armoured, and could not contend with armoured vessels. Of the two guns she possessed capable of piercing the enemy's armour, one had been put out of action ten minutes after the start. If she stayed and fought to the end, 370 good lives, in addition to the sufficiently heavy toll of 1,600 in the *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth,* would be needlessly sacrificed. The *Canopus,* moreover, must be warned. She was coming up from the south to sure destruction. She could hardly be expected successfully to combat the whole German squadron. Nevertheless, it must have been with

Glasgow draws away.

heavy hearts that the men of the *Glasgow* turned away to seek safety in flight. It is recorded that, as they moved off into the dark-

ness, a cheer broke forth from the *Monmouth's* decks. Before the sinking vessel became lost to sight another and a third went up. At about a quarter past nine the *Nürnberg,* which had not been engaged in the main action, came across the *Monmouth.* It is said that, though in a sinking condition, the British ship attempted to ram her enemy. But the *Nürnberg* began to bombard her, and she capsized.

The *Monmouth* finally capsizes.

The *Glasgow* steamed off in a north-westerly direction. A few minutes before nine the enemy became lost to sight. Half an hour later many distant flashes of gunfire, the death-struggle of the *Monmouth,* were seen. The play of a searchlight, which lasted a few seconds and then disappeared, was also observed. The vessel bore round gradually to the south. Her wireless was put into operation, and she made efforts to get through to the *Canopus.* But the Germans had again set their apparatus in motion, and the messages were jambed. Only after some hours was the *Glasgow* successful. Steaming hard at twenty-four knots through the heavy seas, her engines and boilers fortunately being intact, she at length joined the battleship. The two ships made straight for the Falkland Islands.

Glasgow and *Canopus* start for Rio de Janeiro.

The news of the disaster stirred great alarm in the colony. Before the day on which the ships arrived was out the dismay was further increased. The *Canopus* at first expected to stay ten days. Her presence provided substantial relief. If the enemy appeared, she and even the damaged *Glasgow* could give a very good account of themselves. But during the morning Captain Grant of the *Canopus* received a wireless message from the Admiralty. He was to proceed immediately to Rio de Janeiro with the *Glasgow.* The Brazilian Government had granted the latter permission to enter the dry dock there to make urgent re-

pairs. But seven days only were allowed for this purpose. In the evening the warships cast off, and steamed away to northward.

Stanley was now in an unenviable situation. A powerful German squadron, flushed with victory, was probably making for the Islands.

The colony almost defenseless.

The colony was almost defenceless. All the opposition that the enemy would meet would be from a few hundred volunteers. A wireless message that came through emphasized the imminence of the danger. Warnings and instructions were outlined. If the enemy landed, the volunteers were to fight. But retiring tactics must be adopted. Care should be taken to keep out of range of the enemy's big guns. The Governor at once called a council of war. There could be little doubt that a descent would be made upon the colony. The position was full of peril. But resistance must certainly be offered. The few women, children, and old men who still remained at Stanley must be sent away immediately. Fortunately the time of year was propitious. November is, indeed, in the Falklands considered the only dry month. The ground is then covered with a variety of sweet-scented flowers. Further, all the stores it was possible to remove must be taken into the 'camp'. Quantities of provisions must be hidden away at various points within reach of the town. In order to add to the mobility of the defending force, it would be well to bring in another hundred horses from the 'camp'. Every man should be mounted. These measures were duly carried out. Every preparation was made and every precaution taken. Everybody began to pack up boxes of goods. Clothes, stores, and valuables were all taken away to safety. Books, papers, and money were removed from the Government offices, and from the headquarters of the Falkland Islands Company. What was not sent away was buried.

Falklands prepare for attack.

The official papers and code-books were buried every night, and dug up and dried every morning. The Governor's tableclothes gave rise to much anxiety. It was thought, since they were marked 'G. R.', they would be liable to insult by the Germans. They were accordingly buried. This conscientious loyalty, however, proved costly. The Governor's silver, wrapped in green baize, was, unfortunately, placed in the same hole. The tablecloths became mixed up with the baize. The damp got through, and the linen was badly stained. There was a feeling that the attack would come at dawn. People sat up all night, and only went to bed when morning was well advanced. All offices were closed and business was suspended. This state of tension lasted several days. At length, from the look-out post above the town, a warship, apparently a cruiser, was seen making straight for the wireless station. When she got within range she turned broadside on. Her decks were cleared for action.

Burying the Governor's silver and table linen.

There was a call to arms. Church and dockyard bells pealed out the alarm. Non-combatants streamed out of the town into the 'camp'. The volunteers paraded, and lined up with their horses. It would soon become a question whether to resist a landing or to retire. In any event the men were ready and provided with emergency rations. But no firing sounded. Signals were exchanged between the vessel and the shore. It was a false alarm. The newcomer was H.M.S. *Canopus*.

Canopus arrives.

She had proceeded, in accordance with her orders, towards Rio de Janeiro with the *Glasgow*. When two days' journey off her destination, however, she received another message. She was directed to return and to defend the Falklands in case of attack. These instructions were received with mingled feelings. To fight alone a powerful squadron was by no

means an attractive prospect. Duty, however, was duty. The *Canopus* turned about, and retraced her passage. She set her wireless in operation, and tried to get through to Stanley. But for some reason she was unable to do so It was concluded that the Germans had made a raid and had destroyed the wireless station. Probably they had occupied the town. The outlook seemed serious. The *Canopus* had her instructions, however, and there was no drawing back. The decks were cleared for action. Ammunition was served out. Guns were loaded and trained. With every man at his post the ship steamed at full speed into the harbour. Great was the relief when it was found that all was well.

A serious outlook—decks are cleared for action.

The inhabitants were not less relieved. The presence of the battleship was felt to add materially to the security of the town. The Germans would probably hesitate before attacking a ship of her size. If they sustained damage involving loss of fighting efficiency, there was no harbour they could turn to for repair, except so far as their seaworthiness was affected. Nevertheless, it was almost certain that some raid upon the Islands would be attempted. Guns were landed from the ship, and measures were taken to make the defence as effective as possible. Perhaps if the enemy blockaded Stanley, the British would be able to hold out until other warships, certain to be sent to avenge the defeat, arrived. Relief could hardly be expected for two or three weeks. The Falklands formed a very distant corner of the Empire. It was doubtful, indeed, whether even the ubiquitous German spy had penetrated to these remote and barren shores. It could, however, be recalled that, in 1882, a German expedition had landed on South Georgia, a dependent island of the Falklands, eight hundred miles to their south-east, to observe the transit

German raid anticipated.

of Venus. Upon that same island, indeed, another and a quite unsuspicious expedition had landed, early in that very month, November. Sir Ernest Shackleton, the explorer, had left Buenos Ayres on the morning of October 26, on his way across the antarctic continent. His little vessel of 230 tons, the *Endurance,* passed through the war zone in safety, and reached South Georgia on November 5. He remained for about a month before leaving for the lonely tracts for which his little party was bound. The island was his last link with civilization. Though sub-antarctic, it possessed features as up-to-date as electric-light, universal even in pigsties and henhouses. And the march of man, it was observed, had introduced the familiar animals of the farmyard, and even a monkey, into a region whose valleys, destitute of tree or shrub, lay clothed with perpetual snow.

Shackleton's visit to South Georgia.

Meanwhile, November passed into December without any appearance of the Germans off the Falklands. The tension became very much relieved. Women and children were brought back to Stanley, after being away a month or six weeks. Messages emanating from the hostile squadron, registered by the wireless station, indicated that the enemy were still in the vicinity. But the condition of the colony became again almost normal. The relief and security were complete when, at length, on Monday, December 7, a powerful British squadron, under Vice-Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee, arrived at Port Stanley. There were seven warships, besides the *Canopus.* The *Invincible* and the *Inflexible* had left Plymouth on November 11, and had proceeded to the West Indies. Their mission was to avenge Coronel. They had picked up at Albatross Rock the *Carnarvon, Cornwall, Bristol, Kent, Glasgow,* now repaired, and *Macedonia,* an armed liner. All had then steamed southwards towards the

Sturdee's squadron reaches Port Stanley.

Falklands. The vessels started coaling. Officers came ashore to stretch their legs. Certain stores were laid in. It was anticipated that the squadron would depart in search of the enemy on the evening of the following day. That search might, indeed, be a matter of months. Early next morning, December 8, at about eight o'clock, a volunteer observer posted on Sapper's Hill, two miles from Stanley, sighted two vessels upon the horizon. Twenty minutes later the smoke of two others came into view in the same direction. They were soon recognized as German cruisers. The excitement was intense. The news was immediately carried to the authorities. It was hastily signalled to the fleet. Most of the ships were at anchor in Port William, the outer entrance to Port Stanley. Some of the naval officers were aroused from their repose. It is recorded that, upon hearing the news, the flag-lieutenant dashed down to Admiral Sturdee's cabin, clad in his pyjamas. Sir Doveton was shaving. The lieutenant poured forth his information. 'Well,' said the Admiral, dryly, 'you had better go and get dressed. We'll see about it later.'[1]

German cruisers sighted.

The Graf von Spee had, meanwhile, after the Battle of Coronel, been devoting himself to harrying maritime commerce. The Falklands could wait for the present. Since the beginning of hostilities the work of his light cruisers had been moderately successful. The *Nürnberg* had cut the cable between Bamfield, British Columbia, and Fanning Island. The *Leipzig* had accounted for at least four British merchantmen, and the *Dresden* for at least two more. The armed liner *Eitel Friedrich* had also

Achievements of the raiders.

[1] The writer cannot vouch for the truth of this anecdote, which he merely records as given in a letter published in the press. But the source from which it was taken, together with many of the preceding details of the condition of Stanley during the period of tension, has proved so accurate in essential points of fact, that their insertion seems justifiable

achieved some success. Several traders had had narrow escapes. The Chilian coast was in a state of blockade to British vessels, the ports being crowded with shipping that hesitated to venture forth into the danger zone. The Germans were masters of the Pacific and South Atlantic trade routes. The Straits of Magellan and the Horn formed a great waterway of commerce, which for sailing vessels was, indeed, the only eastern outlet from the Pacific. But completely as he had the situation in hand, von Spee was experiencing increasing problems and difficulties with regard to supplies of coal and provisions. Without these he was impotent. He had been employing German merchantmen to great advantage for refueling. But trouble was brewing with the Chilian authorities. Many signs were leading the latter to suspect that, contrary to international law, German traders were loading at Chilian ports cargoes of coal and provisions, contraband of war, and were transferring them at sea to the German warships. There were other causes of complaint. Juan Fernandez, the isle of romance and of mystery, the home of the original of Robinson Crusoe, was said to have been degraded into use as a base for apportioning the booty, coals and victuals, among the belligerent vessels. The island was a Chilian possession. It was practically certain that von Spee's squadron had stayed there beyond the legal limit of time. A French merchantman had, contrary to rule, also been sunk there by the *Dresden,* within Chilian territorial waters. Inquiries in other quarters were being made, moreover, as to the friendly wireless stations which the Germans had been utilizing secretly in Colombia and Ecuador; while a rumour was current in the United States that neutral vessels had been seized and pillaged on the high seas. Von Spee soon found that he

Supplies hard to obtain.

The question of neutrality.

was nearing the end even of his illegitimate resources. He had tried the patience of the Chilian authorities too far. About the middle of November they suddenly prohibited, as a provisional measure, the vessels of the Kosmos Company from leaving any Chilian port. On November 24 a Government ship was sent to Juan Fernandez to investigate, and to see that Chilian neutrality was upheld. Many such signs seemed to warn von Spee that the time was appropriate to a sudden disappearance. He gathered his squadron for a descent at last upon the Falklands. His plans must be, not merely for a raid, but for an occupation. There were probably two or three small ships there. They should be sunk. The wireless station must be destroyed. The Islands, after a landing had been effected and the defence reduced, could be used as a base for the German operations. There were large quantities of coal and stores at Stanley. The harbour possessed facilities for refitting. To dislodge a strong German naval force, with adequate guns, placed in occupation of the colony, would be a difficult task for the enemy. The Falklands had many possibilities. According to von Spee's information they were feebly defended and would fall an easy prey. At length, early in the morning of December 8, the Admiral brought his fleet off Stanley. His five cruisers approached from the south. They were, of course, observed. A warning gun, probably from one of the small ships which he would shortly sink, sounded the alarm inside the harbour. There was no need, however, for haste. At twenty minutes past nine the *Gneisenau* and the *Nürnberg* moved towards the wireless station, and brought their guns to bear upon it. But suddenly from inside the harbour there came the thunder of a big gun. Five shells, of very heavy calibre, screamed in quick succession from over the low-

Chile's neutrality.

Falklands a possible base.

***Gneisenau* and *Nürnberg* fire on wireless station.**

lying land. One of the vessels was struck. Surprise and bewilderment took the Germans. This was most unexpected. The *Gneisenau* and the *Nürnberg* hastily retired out of range. Germans are surprised.

Sir Doveton and his fleet, meanwhile, had gone to breakfast. Steam for full speed was got up as rapidly as possible. Coaling operations had recommenced at 6.30 that morning. The colliers were hurriedly cast off, and the decks were cleared for action. Officers and men were delighted at the prospect of an early fight. The Germans had saved them a long cold search around the Horn by calling for them. There was going to be no mistake this time. The enemy could not escape. Sturdee's squadron was superior both in weight and speed to the German. It consisted of two battle-cruisers of over 17,000 tons, the *Invincible* and *Inflexible;* of three cruisers of about 10,000 tons, the *Carnarvon, Kent,* and *Cornwall;* and of two light cruisers of 4,800 tons, the *Glasgow* and *Bristol.* The primary armament of the *Invincible* and *Inflexible* was eight 12-inch guns; of the *Carnarvon,* four 7·5-inch; of the *Kent* and *Cornwall,* fourteen 6-inch; of the *Glasgow* and *Bristol,* two 6-inch. The speed of the battle-cruisers was twenty-eight knots; of the three middle-class cruisers, twenty-two to twenty-four knots; and of the light cruisers, twenty-five to twenty-six knots. In size, in armament, in speed, the British squadron would decidedly preponderate. Admiral Sturdee, however, though confident of victory, was determined to take no risks, and to minimize loss in men and material by making full use of his superior long-range gunfire, and of his superior speed. He would wait, screened by the land, until the Germans had drawn nearer. Everything should be got ready carefully. Undue excitement was to be deprecated. Meanwhile, he watched the enemy closely. At about a quarter to nine, Strength of British squadron. Admiral Sturdee both confident and cautious.

Enemy eight miles away.

Captain Grant of the *Canopus* reported that the first two ships sighted were now about eight miles away: the other two were still at a distance of some twenty miles. The *Kent* passed down the harbour and took up a position at the entrance. Five minutes later the smoke of a fifth German vessel was observed. When, in about half an hour's time, the two leading enemy ships made a threatening move in the direction of the wireless station, the Admiral ordered a swift counterstroke. Officers upon the hills above the town signalled the range,

Canopus opens fire.

11,000 yards, to the *Canopus*. She opened fire with her 12-inch guns. The Germans hoisted their colours and drew back. Their masts and smoke were now visible from the upper bridge of the *Invincible* across the low land bounding Port William on the south. Within a few minutes the two cruisers altered course and made for the harbour-mouth. Here the *Kent* lay stationed. It seemed that the Germans were about to engage her. As, however, they approached, the masts and funnels of two large ships at anchor within the port became visible to them. The *Gneisenau* and the *Nürnberg* could hardly expect to contend alone with this force. They at once changed their direction, and moved back at increased speed to join their consorts.

Weather unusually fair.

The morning was gloriously fine. The sun shone brightly, the sky was clear, the sea was calm, and a breeze blew lightly from the north-west. It was one of the rare bright stretches that visit the Islands, for usually rain falls, mostly in misty drizzles, on about 250 days in the year. At twenty minutes to ten the *Glasgow* weighed anchor, and joined the *Kent* at the harbour-mouth. Five minutes later the rest of the squadron weighed, and began to steam out. The battleship *Canopus*, her speed making her unsuitable for a chase, was left in harbour.

The *Bristol* and the *Macedonia* also remained behind for the present. By a dexterous use of oil fuel the two battle-cruisers were kept shrouded as much as possible in dense clouds of smoke. The enemy for some time could not gauge their size. But as vessel after vessel emerged, Admiral von Spee grew uneasy. The English were in altogether unexpected strength. His squadron could not cope with such force. He had played into the enemy's hands, and unless he could outspeed their ships, the game was up. Without hesitation, he steamed off at high speed to eastward. The British followed, steaming at fifteen to eighteen knots. The enemy, to their south-east, were easily visible. At twenty past ten an order for a general chase was signalled. The *Invincible* and the *Inflexible* quickly drew to the fore. The Germans were roughly in line abreast, 20,000 yards, or some eleven miles, ahead. The morning sunlight, the gleaming seas, the grey warships, white foam springing from their bows, tearing at high speed through the waves, formed a magnificent spectacle. Crowds of the inhabitants of Stanley gathered upon the hills above the town to view the chase. The excitement and enthusiasm were intense. The vessels were in sight about two hours. At about a quarter past eleven it was reported from a point in the south of East Falkland that three other German ships were in sight. They were probably colliers or transports. The *Bristol* signalled the information to Admiral Sturdee. He at once ordered her, with the armed liner *Macedonia,* to hasten in their direction and destroy them. The newcomers made off to south-west, and the British followed. Meanwhile the rest of the squadron, now travelling at twenty-three knots, were slowly closing upon the enemy. The distance had narrowed to 15—16,000 yards. The British were within striking

Chase begins.

More German ships sighted.

range. Nevertheless, Sturdee decided to wait till after dinner before engaging. His guns could outdistance those of the enemy. It would be advisable for him to keep at long range. The Germans, on the other hand, would be forced, when firing commenced, to alter course and draw in, in order to bring their own guns into play. The men had their midday meal at twelve o'clock as usual. It is said that comfortable time was allowed afterwards for a smoke. The *Invincible, Inflexible,* and *Glasgow* at about 12.30 increased their speed to between twenty-five and twenty-eight knots, and went on ahead. Just after a quarter to one there was a signal from the Admiral: 'Open fire and engage the enemy.' A few minutes later there were sharp commands. The ranges were signalled, and the bigger guns were laid. Fiery glares and dense clouds of smoke burst suddenly from their muzzles. The air quivered with their thunder. Shells went screaming in the direction of the nearest light cruiser, the *Leipzig,* which was dropping rapidly astern. The firing was uncomfortably accurate. The three smaller German cruisers very soon left the line, and made an attempt, veering off to the south, to scatter and escape. Flame and smoke issued from the *Leipzig,* before she drew clear, where a shell had struck. Sir Doveton Sturdee directed the *Glasgow, Kent,* and *Cornwall* to pursue the German light cruisers. With his remaining vessels, the *Invincible,* the *Inflexible,* and the slower *Carnarvon,* he turned upon the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau,* and began operations in earnest.

Battle joined.

The interval of sunlight which had opened the day with such promise was of short duration. The sky became overcast. Soon after four o'clock the air was thick with rain-mist. From 1.15 onwards for three hours a fierce duel was maintained between the two British

battle-cruisers and the two German armoured cruisers. The enemy made every effort to get away. They replied to the British fire for some time, having dropped back to within 13,500 yards. But shortly after two o'clock they changed their course, and began to haul out to south-east. The *Invincible* and the *Inflexible* had eased their speed, and the range now widened by about 3,000 yards. A second chase ensued. A full-rigged sailing-ship appeared in the distance at about a quarter to three. Her crew most have beheld an awe-inspiring scene. Shortly before the hour firing recommenced. The action began to develop. Great coolness and efficiency were shown on board the British vessels. Every man was at his battle-station, behind armour. Fire-control parties were at their instruments. Water from numerous hoses was flooding the decks as a precaution against fire. The roaring of the discharges, the screaming of the shells, the clangour of metal upon metal, the crashes of the explosions, made up a tumult that was painful in its intensity. During intervals in the firing came the rushing of the waves and of the breeze, and the grinding and grunting of the hydraulic engines in the turrets, where swung, training constantly upon the enemy, the greater guns. The Germans soon began to show signs of distress. The *Scharnhorst* particularly suffered. Dense clouds of smoke, making it difficult for the British accurately to gauge the damage, rose from her decks. Shells rending her side disclosed momentarily the dull red glow of flame. She was burning fiercely. The firing on both sides was deadly, though the German had slackened considerably. But the British vessels, through their preponderance in gunfire, suffered little damage. Their 12-inch guns hit their marks constantly, while 8·2-inch guns of the *Scharnhorst* were accurate, but ineffective. She veered

The *Scharnhorst* on fire.

to starboard at about 3.30, to bring into play her starboard batteries. Both her masts and three of her four funnels were shot away. At length the German flagship began to settle down rapidly in the waters. It was about a quarter past four. There was a swirl of the seas and a rush of steam and smoke. The *Scharnhorst* disappeared. She went down with her flag flying to an ocean grave, bearing 760 brave men and a gallant admiral, whose name will deservedly rank high in the annals of German naval history. The *Gneisenau* passed on the far side of her sunken flagship. With the guns of both battle-cruisers now bearing upon her alone, the German was soon in sore straits. But she fought on gallantly for a considerable time. At half-past five she had ceased firing, and appeared to be sinking. She had suffered severe damage. Smoke and steam were rising everywhere. Her bridge had been shot away. Her foremost funnel was resting against the second. Her upper deck was so shattered that it could not be crossed, and every man upon it had been killed. An exploding shell had hurled one of the gun-turrets bodily overboard. Fire was raging aft. Her colours had been shot away several times, and hoisted as often. One of the flags was hauled down at about twenty to six, though that at the peak was still flying. She began to fire again with a single gun. The *Invincible,* the *Inflexible,* and the *Carnarvon,* which had now come up, closed in upon the doomed vessel. Firing was recommenced. The *Gneisenau* was not moving. Both her engines were smashed. Shells striking the water near her sent up colossal columns of water, which, falling upon the ship, put out some of the fires. She soon began to settle down in the waves. All her guns were now out of action, and Sturdee ordered the "Cease fire". There could be little doubt that her stubborn resistance

The *Scharnhorst* sinks.

was nearing its end. The German commander lined up his men on the decks. The ammunition was exhausted. The ship would soon go down. Some six hundred men had already been killed. The survivors had better provide themselves with articles for their support in the water. At six o'clock the *Gneisenau* heeled over suddenly. Clouds of steam sprang forth. Her stem swung up into the air, and she sank. Large numbers of her crew could be seen floating in the icy waves, hanging on to pieces of wreckage, and uttering terribly uncanny cries. The sea was choppy. Drizzling rain was falling. The British steamed up immediately. All undamaged boats were got out. Ropes were lowered. Lifebuoys and spars were thrown to the drowning men. But many of them, numbed by the freezing water, let go their hold and sank. About 180, among them the captain of the *Gneisenau,* were saved. It is said that much agreeable surprise, upon the discovery that their anticipations of being shot would not be realized, was manifested by the German sailors.

The *Gneisenau* goes down.

Meanwhile, battle had been in progress elsewhere. The *Bristol* and the *Macedonia* had overtaken the the transports *Baden* and *Santa Isabel,* had captured their crews, and had sunk the ships. The armed liner accompanying them, the *Eitel Friedrich,* had, however, made off and got away by means of her superior speed. The *Kent, Glasgow* and *Cornwall* had pursued the German light cruisers in a southerly direction. The *Dresden,* the fastest, proved too speedy a vessel to overtake. She was ahead of her consorts, upon either quarter, and made her escape whilst they were being engaged. The *Kent* gave chase to the *Nürnberg.* The *Glasgow,* in pursuit of the *Leipzig,* raced ahead of the *Cornwall,* and by about three o'clock in the afternoon had closed suffi-

The *Eitel Friedrich* escapes.

ciently, within 12,000 yards, to open fire with her foremost guns. The German ship turned every now and then to fire a salvo. Soon a regular battle began which was maintained for some hours. Shells fell all around the *Glasgow*. There were several narrow escapes, but the casualties were few. Shortly after six a wireless message was received from Admiral Sturdee, announcing that the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* had been sunk. A cheer surged up, and the men set to work with renewed spirits and energy. The *Cornwall* had come up some time before, and the *Leipzig* was now severely damaged. But she fought on for three more hours. Darkness came on. The German cruiser began to burn fore and aft. It was nine o'clock before she at last turned over and sank.

The *Leipzig* is sunk.

The British vessels had, during the course of the action, steamed miles apart, and far out of sight of land. During the evening and night they began to get into touch with one another and with Stanley by means of their wireless. All the ships except the *Kent* were accounted for, and reported all well. But no reply was forthcoming to the numerous calls, "Kent, Kent, Kent", that were sent out. She had, in chase of the *Nürnberg,* lost all touch with the rest of the squadron. There was great uneasiness. It was feared that she had been lost. The other ships were directed to search for her, and for the *Nürnberg* and the *Dresden*. Late in the afternoon of the following day, however, she entered Stanley harbour safely. Her wireless had been destroyed, but she had sunk the *Nürnberg,* after a very stern struggle. The German captain, Schönberg, is reported, indeed, to have said at Honolulu, "The *Nürnberg* will very likely be our coffin. But we are ready to fight to the last". He had fought and died true to his words. The German ship was ordinarily more than a knot faster than the British. But the

The *Kent* returns.

engineers and stokers of the *Kent* rose magnificently to the occasion. Fuel was piled high. Her engines were strained to the utmost. Soon she was speeding through the waves at twenty-five knots, a knot and a half more than her registered speed. The *Nürnberg* drew nearer. At five o'clock she was within range, and firing was opened. A sharp action began which lasted some two and a half hours. The *Kent* was struck many times, and lost several men. She had one narrow escape. A bursting shell ignited some cordite charges, and a flash of flame went down the hoist into the ammunition passage. Some empty shell bags began to burn. But a sergeant picked up a cordite charge and hurled it out of danger. Seizing a fire hose, he flooded the compartment and extinguished the fire. A disastrous explosion, which might have proved fatal to the vessel, was thus averted. Her silken ensign and jack, presented by the ladies of Kent, were torn to ribbons. The gallant captain collected the pieces, some being caught in the rigging, and carefully preserved them. The *Nürnberg,* however, was soon in sore straits. Many shells struck her, and she was set afire. Day drew into evening, and darkness deepened. The Germans ceased firing, and the *Kent,* within about 3,000 yards, followed suit upon the enemy's colours being hauled down. The *Nürnberg* sank just before half-past seven. As she disappeared beneath the surface, men upon her quarterdeck were waving the German ensign. The *Kent,* after picking up some survivors, put about, and returned to Stanley.

Sinking of the *Nürnberg.*

Here the rest of the squadron soon gathered. Congratulatory telegrams began to pour in to Sir Doveton Sturdee. And the curtain closed, in the flush of triumph, upon the most memorable and most dramatic episode in the history of the Falklands.

One further episode remains to complete the

story. The *Dresden* and the armed liner *Eitel Friedrich,* the sole survivors of the German squadron, made once more for the Pacific. They were lost sight of for many weeks. Suspicious movements and activities on the part of German merchantmen were, however, again observed. The Government wireless station at Valparaiso intercepted messages from the *Dresden* summoning friendly vessels to bring her supplies. Persistent rumours began to be circulated that she was hiding in the inlets of southern Chili. During January, 1915, the *Eitel Friedrich* seized and destroyed six vessels, chiefly sailing-ships, some in Pacific, most in Atlantic waters. In February she accounted for four more. Towards the end of the month a British barque was sunk by the *Dresden.* The position was again rapidly becoming troublesome. The movement of British shipping, on the Chilian coast had to be suspended. But the *Glasgow* and the *Kent* were on the *Dresden's* track. The *Kent* entered Coronel on March 13, coaled, and departed the same night. The *Eitel Friedrich,* meanwhile, had arrived at Newport News, a United States port, with her engines badly in need of repair. Much indignation was aroused among Americans by the announcement that one of her victims had been an American vessel. The German liner had many prisoners on board. Declarations of a resolve, if he had been caught by the British, to have sunk fighting to the last, were repeatedly and emphatically declaimed by the German captain. Five days later he learned that the *Dresden* had tamely surrendered off Juan Fernandez after a five minutes' action. The *Kent,* at nine o'clock on the morning after she had left Coronel, together with the *Glasgow* and the auxiliary cruiser *Orama,* came up with the *Dresden* near the island. A sharp encounter followed. The German cruiser was hit heavily. Fire broke

Exploits of the *Eitel Friedrich.*

The *Eitel Friedrich* comes to Newport News.

out. In five minutes' time she hauled down her colours and hoisted a white flag. The crew were taken off. The *Dresden* continued to burn for some time, until finally her magazine exploded and she sank. The German officers contended that their vessel was sunk within Chilian territorial waters. It had not hitherto been noticeable that their consciences were concerned to maintain Chilian neutrality inviolate.

The *Dresden* sinks.

The Battle of the Falkland Islands was the first decisive naval contest of the war. It removed a formidable menace to the trade routes. It relieved British convoys and transports from danger of interruption. It freed many battleships and cruisers, engaged in sweeping the oceans, for other usefulness. It gave Great Britain effective mastery of the outer seas. Henceforth German naval ambition, frustrated in its endeavour to disorganize the trade routes, was forced, within the limits of the North Sea and of British waters, to seek less adventurous but more disreputable ends. A series of bombardments of coast towns was planned. A preliminary success was followed by a galling disaster.

Results of the Falkland battle.

With the exception of the naval engagements described above, the operations of the Germans in the sea was limited chiefly to preying upon enemy commerce by isolated vessels. Of these terrors of the sea the most famous was the cruiser *Emden,* which began her career on October 29 by sinking the Russian cruiser *Jemtchug* in Penang Harbor. Her career until her destruction and the adventures of those of her crew who escaped are described in the following chapter.

CRUISE OF THE EMDEN

CAPTAIN MÜCKE

"WE on the *Emden* had no idea where we were going, as on August 11, 1914, we separated from the cruiser squadron, escorted only by the coaler *Markomannia.* Under way, the *Emden* picked up three officers from German steamers. That was a piece of luck, for afterward we needed many officers for the capturing and sinking of steamers, or manning them when we took them with us. On September 10 the first boat came in sight. We stop her. She proves to be a Greek tramp, chartered from England. On the next day we met the *Indus,* bound for Bombay, all fitted up as a troop transport, but still without troops. That was the first one we sunk. The crew we took aboard the *Markomannia.* 'What's the name of your ship?' the officers asked us. *'Emden!* Impossible. Why, the *Emden* was sunk long ago in battle with the *Ascold!'*

The *Indus* sunk.

"Then we sank the *Lovat* a troop transport ship, and took the *Kabinga* along with us. One gets used quickly to new forms of activity. After a few days capturing ships became a habit. Of the twenty-three which we captured, most of them stopped after our first signal. When they didn't, we fired a blank shot. Then they all stopped. Only one, the *Clan Mattesen,* waited for a real shot across the bow before giving up its many automobiles and locomotives to the seas. The officers were mostly very polite and let down rope ladders for us. After a few hours they'd be on board with us. We

Capturing ships a habit.

ourselves never set foot in their cabins, nor took charge of them. The officers often acted on their own initiative and signaled to us the nature of their cargo; then the Commandant decided as to whether to sink the ship or take it with us. Of the cargo, we always took everything we could use, particularly provisions. Many of the English officers and sailors made good use of the hours of transfer to drink up the supply of whisky instead of sacrificing it to the waves. I heard that one Captain was lying in tears at the enforced separation from his beloved ship, but on investigation found that he was merely dead drunk. But much worse was the open betrayal which many practiced toward their brother Captains, whom they probably regarded as rivals. 'Haven't you met the *Kilo* yet? If you keep on your course two hours longer, you must overhaul her,' one Captain said to me of his own accord. To other tips from other Captains we owed many of our prizes. I am prepared to give their names," Captain Mücke added.

Provisions secured.

"The Captain of one ship once called out cheerily: 'Thank God I've been captured!' He had received expense money for the trip to Australia, and was now saved half the journey!

"We had mostly quiet weather, so that communication with captured ships was easy. They were mostly dynamited, or else shot close to the water line. The sinking process took longer or shorter, according to where they were struck and the nature of the cargo. Mostly the ships keeled over on their sides till the water flowed down the smokestacks, a last puff of smoke came out, and then they were gone. Many, however, went down sharply bow first, the stern rising high in the air.

The process of sinking.

"On the *Kabinga* the Captain had his wife and youngster with him. He was inclined at first to be disagreeable. 'What are you going

The *Kabinga*.

to do with us? Shall we be set out in boats and left to our fate?' he asked. Afterward he grew confidential, like all the Captains, called us 'Old Chap,' gave the Lieutenant a nice new oilskin, and as we finally let the *Kabinga* go wrote us a letter of thanks, and his wife asked for an Emden armband and a button. They all gave us three cheers as they steamed away. 'Come to Calcutta some time!' was the last thing the Captain said, 'and catch the pilots so that those [unprintable seaman's epithet] fellows will feel something of the war, too.'

"A few days later, by Calcutta, we made one of our richest hauls, the *Diplomat,* chock full of tea—we sunk $2,500,000 worth. On the same day the *Trabbotch,* too, which steered right straight toward us, literally into our arms.

"But now we wanted to beat it out of the Bay of Bengal, because we had learned from the papers that the *Emden* was being keenly searched for. By Rangoon we encountered a Norwegian tramp, which, for a cash consideration, took over all the rest of our prisoners of war. Later on another neutral ship rejected a similar request and betrayed us to the Japanese into the bargain. On September 23 we reached Madras and steered straight for the harbor. We stopped still 3,000 yards before the city. Then we shot up the oil tanks. Three or four burned up and illuminated the city. They answered. Several of the papers asserted that we left with lights out. On the contrary, we showed our lights so as to seem to indicate that we were going northward; only later did we put them out, turn around, and steer southward. As we left we could see the fire burning brightly in the night, and even by daylight, ninety sea miles away, we could still see the smoke from the burning oil tanks. Two days later we navigated around Ceylon, and could see the lights of Colombo. On the same eve-

Madras oil tanks burned.

ning we gathered in two more steamers, the *King Lund* and *Tyweric*. The latter was particularly good to us, for it brought us the very latest evening papers from Colombo, which it had only left two hours before.

"Everything went well, the only trouble was that our prize, the *Markomannia*, didn't have much coal left. We said one evening in the mess: 'The only thing lacking now is a nice steamer with 500 tons of nice Cardiff coal.' The next evening we got her, the *Burresk*, brand-new, from England on her maiden voyage, bound for Hongkong. Then followed in order the *Riberia, Foyle, Grand Ponrabbel, Benmore, Troiens, Exfort, Grycefale, Sankt Eckbert, Chilkana*. Most of them were sunk; the coal ships were kept. The *Eckbert* was let go with a load of passengers and captured crews. We also sent the *Markomannia* away because it hadn't any more coal. She was later captured by the English together with all the prize papers about their own captured ships. All this happened before October 20; then we sailed southward, to Deogazia, southwest of Colombo. South of Lakadiven on Deogazia some Englishmen came on board, solitary farmers who were in touch with the world only every three months through schooners. They knew nothing about the war, took us for an English man-of-war, and asked us to repair their motor boat for them. We kept still and invited them to dinner in our officers' mess. Presently they stood still in front of the portrait of the Kaiser, quite astounded. 'This is a German ship!' We continued to keep still. 'Why is your ship so dirty?' they asked. We shrugged our shoulders. 'Will you take some letters for us?' they asked. 'Sorry, impossible; we don't know what port we'll run into.' Then they left our ship, but about the war we told them not a single word.

Ships that the *Emden* captured.

"Now we went toward Miniko, where we sank two ships more. The Captain of one of them said to us: 'Why don't you try your luck around north of Miniko? There's lots of ships there now?' On the next day we found three steamers to the north, one of them with much desired Cardiff coal. From English papers on captured ships we learned that we were being hotly pursued. The stokers also told us a lot. Our pursuers evidently must also have a convenient base. Penang was the tip given us. There we had hopes of finding two French cruisers.

Coal steamers captured.

"One night we started for Penang. On October 28 we raised our very practicable fourth smokestack—Mücke's own invention. As a result, we were taken for English or French. The harbor of Penang lies in a channel difficult of access. There was nothing doing by night; we had to do it at daybreak. At high speed, without smoke, with lights out, we steered into the mouth of the channel. A torpedo boat on guard slept well. We steamed past its small light. Inside lay a dark silhouette; that must be a warship! But it wasn't the French cruiser we were looking for. We recognized the silhouette—dead sure; that was the Russian cruiser *Jemtchug*. There it lay, there it slept like a rat. No watch to be seen. They made it easy for us. Because of the narrowness of the harbor we had to keep close; we fired the first torpedo at 400 yards. Then to be sure things livened up a bit on the sleeping warship. At the same time we took the crew quarters under fire, five shells at a time. There was a flash of flame on board, then a kind of burning aureole. After the fourth shell, the flame burned high. The first torpedo had struck the ship too deep because we were too close to it. a second torpedo which we fired off from the other side didn't make the same mistake. After

The fourth smokestack.

twenty seconds there was absolutely not a trace of the ship to be seen. The enemy had fired off only about six shots.

"But now another ship, which we couldn't see, was firing. That was the French *D'Ibreville,* toward which we now turned at once. A few minutes later an incoming torpedo destroyer was reported. He mustn't find us in that narrow harbor, otherwise we were finished! But it proved to be a false alarm; only a small merchant steamer that looked like a destroyer, and which at once showed the merchant flag and steered for shore. Shortly afterward a second one was reported. This time it proved to be the French torpedo boat *Mousquet.* It comes straight toward us. That's always remained a mystery to me, for it must have heard the shooting. An officer whom we fished up afterward explained to me that they had only recognized we were a German warship when they were quite close to us. The Frenchman behaved well, accepted battle and fought on, but was polished off by us with three broadsides. The whole fight with both ships lasted half an hour. The commander of the torpedo boat lost both legs by the first broadside. When he saw that part of his crew were leaping overboard, he cried out: 'Tie me fast; I will not survive after seeing Frenchmen desert their ship!' As a matter of fact, he went down with his ship as a brave Captain, lashed fast to the mast. Then we fished up thirty heavily wounded; three died at once. We sewed a Tricolor (the French flag), wound them in it and buried them at sea, with seamen's honors, three salvos. That was my only sea fight. The second one I did not take part in."

French ships fight the *Emden.*

A burial at sea.

Mücke, who had been recounting his lively narrative, partly like an officer, partly like an artist, and not trying to eliminate the flavor of adventure, now takes on quite another

tone as he comes to tell of the end of the *Emden:*

Landing on Cocos Island.

"On November 9 I left the *Emden* in order to destroy the wireless plant on the Cocos Island. I had fifty men, four machine guns, about thirty rifles. Just as we were about to destroy the apparatus it reported: 'Careful; *Emden* near.' The work of destruction went smoothly. The wireless operator said: 'Thank God! It's been like being under arrest day and night lately.' Presently the *Emden* signaled to us: 'Hurry up.' I pack up, but simultaneously wails the *Emden's* siren. I hurry up to the bridge, see the flag 'Anna' go up. That means 'Weigh anchor.' We ran like mad into our boat, but already the *Emden's* pennant goes up. the battle flag is raised, they fire from starboard.

Order to weigh anchor.

"The enemy is concealed by the island and therefore not to be seen, but I see the shells strike the water. To follow and catch the *Emden* is out of the question; she's going twenty knots, I only four with my steam pinnace. Therefore, I turn back to land, raise the flag, declare German laws of war in force, seize all arms, set up my machine guns on shore in order to guard against a hostile landing. Then I run again in order to observe the fight. From the splash of the shells it looked as if the enemy had fifteen-centimeter guns, bigger, therefore, than the *Emden's.* He fired rapidly, but poorly. It was the Australian cruiser *Sydney.*"

The *Sydney* traps the *Emden.*

"Have you heard?" Mücke suddenly asked in between, "if anything has happened to the *Sydney?* At the Dardanelles maybe?" And his hatred of the *Emden's* "hangman" is visible for a second in his blue eyes. Then he continues:

"According to the accounts of the Englishmen who saw the first part of the engagement from shore, the *Emden* was cut off rapidly.

Her forward smokestack lay across the ship. She went over to circular fighting and to torpedo firing, but already burned fiercely aft. Behind the mainmast several shells struck home; we saw the high flame. Whether circular fighting or a running fight now followed, I don't know, because I again had to look to my land defenses. Later I looked on from the roof of a house. Now the *Emden* again stood out to sea about 4,000 to 5,000 yards, still burning. As she again turned toward the enemy, the forward mast was shot away. On the enemy no outward damage was apparent, but columns of smoke showed where shots had struck home. Then the *Emden* took a northerly course, likewise the enemy, and I had to stand there helpless gritting my teeth and thinking: 'Damn it; the *Emden* is burning and you aren't on board!' An Englishman who had also climbed up to the roof of the house, approached me, greeted me politely, and asked: 'Captain, would you like to have a game of tennis with us?'

The *Emden* on fire.

"The ships, still fighting, disappeared beyond the horizon. I thought that an unlucky outcome for the *Emden* was possible, also a landing by the enemy on Keeling Island, at least for the purpose of landing the wounded and taking on provisions. As, according to the statements of the Englishmen, there were other ships in the neighborhood, I saw myself faced with the certainty of having soon to surrender because of a lack of ammunition. But for no price did I and my men want to get into English imprisonment. As I was thinking about all this, the masts again appear on the horizon, the *Emden* steaming easterly, but very much slower. All at once the enemy, at high speed, shoots by, apparently, quite close to the *Emden*. A high, white waterspout showed among the black smoke of the enemy. That was a torpedo.

The fighting ships disappear

I see how the two opponents withdrew, the distance growing greater between them; how they separate, till they disappear in the darkness. The fight had lasted ten hours.

"I had made up my mind to leave the island as quick as possible. The *Emden* was gone; the danger for us growing. In the harbor I had noticed a three-master, the schooner *Ayesha*. Mr. Ross, the owner of the ship and of the island, had warned me that the boat was leaky, but I found it quite a seaworthy tub. Now quickly provisions were taken on board for eight weeks, water for four. The Englishmen very kindly showed us the best water and gave us clothing and utensils. They declared this was their thanks for our 'moderation' and 'generosity.' Then they collected the autographs of our men, photographed them, and gave three cheers as our last boat put off. It was evening, nearly dark. We sailed away. After a short address, amid three hurrahs, I raised the German war flag on 'S. M. S. *Ayesha*.'"

Mücke seizes a schooner.

"The *Ayesha* proved to be a really splendid ship," Mücke continued, and whenever he happens to speak of this sailing ship he grows warmer. One notices the passion for sailing which this seaman has, for he was trained on a sailing ship and had won many prizes in the regattas at Kiel. "But we had hardly any instruments," he narrated, "we had only one sextant and two chronometers on board, but a chronometer journal was lacking. Luckily I found an old 'Indian Ocean Directory' of 1882 on board; its information went back to the year 1780.

The *Ayesha* sails westward.

"At first we had to overhaul all the tackle, for I didn't trust to peace, and we had left the English Captain back on the island. I had said: 'We are going to East Africa.' Therefore I sailed at first westward, then northward. There followed the monsoons, but

then also long periods of dead calm. Then we scolded! Only two neutral ports came seriously under consideration: Batavia and Padang. At Keeling I cautiously asked about Tsing-tao, of which I had naturally thought first, and so quite by chance learned that it had fallen. Now I decided for Padang, because I knew I would be more apt to meet the *Emden* there, also because there was a German Consul there, because my schooner was unknown there, and because I hoped to find German ships there and learn some news. 'It'll take you six to eight days to reach Batavia,' a Captain had told me at Keeling. Now we needed eighteen days to reach Padang, the weather was so rottenly still.

En route to Padang.

"We had an excellent cook on board; he had deserted from the French Foreign Legion. But with water we had to go sparingly, each man received three glasses daily. When it rained, all possible receptacles were placed on deck and the main sail was spread over the cabin roof to catch the rain. The whole crew went about naked, in order to spare our wash, for the clothing from Keeling was soon in rags. Toothbrushes were long ago out of sight. One razor made the rounds of the crew. The entire ship had one precious comb.

Life on board the *Ayesha*.

"As at length we came in the neighborhood of Padang, on November 26, a ship appeared for the first time and looked after our name. But the name had been painted over, because it was the former English name. As I think, 'You're rid of the fellow,' the ship comes again in the evening, comes within a hundred yards of us. I send all men below deck. I promenade the deck as the solitary skipper. Through Morse signals the stranger betrayed its identity. It was the Hollandish torpedo boat *Lyn*. I asked by signals, first in English, then twice in German: 'Why do you follow me?' No

A Dutch torpedo boat.

answer. The next morning I find myself in Hollandish waters, so I raise pennant and war flag. Now the *Lyn* came at top speed past us. As it passes, I have my men line up on deck, and give a greeting. The greeting is answered. Then, before the harbor at Padang, I went aboard the *Lyn* in my well and carefully preserved uniform and declared my intentions. The commandant opined that I could run into the harbor, but whether I might come out again was doubtful."

"On the South Coast," interjected Lieutenant Wellman, who at that time lay with a German ship before Padang and only later joined the landing corps of the *Emden,* "we suddenly saw a three-master arrive. Great excitement aboard our German ship, for the schooner carried the German war flag. We thought she came from New Guinea and at once made all boats clear, on the *Kleist, Rheinland,* and *Choising,* for we were all on the search for the *Emden.* When we heard that the schooner carried the landing corps, not a man of us would believe it."

A German ship.

"They wanted to treat me as a prize!" Mücke now continued. "I said, 'I am a man of war,' and pointed to my four machine guns. The harbor authorities demanded a certification for pennant and war flag, also papers to prove that I was the commander of this warship. I answered, for that I was only responsible to my superior officers. Now they advised me the most insistently to allow ourselves to be interned peacefully. They said it wasn't at all pleasant in the neighborhood. We'd fall into the hands of the Japanese or the English. As a matter of fact, we had again had great luck. On the day before a Japanese warship had cruised around here. Naturally, I rejected all the well-meant and kindly advice, and did this in presence of my lieutenants. I de-

manded provisions, water, sails, tackle, and clothing. They replied we could take on board everything which we formerly had on board, but nothing which would mean an increase in our naval strength. First thing, I wanted to improve our wardrobe, for I had only one sock, a pair of shoes, and one clean shirt, which had become rather seedy. My comrades had even less. But the Master of the Port declined to let us have not only charts, but also clothing and toothbrushes, on the ground that these would be an increase of armament. Nobody could come aboard, nobody could leave the ship without permission. I requested that the Consul be allowed to come aboard. This Consul, Herr Schild, as also the Brothers Bäumer, gave us assistance in the friendliest fashion. From the German steamers boats could come alongside and talk with us. Finally we were allowed to have German papers. They were, to be sure, from August. Until March we saw no more papers.

Supplies are refused.

"Hardly had we been towed out again after twenty-four hours, on the evening of the 28th, when a searchlight appeared before us. I think: 'Better interned than prisoner.' I put out all lights and withdrew to the shelter of the island. But they were Hollanders and didn't do anything to us. Then for two weeks more we drifted around, lying still for days. The weather was alternately still, rainy and blowy. At length a ship comes in sight—a freighter. It sees us and makes a big curve around us. I make everything hastily 'clear for battle.' Then one of our officers recognizes her for the *Choising*. She shows the German flag. I send up light rockets, although it was broad day, and go with all sails set that were still setable, toward her. The *Choising* is a coaster, from Hongkong for Siam. It was at Singapore when the war broke out, then went

The German ship *Choising*.

to Batavia, was chartered loaded with coal for the *Emden,* and had put into Padang in need, because the coal in the hold had caught fire. There we had met her.

"Great was our joy now. I had all my men come on deck and line up for review. The fellows hadn't a rag on. Thus, in Nature's garb, we gave three cheers for the German flag on the *Choising.* The men on the *Choising* told us afterward 'we couldn't make out what that meant, those stark naked fellows all cheering!' The sea was too high, and we had to wait two days before we could board the *Choising* on December 16. We took very little with us; the schooner was taken in tow. In the afternoon we sunk the *Ayesha* and we were all very sad. The good old *Ayesha* had served us faithfully for six weeks. The log showed that we had made 1,709 sea miles under sail since leaving Keeling. She wasn't at all rotten and unseaworthy, as they had told me, but nice and white and dry inside. I had grown fond of the ship, on which I could practice my old sailing manoeuvres. The only trouble was that the sails would go to pieces every now and then because they were so old.

The crew board the *Choising.*

"But anyway she went down quite properly, didn't she?" Mücke turned to the officer. "We had bored a hole in her; she filled slowly and then all of a sudden plump disappeared! That was the saddest day of the whole month. We gave her three cheers, and my next yacht at Kiel will be named *Ayesha,* that's sure.

The *Ayesha* is sunk.

"To the Captain of the *Choising* I had said, when I hailed him: 'I do not know what will happen to the ship. The war situation may make it necessary for me to strand it.' He did not want to undertake the responsibility. I proposed that we work together, and I would take the responsibility. Then we traveled together for three weeks, from Padang to

Hodeida. The *Choising* was some ninety meters long and had a speed of nine miles, though sometimes only four. If she had not accidentally arrived I had intended to cruise high along the west coast of Sumatra to the region of the northern monsoon. I came about six degrees north, then over Aden to the Arabian coast. In the Red Sea the northeastern monsoon, which here blows southeast, could bring us to Djidda. I had heard in Padang that Turkey is allied with us, so we would be able to get safely through Arabia to Germany.

Turkey an ally of Germany.

"I next waited for information through ships, but the *Choising* did not know anything definite, either. By way of the *Luchs,* the *Königsberg,* and *Kormoran* the reports were uncertain. Besides, according to newspapers at Aden, the Arabs were said to have fought with the English. Therein there seemed to be offered an opportunity near at hand to damage the enemy. I therefore sailed with the *Choising* in the direction of Aden. Lieutenant Gerdts of the *Choising* had heard that the Arabian railway now already went almost to Hodeida, near the Perim Strait. The ship's surgeon there, Docounlang, found confirmation of this in Meyer's traveling handbook. This railway could not have been taken over by the Englishmen, who always dreamed of it. By doing this they would have further and completely wrought up the Mohammedans by making more difficult the journey to Mecca. Best of all, we thought, we'll simply step into the express train and whizz nicely away to the North Sea. Certainly there would be safe journeying homeward through Arabia. To be sure, we hadn't maps of the Red Sea; but it was the shortest way to the foe, whether in Aden or in Germany.

On toward Aden.

"Therefore, courage! Adenwards!

"On the 7th of January, between 9 and 10 o'clock in the evening, we sneaked through the

Strait of Perim. That lay swarming full of Englishmen. We steered along the African coast, close past an English cable layer. That is my prettiest delight—how the Englishmen will be vexed when they learn that we have passed smoothly by Perim. On the next evening we saw on the coast a few lights upon the water. We thought that must be the pier of Hodeida. But when we measured the distance by night, 3,000 meters, I began to think that must be something else. At dawn I made out two masts and four smokestacks; that was an enemy ship, and, what is more, an armored French cruiser. I therefore ordered the *Choising* to put to sea, and to return at night.

Through the Strait of Perim.

"The next day and night the same; then we put out four boats—these we pulled to shore at sunrise under the eyes of the unsuspecting Frenchmen. The sea reeds were thick. A few Arabs came close to us; then there ensued a difficult negotiation with the Arabian Coast Guards. For we did not even know whether Hodeida was in English or French hands. We waved to them, laid aside our arms, and made signs to them. The Arabs, gathering together, begin to rub two fingers together; that means 'We are friends.' We thought that meant 'We are going to rub against you and are hostile.' I therefore said: 'Boom-boom!' and pointed to the warship. At all events, I set up my machine guns and made preparations for a skirmish. But, thank God! one of the Arabs understood the word 'Germans'; that was good.

Mücke's party enters Hodeida.

"Soon a hundred Arabs came and helped us, and as we marched into Hodeida the Turkish soldiers, who had been called out against us, saluted us as allies and friends. To be sure, there was not a trace of a railway, but we were received very well, and they assured us we could get through by land. Therefore, I gave red-star signals at night, telling the *Choising*

to sail away, since the enemy was near by. Inquiries and determination concerning a safe journey by land proceeded. I also heard that in the interior, about six days' journey away, there was healthy highland where our fever invalids could recuperate. I therefore determined to journey next to Sana. On the Kaiser's birthday we held a great parade in common with the Turkish troops—all this under the noses of the Frenchmen. On the same day we marched away from Hodeida to the highland.

"Two months after our arrival at Hodeida we again put to sea. The time spent in the highlands of Sana passed in lengthy inquiries and discussions that finally resulted in our foregoing the journey by land through Arabia, for religious reasons. But the time was not altogether lost. The men who were sick with malaria had, for the most part, recuperated in the highland air.

To sea in sambuks.

"The Turkish Government placed at our disposal two 'sambuks' (sailing ships) of about twenty-five tons, fifteen meters long and four meters wide. But in fear of English spies, we sailed from Jebaua, ten miles north of Hodeida. That was on March 14. At first we sailed at a considerable distance apart, so that we would not both go to pot if an English gunboat caught us. Therefore, we always had to sail in coastal water. That is full of coral reefs, however."

"The Commander," Lieutenant Gerdts said, "had charge of the first sambuk; I of the second, which was the larger of the two, for we had four sick men aboard. At first everything went nicely for three days. For the most part I could see the sails of the first ships ahead of me. On the third day I received orders to draw nearer and to remain in the vicinity of the first boat, because its pilot was sailing less skillfully than mine. Suddenly, in

One sambuk runs on a reef.

the twilight, I felt a shock, then another, and still another. The water poured in rapidly. I had run upon the reef of a small island, where the smaller sambuk was able barely to pass because it had a foot less draught than mine. Soon my ship was quite full, listed over, and all of us—twenty-eight men—had to sit on the uptilted edge of the boat. The little island lies at Jesirat Marka, 200 miles north of Jebaua. To be sure, an Arab boat lay near by, but they did not know us. Nobody could help us. If the Commander had not changed the order a few hours before and asked us to sail up closer, we would probably have drowned on this coral reef—certainly would have died of thirst. Moreover, the waters thereabouts are full of sharks, and the evening was so squally that our stranded boat was raised and banged with every wave. We could scarcely move, and the other boat was nowhere in sight. And now it grew dark. At this stage I began to build a raft of spars and old pieces of wood, that might at all events keep us afloat.

The crew finally rescued.

"But soon the first boat came into sight again. The commander turned about and sent over his little canoe; in this and in our own canoe, in which two men could sit at each trip, we first transferred the sick. Now the Arabs began to help us. But just then the tropical helmet of our doctor suddenly appeared above the water in which he was standing up to his ears. Thereupon the Arabs withdrew; we were Christians, and they did not know that we were friends. Now the other sambuk was so near that we could have swam to it in half an hour, but the seas were too high. At each trip a good swimmer trailed along, hanging to the painter of the canoe. When it became altogether dark we could not see the boat any more, for over there they were prevented by the wind from keeping any light burning. My

men asked 'In what direction shall we swim?' I answered: 'Swim in the direction of this or that star; that must be about the direction of the boat.' Finally a torch flared up over there —one of the torches that were still left from the *Emden*. But we had suffered considerably through submersion. One sailor cried out: 'Oh, pshaw! it's all up with us now; that's a searchlight.' The man who held out best was Lieutenant Schmidt, who later lost his life. About 10 o'clock we were all safe aboard, but one of our typhus patients, Seaman Keil, wore himself out completely by the exertion; he died a week later. On the next morning we went over again to the wreck in order to seek the weapons that had fallen into the water. You see, the Arabs dive so well; they fetched up a considerable lot—both machine guns, all but ten of the rifles, though these were, to be sure, all full of water. Later they frequently failed to go off when they were used in firing.

Machine guns brought up.

"Now we numbered, together with the Arabs, seventy men on the little boat, until evening. Then we anchored before Konfida, and met Sami Bey, who is still with us. He had shown himself useful even before in the service of the Turkish Government, and has done good service as guide in the last two months. He is an active man, thoroughly familiar with the country. He procured for us a larger boat, of fifty-four tons, and he himself, with his wife, sailed alongside on the little sambuk. We sailed from the 20th to the 24th unmolested to Lith. There Sami Bey announced that three English ships were cruising about in order to intercept us. I therefore advised traveling a bit overland. I disliked leaving the sea a second time, but it had to be done."

Sami Bey becomes guide.

"Lith is, to be sure, nothing but this," said Mücke, with a sweeping gesture toward the desert through which we were traveling, "and

Travelling overland.

therefore it was very difficult to get up a caravan at once. We remained aboard ship so long. We marched away on the 28th. We had only a vague suspicion that the English might have agents here also. We could travel only at night, and when we slept or camped around a spring, there was only a tent for the sick men. Two days' march from Jeddah, the Turkish Government, as soon as it had received news about us, sent us sixteen good camels.

"Suddenly, on the night of April 1, things became uneasy. I was riding at the head of the column. All our shooting implements were cleared for action, because there was danger of an attack by Bedouins, whom the English here had bribed. When it began to grow a bit light, I already thought: 'We're through for today'; for we were tired—had been riding eighteen hours. Suddenly I saw a line flash up before me, and shots whizzed over our heads. Down from the camels! Form a fighting line! You know how quickly it becomes daylight here.

An attack.

The whole space around the desert hillock was occupied. Now, up with your bayonets! Rush 'em! * * * They fled, but returned again, this time from all sides. Several of the gendarmes that had been given us as an escort are wounded; the machine gun operator, Rademacher, falls, killed by a shot through his heart; another is wounded; Lieutenant Schmidt, in the rear guard, is mortally wounded—he has received a bullet in his chest and abdomen.

A flag of truce and a barricade.

"Suddenly they waved white cloths. The Sheik, to whom a part of our camels belonged, went over to them to negotiate, then Sami Bey and his wife. In the interim we quickly built a sort of wagon barricade, a circular camp of camel saddles, rice and coffee sacks, all of which we filled with sand. We had no shovels, and had to dig with our bayonets, plates, and hands. The whole barricade had a diameter of

about fifty meters. Behind it we dug trenches, which we deepened even during the skirmish. The camels inside had to lie down, and thus served very well as cover for the rear of the trenches. Then an inner wall was constructed, behind which we carried the sick men. In the very centre we buried two jars of water, to guard us against thirst. In addition we had ten petroleum cans full of water; all told, a supply for four days. Late in the evening Sami's wife came back from the futile negotiations, alone. She had unveiled for the first and only time on this day of the skirmish, had distributed cartridges, and had conducted herself faultlessly.

"Soon we were able to ascertain the number of the enemy. There were about 300 men; we numbered fifty, with twenty-nine guns. In the night, Lieutenant Schmidt died. We had to dig his grave with our hands and with our bayonets, and to eliminate every trace above it, in order to protect the body. Rademacher had been buried immediately after the skirmish, both of them silently, with all honors.

Death of Schmidt and Rademacher.

"The wounded had a hard time of it. We had lost our medicine chest in the wreck; we had only little packages of bandages for skirmishes; but no probing intrument, no scissors were at hand. On the next day our men came up with thick tongues, feverish, and crying 'Water! water!' But each one received only a little cupful three times a day. If our water supply was exhausted, we would have to sally from our camp and fight our way through. Then we should have gone to pot under superior numbers. The Arab gendarmes simply cut the throats of those camels that had been wounded by shots, and then drank the yellow water that was contained in the stomachs. Those fellows can stand anything. At night we always dragged out the dead camels that

The men suffer from thirst.

had served as cover, and had been shot. The hyenas came, hunting for dead camels. I shot one of these, taking it for an enemy in the darkness.

"That continued about three days. On the third day there were new negotiations. Now the Bedouins demanded arms no longer, but only money. This time the negotiations took place across the camp wall. When I declined, the Bedouin said: 'Beaucoup de combat,' (lots of fight.) I replied:

"'Please go to it!'

"We had only a little ammunition left, and very little water. Now it really looked as if we would soon be dispatched. The mood of the men was pretty dismal. Suddenly, at about 10 o'clock in the morning, there bobbed up in the north two riders on camels, waving white cloths. Soon afterward there appeared, coming from the same direction, far back, a long row of camel troops, about a hundred; they draw rapidly near by, ride singing toward us, in a picturesque train. They were the messengers and troops of the Emir of Mecca.

Troops of the Emir of Mecca.

"Sami Bey's wife, it developed, had, in the course of the first negotiations, dispatched an Arab boy to Jeddah. From that place the Governor had telegraphed to the Emir. The latter at once sent camel troops, with his two sons and his personal surgeon; the elder, Abdullah, conducted the negotiations; the surgeon acted as interpreter, in French. Now things proceeded in one-two-three order, and the whole Bedouin band speedily disappeared. From what I learned later, I know definitely that they had been corrupted with bribes by the English. They knew when and where we would pass and they had made all preparations. Now our first act was a rush for water; then we cleared up our camp, but had to harness our camels ourselves, for the

camel drivers had fled at the very beginning of the skirmish. More than thirty camels were dead. The saddles did not fit, and my men know how to rig up schooners, but not camels. Much baggage remained lying in the sand for lack of pack animals.

"Then, under the safe protection of Turkish troops, we got to Jeddah. There the authorities and the populace received us very well. From there we proceeded in nineteen days, without mischance, by sailing boat to Elwesh, and under abundant guard with Suleiman Pasha in a five-day caravan journey toward this place, to El Ula, and now we are seated at last in the train and are riding toward Germany—into the war at last!" The party reaches Mecca.

"Was not the war you had enough?" I asked.

"Not a bit of it," replied the youngest Lieutenant; "the *Emden* simply captured ships each time; only a single time, at Penang, was it engaged in battle, and I wasn't present on that occasion. War? No, that is just to begin for us now."

"My task since November," said Mücke, "has been to bring my men as quickly as possible to Germany against the enemy. Now, at last, I can do so." Mücke's great task.

"And what do you desire for yourself?" I asked.

"For myself," he laughed, and the blue eyes sparkled, "a command in the North Sea."

Japan was bound by alliance with Great Britain to join with her to attack any aggressor, and to carry out her pledges she, at the outbreak of the war, prepared to capture the German stronghold Tsing-tao, the capital of the concession of Kiao-chau, which Germany had obtained from China, and had converted into a German possession.

CAPTURE OF TSING-TAO

A. N. HILDITCH

TOKYO, capital of Japan, lies at the head of Tokyo Bay, in the south-east of Nippon. Its two million inhabitants are distributed among houses and streets which present curious intermixtures of Japanese and European architecture, customs, or science. The jinrikisha notably has been displaced largely by tramcars which, carrying all passengers at a uniform rate of four sen, make it possible to travel ten miles for a penny. It is an industrial city, but on account of occasional earthquakes no very large buildings line the thoroughfares. The traveller can here observe to advantage the strange characteristics of the most stoical race upon earth, or can contrast, if he will, the courteous, imperturbably serene disposition of the most martial nation of the East with the present disposition of the most rabidly bellicose nation of the West. When Japanese and German, indeed, met in conflict before Tsing-tao in the autumn of 1914, there was seen, in the Japanese soldier, during a campaign of peculiar hardship and difficulty, a revival of the qualities of the old Samurai, with his quiet courage, his burning patriotism, his patience, his habitual suppression of emotional display singularly distinct from those of the modern Goth. Nor was the statesmanship which brought about that conflict less admirable. Japan's alliance with Great Britain was at once a solemn pledge and the guiding principle of her foreign policy.

Qualities of the Japanese.

Battle Sketches by A. N. Hilditch, Oxford University Press.

August 1914 found British interests and the vast trade that centred at Hong-kong in danger: German armed vessels prowled the seas, and the German naval base of Tsing-tao was busy with warlike preparations. Great Britain appealed to Japan to free their joint commerce from the menace. The Japanese Prime Minister, Count Okuma, might well hesitate, however, before recommending intervention. Was he the right minister to direct a war? He was nearer eighty than seventy years old, and recently had been for seven years in retirement: his Government had a minority in the Diet, and to the Genro his name was anathema: he claimed the allegiance of no party, and the powerful military and naval clans, Choshiu and Satsuma, were openly hostile. He had been raised to power a few months before by public demand for progressive government. There were considerations other than domestic or personal, indeed, which might have tempted some statesmen to hold their hands. To temporize while events revealed themselves in Europe would be safer than immediate action; while to remain neutral might lead to the transference to the Japanese of much trade with China now in British hands, inevitably hampered by the menace of German commerce-destroyers. Nevertheless, Count Okuma's Cabinet came to a bold and loyal decision. Baron Kato, the Foreign Minister, reassured Great Britain of active Japanese aid, and on August 15 sent an ultimatum to Germany. The latter was requested to withdraw at once all German armed vessels from Eastern waters, and to deliver to Japan before September 15 the entire leased territory of Kiao-chau, with a view to its eventual restoration to China. The ultimatum was timed to expire at noon on August 23. That day arrived without satisfaction having been given

Count Okuma Prime Minister.

Japanese ultimatum.

to Japan. Within a few hours the 2nd Japanese squadron steamed off towards Tsing-tao.

Before the outbreak of hostilities with Great Britain, Vice-Admiral the Graf von Spee, who commanded the German Pacific squadron, had steamed away from Tsing-tao with most of his ships. To use Tsing-tao as a naval base while engaging in commerce-raiding seemed a sound and a practicable plan, since the British and Australian naval forces, though superior, were hardly strong enough simultaneously to blockade the harbour and to search the seas. The plan was, however, rendered impossible by the Japanese ultimatum, and the Admiral, after having lingered for some weeks in the Western Pacific, departed for other seas and other adventures. Such was the result of Japan's action, and thus dangerous were the tactics that Japan's action had frustrated. For Tsing-tao, situated upon one of the two peninsulas, divided by two miles of waterway, enclosing the bay of Kiao-chau, with its safe and spacious anchorage for vessels of any size, constituted one of the most important naval bases on the Chinese coast. It had, indeed, been described as the key to Northern China. Dominating the eastern coast of the Shantung peninsula, the port formed the centre of the semicircular area known as Kiao-chau, extending on a radius of 32 miles around the shores of the bay, with a population of 60,000. This area was, under the Chinese-German agreement as to Tsing-tao, influenced and controlled by Germany, though not strictly subject to her, and regarded as neutral territory. Its surface was mainly mountainous and bare, though the lowlands were well cultivated, but in parts it was rich in mineral wealth, large but undeveloped supplies of coal being present. In winter the port, connected to the junction of Tsi-nan by a German-built railway, was the

German Pacific squadron sails.

Tsing-tao's importance.

natural outlet for the trade of Northern China. The heights which surrounded the bay offered admirable sites for fortification, while the land-approaches to Tsing-tao were guarded by formidable defences stretched across its peninsula. In many quarters the stronghold was regarded as a second Port Arthur. The Germans had paid particular attention to defence, so much so, indeed, that over five-sixths of the white inhabitants were engaged in military occupations. Five thousand German marines constituted the normal garrison, though the outbreak of war in August called about a thousand more men—volunteers, reservists, and sailors—to the colours. The complement of the *Kaiserin Elizabeth,* an Austrian cruiser sheltering in the harbour, left for Tientsin, having received orders to disarm their ship, but returned in time to join the defenders. The garrison was amply provisioned for five or six months, and well provided with weapons, stores, and munitions. Most of the German ships off the Chinese coast at the outbreak of war, indeed, had made immediately for Tsing-tao, and discharged upon its wharves many thousand tons of cargo. When war with Japan became inevitable, therefore, the defenders could anticipate a successful resistance, provided the expected instantaneous victories in Europe materialized. Elaborate preparations were made for the defence. The harbour mouth was blocked by three sunken vessels, enabling only small craft to enter. Chinese villages within the leased territory, and the bridge where the railway crossed the boundary, were destroyed, partial compensation being paid to the inhabitants. Native labourers were engaged to throw up earthworks to strengthen the town fortifications. Many foreigners, women, children, and non-combatants, meanwhile, had left the town. On Friday evening,

Germans prepare defense.

August 21, at roll-call, the Governor, Captain Meyer-Waldeck, read out a message from the German Emperor exhorting the garrison to defend the town to their utmost, and to do their 'duty to the last'. It was listened to stoically. The following day a diversion occurred which opened hostilities propitiously for the Germans. The British destroyer *Kennet*, encountering the German destroyer *S. 90* off the coast, gave chase. The *S. 90* immediately made for port, and the *Kennet*, in the ardour of pursuit, closed in unawares within range of the German land batteries. The latter opened fire, and before she could draw off the *Kennet* sustained ten casualties, though little material damage. Next day the term of the Japanese ultimatum expired. It was doubtful at what point the Japanese would begin operations, or what tactics they would adopt. The fear was prevalent among Germans that the enemy would enter Chinese territory to reach the town from the land: newspapers under German influence, indeed, circulating in Chinese coast towns, started a press campaign with the object of stirring the Chinese Government to oppose by force any Japanese landing in her territory. Outposts were placed by the Germans along the shores of the neutral zone to watch for developments: they descried, on August 24, the approach of Japanese warships.

Japanese warships approach.

Vice-Admiral Sadakichi Kato, who commanded the approaching squadron, immediately upon arrival took measures to protect himself against danger from mines. Seven islets clustering round the mouth of Kiao-chau Bay were occupied, to form a convenient local naval base, while mine-sweepers swept the surrounding seas. No less than a thousand mines were taken from the water. A blockade of the whole Kiao-chau coast was declared, as com-

mencing from 9 a.m., August 27, and war vessels patrolled the shores, some seventy miles long. Action soon began, and continued during ensuing days, with shells that at intervals screamed towards the town. The position was, however, reconnoitred carefully. Japanese airmen went up frequently to scan the fortifications and to drop bombs. All protruding structures, spires and factory-chimneys, had been levelled to the ground by the Germans so as to afford no mark for fire. Bombs were dropped on the railway station and on one of the numerous barrack buildings. The operations continued spasmodically into September, while Kato was awaiting the approach by land of a co-operating army, which had now disembarked on the northern coast of the Shantung peninsula, about 150 miles due north of Tsing-tao.

Landing effected.

The landing was effected on September 2, without hindrance or opposition on the part of the Chinese. The Government, following the precedent of the Russo-Japanese War, immediately published a declaration refusing to hold itself responsible for the obligations of strict neutrality in areas that formed, within Lungkow, Lai-chau, and the neighbourhood of Kiao-chau Bay, passage-ways essential to the belligerent troops. It was, of course, incumbent upon the Powers involved to respect Chinese property and administrative rights. Japan, therefore, was permitted to make use of the main roads to transport an army to the rear of Tsing-tao. The forces landed composed a division numbering 23.000, and commanded by Lieutenant-General Mitsuomi Kamio. An advance-guard was sent forward without delay, but soon found its way rendered impassable by torrential floods which at this time swept down upon and devastated the province of Shantung, bridges, roads, and even villages being sub-

Floods hinder advance.

merged and destroyed, with great loss of life, largely owing to Chinese official incompetence. The Japanese, after covering 20 kilometres in two days, reached a stream so swollen that crossing was impossible. The artillery had to return to Lung-kow. German diplomacy, meanwhile, exasperated at its inability to prevent a Japanese landing, had not been inactive.

The German and Austrian ministers at Peking, on hearing of the Japanese landing, protested strongly. China, it was claimed, ought to have forestalled and resisted the landing. but instead had deliberately extended the war-zone in order to facilitate Japanese movements. She would be held responsible for any injury to the German cause or property. To this China replied that, if it was incumbent upon her to prevent by force Japan operating in her territory, it was equally her duty to prevent by force Germany fortifying and defending Tsing-tao. China had endeavoured, indeed, but unsuccessfully, to preclude belligerent operations in her territory: only after the Japanese landing, when she was powerless to do otherwise, had she extended the zone of war. As to the responsibility, she reiterated her previous declaration. The baffled Germans fell back on threats: the right was reserved to visit upon China dire consequences for her alleged breach of neutrality. The incident, thrown into striking contrast with Germany's offer to Belgium, marked the unscrupulousness of German diplomacy, but stirred also many doubts among the foreign communities in China, in which the British, allied as they were to the Japanese, formed a predominating element. An anomaly of the situation was that British local interests had long conflicted with Japanese national interests. Japan's activities had, at every stage of her recent history, reduced British opportunities. Japanese trader competed

Chinese neutrality.

with British trader for the markets of China, and Japan's share of the annual trade expansion was increasing, that of Great Britain decreasing. High tariffs and preferential rates had closed Corea and Manchuria to British enterprise. It is easy to estimate in what commercial jealousy and rivalry such circumstances had resulted. While the expediency of the British-Japanese alliance was fully recognized, and its consequences admitted to be the freedom of the China seas from menace of commerce-destroyers, nevertheless the fact remained that the hostilities against Tsing-tao would constitute a fresh impulse to Japanese expansion. The operations in Shantung were watched with critical eyes by many British in the foreign settlements of China. The floods had, meanwhile, subsided considerably, and on September 12 Japanese cavalry reached Tsimo, ten miles outside the Kiao-chau zone. No trace of the enemy north of the Pai-sha River had been seen, beyond a German aeroplane that occasionally passed overhead on reconnoitring flights. On the following day a number of sharp skirmishes with outposts occurred, and one Japanese patrol found its way to the small town of Kiao-chau, situated at the head of the bay, some 22 miles from Tsing-tao itself. The brushes with the Germans became of daily occurrence, and in one of them a high official of the German Legation at Peking, who had volunteered for service, was killed. On September 17 the Japanese attacked Wang-ko-huang, 13 miles from Tsimo, the enemy being in a fortified position and provided with machine-guns. At sunset, however, they abandoned the village and withdrew under cover of darkness, leaving behind quantities of equipment and supplies. A little later a development came about that brought the dissatisfaction of British traders to a head. About September 18, after hostile

Rivalry of British and Japanese.

Japanese advance.

patrols had been driven away from the shore by the fire of destroyers, Japanese artillery and troops were landed at Laoshan Bay, north of Tsing-tao, just within the leased territory. Why was it necessary that troops should have been landed on the northern shore of the peninsula of Shantung, 150 miles from their objective, when guns could be disembarked with perfect safety on the eastern shore, not 40 miles from the objective, and within the German zone?

The British were not as critical of Japan's strategy as they were suspicious of her policy. Dark suggestions got afoot that she had ulterior designs upon the whole Chinese province of Shantung. Such views could not but have reached the ears of the British authorities at Wei-hei-wei and elsewhere, nor could they have been deaf to previous murmurs. Diplomatic circles, however, could extend little sympathy to the critics. Nevertheless, it was undeniable that the latter were aggrieved, and that their attitude might produce unfortunate effects. If Great Britain herself took some share in the Tsing-tao operations, greater sympathy with their purpose might be induced, and a better state of feeling in the Orient between the two peoples might possibly result. It must have been some aim such as this that prompted the dispatch of a British force to the Tsing-tao area to co-operate with General Kamio, a step which the earlier symptoms of the British discontent cannot but have influenced. On September 19, however, 1,000 of the 2nd South Wales Borderers, a force so small as to be nominal, under Brigadier-General Barnardiston, left Tientsin and proceeded to Wei-hei-wei. Transport mules having here been taken on board, the expedition on September 22 coasted down the eastern shore of Shantung, and next day landed at Laoshan Bay. A

A British force co-operates.

month later, as will be seen, they were joined by 500 of the 36th Sikhs.

Meanwhile, it was probably about this time, or shortly after, that the *Triumph*, a British battleship of nearly 12,000 tons displacement, 19½ knots speed, and four 10-inch guns primary armament, joined the Japanese squadron off Tsing-tao. A spasmodic bombardment had been maintained during the preceding weeks, and seaplanes had been busy, bombing and range-finding. The wireless station, the electric-power station, and several ships in harbour were damaged by explosive missiles. Little could be done, however, from the sea alone, and the attack by land, owing largely to transport difficulties, had still to develop. But the weather was now improving considerably. Another set-back to Japanese military ardour was, indeed, constituted by the marked reluctance of the Germans to form a line of resistance. German outposts, upon encountering hostile patrols, invariably retired after offering faint opposition. When the British troops, after a circuitous march of 40 miles, much hampered by bad roads, came up in the rear of the Japanese, then preparing to assault the enemy's advanced positions on high ground between the rivers Pai-sha and Li-tsun, the part that it had been arranged they should take in the Japanese attack, on September 26, fell through owing to a disinclination of the Germans to fight. Their resistance was so meagre that the Allies were hardly engaged, and next day gained without difficulty the easterly banks of the Li-tsun and Chang-tsun rivers, only seven miles north-east of Tsing-tao. The enemy at all points fell back, and the advance upon the town continued. The Japanese had now drawn their lines across the neck of the narrow peninsula upon which Tsing-tao stands. There were indications that the main forces were now in

Faint opposition.

contact. The only obstacle, but a formidable one, between the invaders and the forts themselves was constituted by the dominating height of Prince Heinrich Hill, from whose crest, rising some five miles from the town, all the forts could be bombarded. General Kamio estimated that three days of fighting would be required for its capture: it was as all-important to the defence as to the attack, and was sure to be strongly held. The forts themselves, of the latest type, were elaborately constructed, and equipped with concrete and steel cupolas, mounting high calibre pieces. They commanded both landward and seaward approaches to the town, those nearest the invading Japanese being situated upon, and named Moltke Berg, Bismarck Berg, and Iltis Berg. Earth redoubts and trenches between formed the German line of defence. Plans for the most considerable engagement, the assault of Prince Heinrich Hill, that had so far taken place, to begin on Sunday, September 27, were made by the Japanese General. It developed more speedily than had been expected. German artillery opened a terrific cannonade upon the Japanese lines, while three warships shelled the attacking right wing from the bay. The German fire was heavy and accurate. Japanese warships and aeroplanes, and also the British battleship *Triumph,* however, created a diversion that relieved the assaulting forces. Two of the forts were shelled from the sea, and suffered serious injury, a barrack-house and other buildings being, moreover, damaged. For many hours the great guns, thundering their challenges from sea and land and estuary, maintained continual uproar. Darkness began to gather. Fighting continued into the night, and early next morning was renewed. But the defenders seemed to lack enthusiasm. It is doubtful, indeed, whether their forces were suf-

Artillery battle.

ficiently numerous to hold with strength their advanced positions, and at the same time to man adequately their main fortified positions. During the morning of the 28th the Germans withdrew from Prince Heinrich Hill, leaving fifty of their number and four machine-guns in Japanese hands, and many dead upon the slopes. The Japanese casualties numbered 150. By noon the whole position was in the attackers' hands, and the beleaguered town, visible from the height, was now face to face with siege. German officers who knew all the points, weak and strong, of the defences, could not but realize their inability to withstand the siege guns which Japan would sooner or later bring to the attack. But the heavy artillery was yet far away. A month was to elapse before the pieces could be dragged across the difficult country, and emplaced in prepared positions on Prince Heinrich Hill.

The siege continues.

This month, which covered the whole of October, saw many interesting incidents, and betrayed no signs of idleness on the part of besiegers or besieged. The Germans, indeed, proved extraordinarily prodigal in ammunition, firing on an average 1,000 to 1,500 shells daily, a fact which lent support to the current view that, while undesirous of incurring their emperor's displeasure, they realized the hopelessness, so far as Tsing-tao was concerned, of their emperor's cause. Warships in the bay assisted the cannonade from the forts, and Lieutenant von Pluschow, the airman of the single aeroplane the town possessed, ventured forth at intervals to reconnoitre or to bomb. Life in the town itself continued to be quite normal. Japanese and British, meanwhile, drew their lines closer and closer to the fortress by sap and mine, though hindered greatly by terrible weather, and occasionally having slight encounters with the enemy. In one of these,

on October 5, a German night-attack was heavily repulsed, forty-seven dead being left behind by the attackers. At sea the operations were also spasmodic. At the end of September a landing force occupied Lao-she harbour, in the vicinity of Tsing-tao, where four abandoned field-guns were taken possession of. Mine-sweeping had constantly to be maintained, under fire from the shore, and proved a dangerous task. Several vessels thus engaged were sunk or damaged, though with comparatively few casualties, through coming into contact with mines. Some German gunboats, however, among them the *Cormoran* and the *Iltis,* were apparently sunk about this time, either deliberately by the Germans, or from the fire of the Japanese guns. A torpedo flotilla bombarded one of the barracks, moreover, to some effect, while Japanese aeroplanes were also active. Von Pluschow twice attempted to attack vessels of the blockading squadron, but unsuccessfully, and on one occasion a Japanese aeroplane pursuing him gave a German balloon, floating captive above the town, some critical moments before it could be hauled to safety. A few days later, about October 7, the rope which held this balloon was, during the spasmodic firing, severed by a shot, and the great bag floated away, apparently across the bay in the direction of Kiao-chau town and the railway line inland. In this quarter, indeed, over the line itself, serious friction had arisen between the Japanese and the Chinese authorities.

Gunboats sunk.

The line ran from Tsing-tao and Kiao-chau to the junction of Tsi-nan, a distance of about 250 miles, passing through the towns of Wei-hsien and Tsing-chau. It was German built and almost wholly German owned. From some points of view it might reasonably be said to constitute an adjunct, if not a part, of the

leased territory itself. In any case the Japanese claimed that, since the outbreak of war, the line had been consistently utilized to bring reservists, supplies, and ammunition to the town. The Austrian crew of the disarmed *Kaiserin Elizabeth,* both when they left and later returned to Tsing-tao, had used this means of transit. The railway, being still under German control, constituted a menace in the Japanese rear, which the latter, upon consolidating their position towards the end of September, took measures to remove. After occupying Wei-hsien, they began to arrange for the seizure of the whole line as far as Tsi-nan itself. Hints of such action drew forth protests from China, whose Government, however, adopted too compromising an attitude. The Japanese Government was firm. China's right to formal protest was admitted, but the occupation was stated to be an urgent military necessity, and without any prejudice to Chinese claims after the war. Since China was unable to enforce the neutrality of the line, flagrantly violated by the Germans, the Japanese had no alternative but to bring it under their own control. The Chino-German Treaty of 1898 and the German Government's charter clearly proved that the railway was essentially German. A compromise, hastened by the unhesitating and thorough measures taken by the Japanese to effect the occupation, was arrived at. The Japanese were temporarily to control the administration, while the Chinese conducted the traffic, of the railway. Its fate, since China did not admit the contention that it was purely German, was to be decided after the war. A bellicose attitude noticeable in Chinese military circles became very marked when, three days later, on October 6, unquestionably in breach of the arrangement, Japanese soldiers arrived at Tsi-

Railway seized.

China protests.

nan, and took over the control of the rolling stock on the Shantung line. It was alleged at Peking that this force had declared martial law in the town, which contained, indeed, many German sympathizers who, rumour added, had destroyed several collieries there in their anxiety to obstruct the Allies. But the Chinese Government submitted under further strong protest, and with a request that the troops should be withdrawn. The Japanese action occasioned, however, further distrust among British residents in the Orient. Meanwhile, a second British force, consisting of 500 Sikhs, was being prepared to reinforce General Barnardiston.

Non-combatants depart.

At one o'clock on October 12, Captain Meyer-Waldeck, the Governor of Tsing-tao, received a joint wireless message from the commanders of the besieging troops and the blockading squadron, offering a safe escort out of the town of Tientsin of neutrals and non-combatants. He at once assented. Delegates met next day at ten o'clock to discuss details, and on the 15th the American consul, accompanied by German women and children and Chinese subjects, left the town. On the previous day there had been a combined sea and air attack upon forts Iltis and Kaiser, in which the *Triumph* participated and suffered the only Allied casualties. It is recorded that, before reopening bombardment after the departure of the non-combatants, the Japanese, ever polite, signalled 'Are you now quite ready, gentlemen?' For reply a German sniper, taking careful but faulty aim, sent a bullet which removed three out of the eleven hairs on the signalman's moustache. Two days later, days notable for torrential rains, which intensified the discomforts of the troops ashore, the Japanese suffered a severe naval loss. The *Takachiho,* an old cruiser of some 3,000 tons, which had seen serv-

ice in the Chino-Japanese War, was on patrol duty on Saturday night, October 17, when she fouled a mine, released by and adrift in the rough seas. Destroyers hastened to her aid, but rescue work was difficult in the darkness and the heavy weather. The cruiser sank rapidly. Two hundred and seventy-one officers and seamen lost their lives. The rough weather which contributed to the disaster continued with little break, and hindered operations, till the end of the month. The landing of the Sikh contingent at Laoshan Bay on October 21 was, indeed, attended by great difficulties and some loss of life. A strong southerly gale had raised high seas, and enormous lighters and sampans, employed for disembarkation, were thrown high and dry upon the beach. Sixteen Japanese were drowned in trying to save other boats that broke loose. The Sikhs got safely ashore, but next morning again the winds blew and the rains descended, and the camping-ground was soon a miry pool. Circumstances other than the weather, however, helped to put the British officers out of humour. Trouble ahead threatened in connexion with transport arrangements. While the Chinese carts and drivers, brought hurriedly from Tientsin, were doubtfully reliable, many of the mules were raw and quite unused to harness. When a start for the front was preparing on the morning of the 23rd, it was found that the best of the harness, which had been purchased from peasants in the locality, had been stolen in the night by the people who had brought it in, and that what was left was tied up with string. The column, however, at length set off, and made a march memorable for hardship and difficulty. From Laoshan to Lutin, where a metalled road began, was 30 miles, crossed by a track formed at one time by quagmire, at another by slippery boulders. During eleven

Heavy weather.

Difficulties on land.

hours 6 miles were covered, by which time the Sikhs were completely exhausted with digging carts or mules out of the mud, hauling them out with drag-ropes, reloading overturned carts, or unloading those immovable. Next day the column was on the road at seven o'clock, and covered 13 miles. So deep was the mud in parts that when, owing to the rotten harness giving way, a mule would occasionally lurch forward suddenly and walk away by itself, the body of the cart would be left floating on the surface. One cart was pulled completely off its axles by a squad of men, and slid along admirably for a considerable distance. Seventy Chinese wheelbarrows, however, obtained from a Japanese dépôt, rendered invaluable aid on this day. Tsimo, the halting-place, was reached in the evening, and next day, after the first ten miles, saw plain sailing. A few days later, on October 30, after the Sikhs had rested and recovered, the whole British force, now some 1,500 strong, moved up to the front in readiness for the bombardment of Tsing-tao, which had been arranged to begin next morning in celebration of the birthday of the Mikado. Siege artillery, 150 pieces, including six 28-cm. howitzers and some heavy naval guns, had now been brought up and placed in position. The shelling was timed to start, in royal salute, at dawn.

Bombardment on Mikado's birthday.

Men who, stationed upon Prince Heinrich Hill, could look below upon the doomed town, athwart the narrowing peninsula, with the sea, studded with grey warships, surrounding, had before them a wonderful spectacle as the morning sun, rising from the Pacific, slowly dispersed the darkness. The thunder of the great guns broke suddenly upon that stillness which only dawn knows, and their discharges flashed redly on the darkling slopes. The Japanese shooting, it is related, displayed remarkable

accuracy, some of the first projectiles bursting upon the enormous oil-tanks of the Standard Oil Company and the Asiatic Petroleum Company. A blaze roared skywards, and for many hours the heavens were darkened by an immense cloud of black petroleum smoke which hung like a pall over the town. Shells passing over these fires drew up columns of flame to a great height. Chinese coolies could be seen running before the spreading and burning oil. Fires broke out also on the wharves of the outer harbour, in which during the day a gunboat, apparently damaged fatally by a shot which carried away her funnel, disappeared. The redoubts and infantry works particularly were heavily bombarded. On the left of the German line 100 Chinese in the village of Tao-tung-chien were unfortunately caught by shell-fire directed on the redoubt close at hand, while the fort of Siao-chau-shan, near by, was set afire. The tops of several of the forts were soon concealed by clouds of dust and smoke. A heavy fusillade was concentrated upon an observation point which the defenders had constructed on a hill in the town, and had considerable effect. The Germans did not on this first day of general bombardment reply strongly, two only of the forts persistently firing. At length the sun sank and night obscured the conflict. It had been a bad day for the besieged: and dismantled guns, shattered concrete platforms and entrenchments, devastated barbed-wire entanglements, augured the town's approaching fate.

Oil-tanks blaze.

The bombardment continued for a week. During that period the Japanese and British guns, directed from land and sea by a balloon, by aeroplanes, or by observation stations on the hills, in daytime thundered incessantly. The German shelling, though severe, was far less heavy, because, it is said, the men in the

Aeroplanes direct guns.

forts, sheltering most of the time in bomb-proof caverns, issued forth only at night and during pauses of the Japanese to return the fire. The airman von Pluschow actively directed the replies. The latter seemed not, indeed, impartially distributed. The marked attention paid to British troops and ships afforded an illustration of that attitude of peculiar malevolence which Germans have adopted towards the British nation and name. The German airman singled out the British camp, recognizable by its white tents, for his bombs, while for the German artillery it had an inordinate attraction. Officers on board the *Triumph,* moreover, observed that the largest German guns, of 12-inch calibre, were consistently directed upon their vessel. But of many projectiles one only, which struck the mast, being fired from Hui-tchien-huk, proved effective. This hit, however, caused rejoicing in Tsing-tao which, it is asserted, would not have been equalled by the sinking of a Japanese Dreadnought. The *Triumph* singled out for attack Fort Bismarck especially, and two of the German 6-inch guns were early put out of action. The British gunners adopted the ingenious plan of heeling their ship by five degrees, and bombarding the enemy, from sight strips specially calculated, without exposing themselves or their weapons. It became customary aboard to call the bombardment 'pressing the enemy', from an exhortation sent by the Japanese Crown Prince to 'press the enemy, braving all hardships'. Ashore, indeed, the pressure on the enemy developed steadily as the days passed. On November 2 the Austrian cruiser *Kaiserin Elizabeth,* which had, with the German gunboats still afloat, been engaging vigorously in the fighting, sank, having probably been blown up deliberately, and the floating dock also disappeared. Iltis Fort,

The *Triumph* attacks Fort Bismarck.

***Kaiserin Elizabeth* sinks.**

moreover, was silenced, two guns being smashed and ammunition giving out, and Japanese infantry advanced and captured an eminence in German hands. On another ridge, however, hard by the silenced fort, some German naval gunners carried out a ruse which saved for the present both their position and their battery, composed of naval 9-cm. pieces, which were exposed dangerously to fire from sea and land. Lieutenant von Trendel, in command, during the night constructed wooden models of cannon, which he placed in position 200 yards from his real guns. Next morning he exploded powder near by, and drew the fire of the besiegers, attracted by the flashes, upon the dummies. That day the wireless and electric power stations were wrecked, and large attacking forces crept further forward, despite severe fire, and entrenched closer to the enemy's lines. In the evening and night the latter showed special activity, star rockets and other fireworks being used to illumine the opposing positions, which were heavily fusilladed. A German night-attack was delivered, but was repulsed. Next day, the 4th, and on the two following days, progress was maintained. The Allied trenches were pushed forward until they were right up to and almost half round the nearest German forts. Many casualties were suffered, but the German fire was kept down by the Japanese guns, whose accuracy was remarkable. The weather conditions were unfavourable, high winds and heavy rains prevailing, and the troops in the trenches had to endure hard privations. So effective was the bombardment, however, that during November 5 and 6 plans were prepared for the final assault. It was arranged that a general infantry attack should be made as soon as practicable. The garrisons in the forts, meanwhile, were beginning to exhaust their ammunition, of which

Night activity.

they had been, during the preliminary operations, strangely prodigal. Guns lay silent for other reasons than structural injury, though the latter cause, indeed, was frequent, a single shot, in one case, from the *Suwo*, the Japanese flagship, having destroyed a 24-cm. gun and killed eight men on Fort Hui-tchien-huk. In the town itself the streets, not immune from falling projectiles, were deserted, and the only centre of social intercourse and conviviality was the German Club, where regularly officers or non-combatants slipped in for dinner, luncheon, or a glass of beer. But it was realized that the end was not far distant.

Early in the morning of November 6 the airman von Pluschow flew away across Kiao-chau Bay, and did not return. He escaped with the Governor's last dispatches into Chinese territory, where his machine was interned. That day and night saw no cessation of the firing, the guns of the defenders still roaring at intervals. About an hour after midnight the first impulse of the general attack took effect. While a particularly heavy artillery fire kept the Germans in their bomb-proof shelters, the central redoubt of the first line of defence, which had been badly shattered by the bombardment, was rushed by a storming party headed by General Yoshimi Yamada. Engineers had in the darkness sapped right up to the barbed-wire entanglements, which being cut provided way for the infantry, who, while part held the enemy in front, rushed the redoubt on both flanks. Two hundred prisoners were taken, and the Japanese flag was hoisted. The besiegers were through the German line, but the position had to be consolidated, or disaster would follow. Danger from the flank was, however, soon obviated by advances in other parts of the line. Just after five o'clock a battery on Shao-tan Hill was captured; half an hour later another bat-

Central redoubt taken.

tery in Tao-tung-chien redoubt was taken, and Fort Chung-shan-wa, the base of the German right wing fell. The shadows were still dense, and the final phase of the siege, viewed from Prince Heinrich Hill, presented a sight brilliant with many flashes and flaming fireworks, and a sound dominated by the thunder of the batteries. But dawn, as the besiegers began in mass to close in upon the main line of forts Iltis, Moltke, and Bismarck, was breaking. It was decided to storm these positions forthwith, since the German fire, owing to exhaustion of the ammunition, was dying away. Governor Meyer-Waldeck, who had been wounded, realized now that further resistance was futile. Shortly before six o'clock he sent Major von Kayser, his adjutant, accompanied by another officer and a trumpeter, from the staff headquarters bearing the white flag: at the same time a signal of surrender was made from the Observatory. This was not, however, observed, while von Kayser's party, coming under fire, was dispersed by a shell which killed the trumpeter and the adjutant's horse. Meanwhile, Japanese and British were closing in, and were tensely awaiting the final assault. It was never made. Soon after seven o'clock a welcome sight relaxed the tension of the troops, torn, dirty, and weary, calling forth cheers fro the British, and shouts of 'Banzai!' from the Japanese. The campaign was over: Tsing-tao had fallen. White flags were fluttering from the forts.

Mass attack on forts.

The white flag.

That evening delegates from the two armies met and signed the terms of capitulation, which were unconditional. Honours of war were accorded the defenders, the Governor and his officers being permitted to retain their swords. The Allies marched into the town, and on November 10 the garrison was formally transferred. Over 4,000 Germans were sent to

Terms of capitulation.

War material taken.

Japan as prisoners, and large quantities of war material were confiscated. The captures included 30 field-guns, 100 machine-guns, 2,500 rifles, 40 motor-cars, £1,200 in bullion, and 15,000 tons of coal. All ships in harbour, and also the floating dock, had been destroyed, but it seemed probable that the *Kaiserin Elizabeth* could be successfully raised. Sufficient provisions were found to feed 5,000 persons for three months, and the victors were able to regale their appetites with luxuries such as butter, crab, or salmon, which were plentiful. Looting, however, was strictly forbidden. For fastidious persons the bath, after many weeks, was again available, and proved, indeed, in view of steady accumulations of mud, a salutary course. Measures, meanwhile, were at once taken to restore the town to its normal condition. The troops and sailors were employed in removing débris or undischarged land and sea mines. Another Japanese gunboat was sunk, and several officers and men lost their lives, while engaged in this dangerous work. The victory had to be paid for, indeed, with a heavy toll of life and limb. The Japanese casualties numbered 236 killed and 1,282 wounded; the British, 12 killed and 53 wounded. On November 16 the Allies formally took possession of Tsing-tao; and a memorial service was held for the dead.

Cost of victory.

Plan for Dardanelles campaign.

The plan of breaking through the Straits of the Dardanelles, and thus clearing the way to Constantinople, is believed to have been conceived by Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the British Admiralty. After careful consideration it was approved by the military and naval authorities, and plans were made to carry out the project. The initial steps are described in the following chapter.

GALLIPOLI

A. JOHN GALLISHAW

HUSKY, steel-muscled lumbermen; brawny, calloused-handed fishermen; loose-jointed, easy-swinging trappers; athletes from the city foot-ball and hocky teams; and gawky, long-armed farmers joined the First Newfoundland Regiment at the outbreak of war. A rigid medical examination sorted out the best of them, and ten months of bayonet fighting, physical drill, and twenty-mile route marches over Scottish hills had molded these into trim, erect, bronzed soldiers. They were garrisoning Edinburgh Castle when word came of the landing of the Australians and New-Zealanders at Gallipoli. At Ypres the Canadians had just then recaptured their guns and made for themselves a deathless name.

The Newfoundlanders in the War.

So the Newfoundlanders felt that as colonials they had been overlooked. They were not militaristic and hated the ordinary routine of army life, but they wanted to do their share. That was the spirit all through the regiment. It was the spirit that possessed them on the long-waited-for day at Aldershot when Kitchener himself pronounced them "just the men I want for the Dardanelles." That day at Aldershot every man was given a chance to go back to Newfoundland. They had enlisted for one year only, and could demand to be sent home at the end of the year; and when Kitchener reviewed them ten months of that year had gone.

Not militaristic.

With the chance to go home in his grasp, every man of the first battalion reenlisted for

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Re-enlistment at Aldershot.

the duration of war. And it is on record, to their eternal honor, that during the week preceding their departure from Aldershot breaches of discipline were unknown, for over their heads hung the fear that they would be punished by being kept back from active service. To break a rule that week carried with it the suspicion of cowardice. This was the more remarkable because many of the men were fishermen, trappers, hunters, and lumbermen who until their enlistment had said "Sir" to no man, and who gloried in the reputation given them by one inspecting officer as "the most undisciplined lot he had ever seen." From the day the Canadians left Salisbury Plain to take their places in the trenches in Flanders the Newfoundlanders were obsessed by one idea: they had to get to the front.

The desire to get to the front.

So it was with eleven hundred of such eager spirits that I lined up, on a Sunday evening early in August, 1915, on the deck of the troopship in Mudros Harbor, which is the center of the historic island of Lemnos, about fifty miles from Gallipoli. Around us lay all sorts of ships, from ocean leviathans to tiny launches and rowboats. There were gray-and-black-painted troopers, their rails lined with soldiers; immense four-funneled men-of-war; and brightly lighted, white hospital ships, with their red crosses outlined in electric lights. The landing officer left us in a little motor-boat. We watched him glide slowly shoreward, where we could faintly discern through the dusk the white of the tents that were the headquarters for the people at Lemnos; to the right of the tents we could see the hospital for wounded Australians and New-Zealanders. A French battleship dipped its flag as it passed, and our boys sang "The Marseillaise."

Troopships in Mudros Harbor.

A mail that had come that day was being sorted. While we waited, each man was served

with his "iron ration." This consisted of a one-pound tin of pressed corned beef—the much-hated and much-maligned "bully beef"—a bag of biscuits, and a small tin that held two tubes of Oxo, with tea and sugar in specially constructed air- and damp-proof envelopes. This was an emergency ration, to be kept in case of direst need, and to be used only to ward off actual starvation. After that we were given our ammunition, two hundred and fifty rounds to each man. The Iron Ration.

But what brought home to me most the seriousness of our venture was the solitary sheet of letter paper, with its envelope, that was given to every man to be used for a parting letter home. For some poor chaps it was indeed the last letter. Then we went over the side and aboard the destroyer that was to take us to Suvla Bay. The solitary letter home.

The night had been well chosen for a surprise landing. There was no moon, but after a little while the stars came out. Away on the port bow we could see the dusky outline of land, and once, when we were about half-way, an airship soared phantomlike ut of the night, poised over us a short time, then ducked out of sight. At first the word ran along the line that it was a hostile airship, but a few inquiries soon reassured us.

Suddenly we changed our direction. We were near Cape Hellas, which is the lowest point of the peninsula of Gallipoli. Under Sir Ian Hamilton's scheme it was here that a decoy party of French and British troops were to be landed to draw the Turks from Anzac. Simultaneously an overwhelming British force was to land at Suvla Bay and Anzac to make a surprise attack on the Turks' right flank. Presently we were going upshore past the wrecked steamer *River Clyde,* the famous "Ship of Troy" from the side of which the Australians had Approaching Cape Hellas. Passing Anzac.

The name Anzac.

issued after the ship had been beached on the shore hitherto nameless, but now known as Anzac. Australian New Zealand Army Corps those five letters stand for; but to those of us who have been on Gallipoli they stand for a great deal more; they represent the achievement of the impossible. They are a glorious record of sacrifice, reckless devotion, and unselfish courage; to put each letter there cost the men from Australasia ten thousand of their best soldiers.

And so we edged our way along, fearing mines or, even more disastrous than mines, discovery by the enemy. From the Australasians over at Anzac we could hear desultory rifle fire. Once we heard the boom of some big guns that seemed almost alongside the ship. Four hours it took us to go fifty miles in a destroyer that could make thirty-two knots easily. By one o'clock the stars had disappeared, and for perhaps three-quarters of an hour we nosed our way through pitch darkness. Gradually we slowed down until we had almost stopped. Something scraped along our side. Somebody said it was a floating mine, but it turned out to be a buoy that had been put there by the navy to mark the channel.

Out of the gloom directly in front some one hailed, and our people answered.

"Who have you on board?" we heard a casual English voice say, and then came the reply from our colonel:

"Newfoundlanders." There was to me something very reassuring about that cool, self-contained voice out of the night. It made me feel that we were being expected and looked after.

"Move up those boats," I heard the English voice say, and from right under our bow a naval launch with a middy in charge swerved alongside. In a little while it, with a string of boats, was securely fastened.

Arrival of a launch.

Just before we went into the boats the adjutant passed me.

"Well," he said, "you've got your wish. In a few minutes you'll be ashore. Let me know how you like it when you're there a little while."

"Yes, sir," I said. But I never had a chance to tell him. The first shrapnel shell fired at the Newfoundlanders burst near him, and he had scarcely landed when he was taken off the peninsula, seriously wounded.

The Newfoundlanders land.

In a short time we had all filed into the boats. There was no noise, no excitement; just now and then a whispered command. I was in a tug with about twenty others who formed the rear-guard. The wind had freshened considerably, and was now blowing so hard that our unwieldy tug dared not risk a landing. We came in near enough to watch the other boats. About twenty yards from shore they grounded. We could see the boys jump over the side and wade ashore. Through the half-darkness we could barely distinguish them forming up on the beach. Soon they were lost to sight.

During the Turkish summer dawn comes early. We transhipped from our tug to a lighter. When it grounded on the beach day was just breaking. Daylight disclosed a steeply sloping beach, scarred with ravines. The place where we landed ran between sheer cliffs. A short distance up the hill we could see our battalion digging themselves in. To the left I could see the boats of another battalion.

Enemy artillery in action.

Even as I watched, the enemy's artillery located them. It was the first shell I had ever heard. It came over the hill close to me, screeching through the air like an express-train going over a bridge at night. Just above the boat I was watching it exploded. A few of the soldiers slipped quietly from their seats to the bottom

of the boat. At first I did not realize that any one had been hit. There was no sign of anything having happened out of the ordinary, no confusion. As soon as the boat touched the beach the wounded men were carried by their mates up the hill to a temporary dressing-station.

Beginning of bombardment.

The first shell was the beginning of a bombardment. Beachy Bill, a battery that we were to become better acquainted with, was in excellent shape. Every few minutes a shell burst close to us. Shrapnel-bullets and fragments of shell-casing forced us to huddle under the baggage for protection. A little to the left some Australians were severely punished. Shell after shell burst among them. A regiment of Sikh troops, mule-drivers, and transport-men were caught half-way up the beach. Above the din of falling shrapnel and the shriek of flying shells rose the piercing scream of wounded mules. The Newfoundlanders did not escape. That morning Beachy Bill's gunners played no favorites. On all sides the shrapnel came in a shower. Less often, a cloud of thick, black smoke and a hole twenty feet deep showed the landing-place of a high-explosive shell. The most amazing thing was the coolness of the men.

Coolness of the Newfoundlanders.

The Newfoundlanders might have been practising trench-digging in camp in Scotland. When a man was hit some one gave him first aid, directed the stretcher-bearers where to find him, and coolly resumed digging. In two hours our position had become untenable. We had been subjected to a merciless and devastating shelling, and our first experience of war had cost us sixty-five men. In a new and safer position we dug ourselves in.

No move could be made in daylight. That evening we received our ration of rum, and under cover of darkness moved in open order across the Salt Lake for about a mile, then

through three miles of knee-high, prickly underbrush, to where our division was intrenched. Our orders were to reinforce the Irish. The Irish sadly needed reinforcing. Some of them had been on the peninsula for months. Many of them are still there. From the beach to the firing-line is not over four miles, but it is a ghastly four miles of graveyard. Everywhere along the route are small, rude wooden crosses, mute record of advances. Where the crosses are thickest there the fighting was fiercest, and where the fighting was fiercest there were the Irish. On every cross. besides a man's name and the date of his death, is the name of his regiment. No other regiments have so many crosses as the Dublins and the Munsters. And where the shrapnel flew so fast that bodies mangled beyond hope of identity were buried in a common grave, there also are the Dublins and Munsters; and the cross over them reads "In Memory of Unknown Comrades."

Four miles of graveyard.

The line on the left was held by the Twenty-ninth Division; the Dublins, the Munsters, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, and the Newfoundlanders made up the 88th Brigade. The Newfoundlanders were reinforcements. From the very first days of the Gallipoli campaign the other three regiments had formed part of what General Sir Ian Hamilton in his report calls the "incomparable Twenty-ninth Division." When the first landing was made, this division, with the New-Zealanders, penetrated to the top of a hill that commanded the Narrows. For forty-eight hours the result was in doubt. The British attacked with bayonet and bombs, were driven back, and repeatedly reattacked. The New-Zealanders finally succeeded in reaching the top, followed by the 88th Brigade. The Irish fought on the tracks of a railroad that leads into Constantinople. At the end of forty-eight hours of attacks and

The incomparable Twenty-ninth.

counter-attacks the position was considered secure. The worn-out soldiers were relieved and went into dug-outs. Then the relieving troops were attacked by an overwhelming hostile force, and the hill was lost. A battery placed on that hill could have shelled the Narrows and opened to our ships the way to Constantinople. The hill was never retaken. When reinforcements came up it was too late. The reinforcements lost their way. In his report General Hamilton attributes our defeat to "fatal inertia." Just how fatal was that inertia is known only to those who formed some of the burial-parties.

How the hill was taken, and lost.

Newfoundlanders run in battle.

After the first forty-eight hours we settled down to regular trench warfare. The routine was four days in the trenches, eight days in rest dug-outs, four in the trenches again, and so forth, although two or three months later our ranks were so depleted that we stayed in eight days and rested only four. We had expected four days' rest after our first trip to the firing-line, but at the end of two days came word of a determined advance of the enemy. We arrived just in time to beat it off. Our trenches, instead of being at the top, were at the foot of the hill that meant so much to us. The ground here was a series of four or five hogback ridges about a hundred yards apart. Behind these towered the hill that was our objective. From the nearest ridge, about seven hundred yards in front of us, the Turks had all that day constantly issued in mass formation. During that attack we were repaid for the havoc wrought by Beachy Bill. As soon as the Turk topped the crest they were subjected to a demoralizing rain of shell from the navy and the artillery. Against the hazy blue of the sky-line we could see the dark mass clearly silhouetted. Every few seconds, when a shell landed in the middle of the approach-

The Turks charge in mass formation.

ing columns, the sides of the column would bulge outward for an instant, then close in again. Meanwhile every man in our trenches stood on the firing-platform, head and shoulders above the parapet, with fixed bayonet and loaded rifle, waiting for the order to begin firing. Still the Turks came on, big, black, bewhiskered six-footers, reforming ranks and filling up their gaps with fresh men. Now they were only six hundred yards away, but still there was no order to open fire. It was uncanny. At five hundred yards our fire was still withheld. When the order came, "At four hundred yards, rapid fire," everybody was tingling with excitement. Still the Turks came on, magnificently determined. But it was too desperate a venture. The chances against them were too great, our artillery and machine-gun fire too destructively accurate. Some few Turks reached almost to our trenches, only to be stopped by rifle-bullets. "Allah! Allah!" yelled the Turks as they came on. A sweating, grimly happy machine-gun sergeant between orders was shouting to the Turkish army in general, "'Tis not a damn' bit of good to yell to Allah now." Our artillery opened huge gaps in their lines; our machine-guns piled them dead in the ranks where they stood. Our own casualties were very slight, but of the waves of Turks that surged over the crest all that day only a mere shattered remnant ever straggled back to their own lines.

Terrible casualties of the enemy.

That was the last big attack the Turks made. From that time on it was virtually two armies in a state of siege. Every night at dark we stood to arms for an hour. Every man fixed his bayonet and prepared to repulse any attack of the enemy. After that sentry groups were formed, three reliefs of two men each. Two men stood with their heads over the parapet watching for any movement in the no-

The armies in a state of siege.

man's-land between the lines. That accounts for the surprisingly large number of men one sees wounded in the head.

At daylight every morning came "Stand to arms" again. Then day duties began. In the daytime, by using a periscope, an arrangement of double mirrors, a sentry can keep his head below the parapet while he watches the ground in front. Sometimes a bullet struck one of the mirrors, and the splintered glass blinded the sentry. It was a common thing to see a man go to hospital with his face badly lacerated by periscope glass.

When a shell comes.

Ordinarily a man is much safer on the firing-line than in the rest dug-outs. Trenches are so constructed that even if a shell drops right in the traverse where men are, only half a dozen or so suffer. In open or slightly protected ground where the dug-outs are the burst of a shrapnel-shell covers an area twenty-five by two hundred yards in extent.

A shell can be heard coming. Experts claim to identify the caliber of a gun by the sound the shell makes. Few live long enough to become such experts. In Gallipoli the average length of life was three weeks. In dug-outs we always ate our meals, such as they were, to the accompaniment of "Turkish Delight," the Newfoundlanders' name for shrapnel. We had become accustomed to rifle-bullets. When you hear the *zing* of a spent bullet or the sharp crack of an explosive you know it has passed you. The one that hits you you never hear. At first we dodged at the sound of a passing bullet, but soon we came actually to believe the superstition that a bullet would not hit a man unless it had on it his regimental number and his name. Then, too, a bullet leaves a clean wound, and a man hit by it drops out quietly. The shrapnel makes nasty, jagged, hideous wounds, the horrible recollection of which

Shrapnel and bullets.

lingers for days. It is little wonder that we preferred the firing-line.

Most of our work was done at night. When we wished to advance our line, we sent forward a platoon of men the desired distance. Every man carried with him three empty sand-bags and his intrenching-tool. Temporary protection is secured at short notice by having every man dig a hole in the ground that is large and deep enough to allow him to lie flat in it. The intrenching-tool is a miniature pickax, one end of which resembles a large-bladed hoe with a sharpened and tempered edge. The pick end is used to loosen hard material and to break up large lumps; the other end is used as a shovel to throw up the dirt. When used in this fashion the wooden handle is laid aside, the pick end becomes a handle, and the intrenching-tool is used in the same manner as a trowel.

The mode of intrenching.

Lying on our stomach, our rifles close at hand, we dug furiously. First we loosened up enough earth in front of our heads to fill a sand-bag. This sand-bag we placed beside our heads on the side nearest the enemy. Out in no-man's-land, with bullets and machine-gun balls pattering about us, we did fast work. As soon as we had filled the second and third sand-bags we placed them on top of the first. In Gallipoli every other military necessity was subordinated to concealment. Often we could complete a trench and occupy it before the enemy knew of it.

The necessity for concealment.

Sometimes while we were digging the Turks surprised us by sending up star-shells. They burst like rockets high overhead. Everything was outlined in a strange, uncanny way that gave the effect of stage-fire. At first when a man saw a star-shell he dropped flat on his face; but after a good many men had been riddled by bullets, we saw our mistake. The sudden blinding glare makes it impossible to

The Turks use star-shells.

identify objects before the light fades. Star-shells show only movement. The first stir between the lines becomes the target for both sides. So after that, even when a man was standing upright, he simply stood still.

Every afternoon from just behind our lines an aëroplane buzzed up. At the tremendous height it looked like an immense blue-bottle fly. At first the enemy's aëroplanes came out to meet ours, but a few encounters with our men soon convinced them of the futility of this. After that they relied on their artillery. In the air all around the tiny speck we could see white puffs of smoke where their shrapnel was exploding. Sometimes those puffs were perilously close to it; at such times our hearts were in our mouths. Everybody in the trench craned his neck to see. When our aëroplane manœuvered clear you could hear a sigh of relief run along the trench.

Aeroplanes attacked by artillery.

One of our air-men, Samson, captured a German Taube that he used for daily reconnaissance. Every day we watched him hover over the Turkish lines, circle clear of their bursting shrapnel, and return to our artillery with his report. One day we watched two hostile planes chase him back right to our trench. When they came near us we opened rapid fire that forced them to turn; but before Samson reached his landing-place at Salt Lake we could see that he was in trouble; one of the wings of the machine was drooping badly. We watched him land in safety, saw him jump out of his seat, and walk about ten yards to a waiting motor-ambulance. The ambulance had just turned when a shell hit the aëroplane. A second shell blew it to pieces.

An airman's adventure.

But Samson had completed his mission. About half an hour later the navy in the bay and our artillery began a bombardment. From our trenches, looking through ravines, we

A naval and artillery bombardment.

could see the men-of-war lined up pouring broadsides over our heads into the Turkish lines. From our position in the valley we watched our shells demolish the enemy's front-line trenches on the hill well to our left. Through field-glasses we could see the communication-trenches choked with fleeing Turks. Some of our artillery concentrated on the support-trenches, preventing reinforcements from coming up. A mule-train of supplies was caught in the curtain of fire. The Turks, caught between two fires, could not escape. In a few minutes all that was left of the scientifically constructed intrenchments was a conglomerate heap of sand-bags, equipments, and machine-guns; and on top of it all lay the mangled bodies of men and mules.

All through the bombardment we had hoped for the order to go over the parapet, but for the Worcesters on our left was reserved the distinction of making the charge. High explosives cleared the way for their advance, and cheering and yelling they went over the parapet. The Turks in the front-line trenches, completely demoralized, fled to the rear. A few, too weak or too sorely wounded to run, surrendered.

The Turk's dislike for German officers.

Prisoners taken in this engagement told us that the Turkish rank and file heartily hated their German officers. One prisoner said that he had been an officer, but since the outbreak of this war had been replaced by a German. At present the Turks are officered entirely by Germans.

With the monotony varied occasionally by some local engagement like this we dragged through the hot, fly-pestered days and cold, drafty, vermin-infested nights of September and early October. By the middle of October, 1915, disease and scarcity of water had depleted our ranks; instead of having four days

on the firing-line and eight days' rest, we were holding the firing-line eight days and resting only four. In my platoon, of the six non-commissioned officers who started with us, only two corporals were left, I and one other. For a week after he had been ordered by the doctor to leave the peninsula the other chap hung on, pluckily determined not to leave me alone, although staying meant keeping awake nearly all night. By this time dysentery and enteric had taken toll of more men than bullets. These diseases became epidemic until the clearing-stations and the beaches were choked with sick. The time we should have been sleeping was spent in digging, but still the men worked uncomplainingly. Some, too game to quit, would not report to the doctor, working on courageously until they dropped, although down in the bay beckoned the Red Cross of the hospital-ship, with its assurance of safety, rest, and cleanliness. By sickness and snipers' bullets we lost thirty men a day. Every day the sun poured down relentlessly, adding to the torment of parched throats and tongues. Every night, doubly cold in comparison with the day's burning heat, found us chilled and shivering.

Losses from disease.

Nobody in the front-line trenches or on the shell-swept area behind ever expected to leave the peninsula alive. Their one hope was to get off wounded. Every night men leaving the trenches to bring up rations from the beach shook hands with their comrades. From every ration party of twenty men we always counted on losing two. Those who were wounded were looked on as lucky. The best thing we could wish a man was a "cushy wound," one that would not prove fatal. But no one wanted to quit. Every day rumors flew through the trenches that in four days all the Turks would surrender. Men dying from dysentery and

The wounded considered lucky.

enteric lingered to see it, but the surrender never materialized.

We knew that in the particular section of trench held by us an advance was hopeless. Still, we thought that some other parts of the line might advance. There was always faith in the invincible Australasians. Early in October, 1915, had come the news of the British advance at Loos. The report that reached us said that the enemy on the entire Western front had begun to retreat. The Australians, catching the Turks napping, took two lines of trenches.

Faith in Australians.

By the time I left, the sordid monotony had begun to tell on the men. Every day officers were besieged with requests for permission to go out between the lines to locate snipers. When men were wanted for night patrol every one volunteered. Ration parties, which had formerly been a dread, were now an eagerly sought variation. Any change was welcome. The thought of being killed had lost its fear. Daily intercourse with death had robbed it of its horror. One chap had his leg blown off from standing on a bomb. Later, in hospital, he told me that he felt satisfied. He had always wondered what would happen if a man stood on a bomb; now he knew. It illustrates how the men hated the deadly sameness. Anything was better than waiting in the trenches, better than being killed without a chance to struggle.

The man who stood on a bomb.

The men our regiment lost, although they gladly fought a hopeless fight, have not died in vain; the foremost advance on the Suvla Bay front, Donnelly's Post on Caribou Ridge, was made by Newfoundlanders. It is called Donnelly's Post because it is here that Lieutenant Donnelly won his military cross. The hitherto nameless ridge from which the Turkish machine-guns poured their concentrated

Donnelly's post on Caribou Ridge.

death into our trenches stands as a monument to the initiative of the Newfoundlanders. It is now Caribou Ridge as a recognition of the men who wear the deer's-head badge.

From Caribou Ridge the Turks could enfilade parts of our firing-line. For weeks they had continued to pick off our men one by one. You could almost tell when your turn was coming. I know, because from Caribou Ridge came the bullet that sent me off the peninsula.

Swept by machine-guns.

The machine-guns on Caribou Ridge not only swept parts of our trench, but commanded all of the intervening ground. Several attempts had been made to rush those guns. All had failed, held up by the murderous machine-gun fire. Under cover of darkness, Lieutenant Donnelly, with only eight men, surprised the Turks in the post that now bears his name. The captured machine-gun he used to repulse constantly launched bomb and rifle attacks.

How Donnelly surprised the Turks.

Just at dusk one evening Donnelly stole out to Caribou Ridge and surprised the Turks. All night the Turks strove to recover their lost ground. Darkness was the Newfoundlanders' ally. When reinforcements arrived, Donnelly's eight men were reduced to two. Dawn showed the havoc wrought by the gallant little group. The ground in front of the post was a shambles of piled-up Turkish corpses. But daylight showed something more to the credit of the Newfoundlanders than the mere taking oof the ridge. It showed one of Donnelly's men, Jack Hynes, who had crawled away from his companion to a point about two hundred yards to the left. From here he had all alone kept up through the whole night a rapid fire on the enemy's flank that duped them into believing that we had men there in force. It showed Hynes purposely falling back over exposed ground to draw the enemy's attention from Sergeant Greene, who was coolly making trip

after trip between the ridge and our lines, carrying a wounded man in his arms every time until all our wounded were in safety. Hynes and Greene were each given a distinguished-conduct medal. None was ever more nobly earned. Deeds of great heroism.

One Saturday morning near the end of October, 1915, the brigade major passed through our lines. Before we took over the trench the occupants of the firing-line threw their refuse over the parapet into the short underbrush. Since coming in we had made a dump for it. I was sent out with five men to remove the rubbish from the underbrush to the dump, and this despite the fact that a short distance to our right we had just lost two men sent over the parapet in broad daylight to pick up some cans.

About nine in the morning we started. It was about half-an-hour's work. There was no cover for men standing. The small bushes hid men lying or sitting. Every little while I gave the men a rest, making them sit in the shelter of the underbrush. We had almost finished when the snipers somewhere on our left began to bang at us. I ordered the men to cover, and was just pointing out a likely place to young Hynes when I felt a dull thud in the left shoulder-blade and a sharp pain in my chest. Then came a drowsy, languid feeling, and I sank down first on my knees, then my head dropped over on my chest, and down I went like a Mohammedan saying his prayers. Connecting the hit in the back with the pain in my chest, I concluded that I was done for, and can distinctly remember thinking quite calmly that I was indeed fortunate to be conscious long enough to tell them what to do about my will and so forth. I tried to say, "I'm hit," and must have succeeded, because immediately I heard my henchman Hynes yell with a fren- The writer is wounded.

zied oath: "The corporal's struck! Can't you see the corporal's struck?" and heard him curse the Turk. Then I heard the others say, "We must get him in out of this." After that I was quite clear-headed, and when three or four of the finest boys that ever stepped risked their lives to come out over the parapet under fire, I was able to tell them how to lift me, and when the stretcher-bearers arrived to give me first aid I was conscious enough to tell them where to look for the wound. Also I became angry at the crowd who gathered around to watch the dressing and make remarks about the amount of blood. I asked them if they thought it was a nickel-show. This when I felt almost certain I was dying. I don't remember even feeling relieved when they told me the bullet had not gone through my heart.

Hospital at Alexandria.

That night I was put on board a hospital-ship, and a few days later I was in hospital at Alexandria.

The night the First Newfoundland Regiment landed in Suvla Bay there were about eleven hundred of us. In December, 1915, when the British forces evacuated Gallipoli, to the remnant of our regiment fell the honor of fighting the rear-guard action. This is the highest recognition a regiment can receive; for the duty of the rear-guard in a retreat is to keep the enemy from reaching the main body of troops, even if this means annihilation for itself. At Lemnos island the next day, when the roll was called, of the eleven hundred men who landed when I did, only one hundred and seventy-one answered "Here."

The rear-guard action.

The German armies, following the Great Retreat from the Marne to the Aisne, and after the series of mighty struggles which make up the Battle of the Aisne, and the attempts to win the Channel ports, continued the efforts

to break through the British and French lines. The British held the strong line of Ypres, and in March made gains at Neuve Chapelle. In April the Germans made a desperate effort to break through at Ypres. There followed the Second Battle of Ypres, terrific in itself, but especially notable because of the first employment by the Germans of poisonous gas.

GAS: SECOND BATTLE OF YPRES

COL. E. D. SWINTON

Second Battle of Ypres.

SINCE the last summary there has been a sudden development in the situation on our front, and very heavy fighting has taken place to the north and northeast of Ypres, which can be said to have assumed the importance of a second battle for that town. With the aid of a method of warfare up to now never employed by nations sufficiently civilized to consider themselves bound by international agreements solemnly ratified by themselves, and favored by the atmospheric conditions, the Germans have put into effect an attack which they have evidently contemplated and prepared for some time.

Before the battle began our line in this quarter ran from the cross-roads at Broodseinde, east of Zonnebeke on the Ypres-Moorslede Road to the cross-roads half a mile north of St. Julien, on the Ypres-Poelcapelle Road, roughly following the crest of what is known as the Grafenstafel Ridge. The French prolonged the line west of the Ypres-Poelcapelle Road, whence their trenches ran around the north of Langemarck to Steenstraate on the Yperlee Canal. The area covered by the initial attack is that between the canal and the Ypres-Poelcapelle Road, though it was afterward extended to the west of the canal and to the east of the road.

An effort on the part of the Germans in this direction was not unexpected, since movements of troops and transport behind their front line had been detected for some days. Its peculiar

and novel nature, however, was a surprise which was largely responsible for the measure of success achieved. Taking advantage of the fact that at this season of the year the wind not infrequently blows from the north, they secretly brought up apparatus for emitting asphyxiating vapor or gas, and distributed it along the section of their front line opposite that of our allies, west of Langemarck, which faced almost due north. Their plan was to make a sudden onslaught southwestward, which, if successful, might enable them to gain the crossings on the canal south of Bixschoote and place them well behind the British left in a position to threaten Ypres.

Germans plan a gas attack.

The attack was originally fixed for Tuesday, the 20th, but since all chances of success depended on the action of the asphyxiating vapor it was postponed, the weather being unfavorable. On Thursday, the 22d, the wind blew steadily from the north, and that afternoon, all being ready, the Germans put their plan into execution. Since then events have moved so rapidly and the situation has moved so frequently that it is difficult to give a consecutive and clear story of what happened, but the following account represents as nearly as can be the general course of events. The details of the gas apparatus employed by them are given separately, as also those of the asphyxiating grenades, bombs, and shells of which they have been throwing hundreds.

The first gas battle in war.

At some time between 4 and 5 p.m. the Germans started operations by releasing gases with the result that a cloud of poisonous vapor rolled swiftly before the wind from their trenches toward those of the French west of Langemarck, held by a portion of the French Colonial Division. Allowing sufficient time for the fumes to take full effect on the troops facing them, the Germans charged forward over the practically

unresisting enemy in their immediate front and, penetrating through the gap thus created, pressed on silently and swiftly to the south and west. By their sudden irruption they were able to overrun and surprise a large proportion of the French troops billeted behind the front line in this area and to bring some of the French guns as well as our own under a hot rifle fire at close range.

The first intimation that all was not well to the north was conveyed to our troops holding the left of the British line between 5 and 6 p.m. by the withdrawal of some of the French Colonials and the sight of the wall of vapor following them. Our flank being thus exposed the troops were ordered to retire on St. Julien, with their left parallel to but to the west of the high road. The splendid resistance of these troops, who saved the situation, has already been mentioned by the Commander in Chief.

Meanwhile, apparently waiting till their infantry had penetrated well behind the Allies' line, the Germans had opened a hot artillery fire upon the various tactical points to the north of Ypres, the bombardment being carried out with ordinary high-explosive shell and shrapnel of various calibres and also with projectiles containing asphyxiating gas. About this period our men in reserve near Ypres, seeing the shells bursting, had gathered in groups, discussing the situation and questioning some scattered bodies of Turcos who had appeared; suddenly a staff officer rode up shouting "Stand to your arms," and in a few minutes the troops had fallen in and were marching northward to the scene of the fight.

Bombardment by shell and gas projectiles.

Nothing more impressive can be imagined than the sight of our men falling in quietly in perfect order on their alarm posts amid the scene of wild confusion caused by the panic

stricken refugees who swarmed along the roads.

In the meantime, to the north and northeast of the town, a confused fight was taking place, which gave proof not only of great gallantry and steadiness on the part of the troops referred to above, but of remarkable presence of mind on the part of their leaders. Behind the wall of vapor, which had swept across fields, through woods, and over hedgerows, came the German firing line, the men's mouths and noses, it is stated, protected by pads soaked in a solution of bicarbonate of soda. Closely following them again came the supports. These troops, hurrying forward with their formation somewhat broken up by the obstacles encountered in their path, looked like a huge mob bearing down upon the town. A battery of 4.7-inch guns a little beyond the left of our line was surprised and overwhelmed by them in a moment. Further to the rear and in a more easterly direction were several field batteries, and before they could come into action the Germans were within a few hundred yards. Not a gun, however, was lost.

Steadiness of the British.

One battery, taken in flank, swung around, fired on the enemy at point-blank range, and checked the rush. Another opened fire with the guns pointing in almost opposite directions, the enemy being on three sides of them. It was under the very heavy cannonade opened about this time by the Germans, and threatened by the advance of vastly superior numbers, that our infantry on our left steadily, and without any sign of confusion, slowly retired to St. Julien, fighting every step.

The left retires slowly.

Help was not long in arriving, for some of our reserves near Ypres had stood to arms as soon as they were aware of the fact that the French line had been forced, and the officers on their own initiative, without waiting for

British reserves arrive.

orders, led them forward to meet the advancing enemy, who, by this time, were barely two miles from the town. These battalions attacked the Germans with the bayonet, and then ensued a mêlée, in which our men more than held their own, both sides losing very heavily.

One German battalion seems to have been especially severely handled, the Colonel being captured among several other prisoners. Other reinforcements were thrown in as they came up, and, when night fell, the fighting continued by moonlight, our troops driving back the enemy by repeated bayonet charges, in the course of which our heavy guns were recaptured.

By then the situation was somewhat restored in the area immediately north of Ypres. Further to the west, however, the enemy had forced their way over the canal, occupying Steenstraate and the crossing at Het Sast, about three-quarters of a mile south of the former place, and had established themselves at various points on the west bank. All night long the shelling continued, and about 1.30 a.m. two heavy attacks were made on our line in the neighborhood of Broodseinde, east of Zonnebeke. These were both repulsed. The bombardment of Ypres itself and its neighborhood had by now redoubled in intensity and a part of the town was in flames.

Germans cross the canal.

In the early morning of Friday, the 23d, we delivered a strong counter-attack northward in co-operation with the French. Our advance progressed for some little distance, reaching the edge of the wood about half a mile west of St. Julien and penetrating it. Here our men got into the Germans with the bayonet, and the latter suffered heavily. The losses were also severe on our side, for the advance had to be carried out across the open. But in spite

of this nothing could exceed the dash with which it was conducted. One man—and his case is typical of the spirit shown by the troops—who had had his rifle smashed by a bullet, continued to fight with an intrenching tool. Even many of the wounded made their way out of the fight with some article of German equipment as a memento.

The British intrench.

About 11 a.m., not being able to progress further, our troops dug themselves in, the line then running from St. Julien practically due west for about a mile, whence it curved south-westward before turning north to the canal near Boesinghe. Broadly speaking, on the section of the front then occupied by us the result of the operations had been to remove to some extent the wedge which the Germans had driven into the allied line, and the immediate danger was over.

During the afternoon our counter-attack made further progress south of Pilkem, thus straightening the line still more. Along the canal the fighting raged fiercely, our allies making some progress here and there. During the night, however, the Germans captured Lizerne, a village on the main road from Ypres to Steenstraate.

The enemy throws bridges across the canal.

When the morning of the 24th came the situation remained much the same, but the enemy, who had thrown several bridges across the canal, continued to gain ground to the west. On our front the Germans, under cover of their gas, made a further attack between 3 and 4 a.m. to the east of St. Julien and forced back a portion of our line. Nothing else in particular occurred until about midday, when large bodies of the enemy were seen advancing down the Ypres-Poelcapelle road toward St. Julien. Soon after a very strong attack developed against that village and the section of the line east of it.

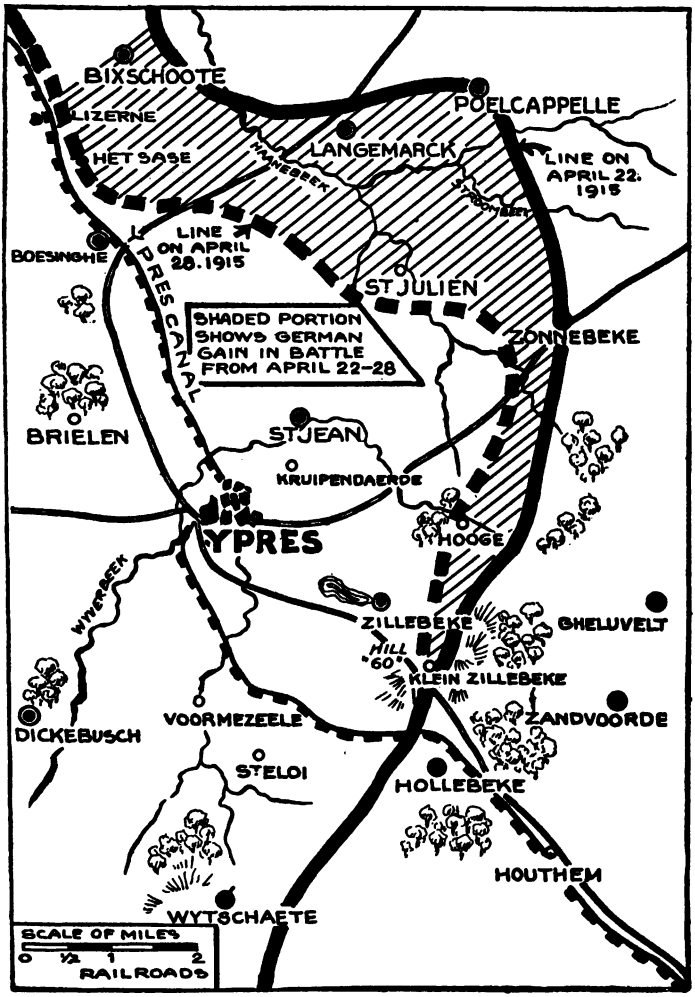
Under the pressure of these fresh masses our troops were compelled to fall back, contesting every inch of ground and making repeated counter-attacks; but until late at night a gallant handful, some 200 to 300 strong, held out in St. Julien. During the night the line was re-established north of the hamlet of Fortuin, about 700 yards further to the rear. All this time the fighting along the canal continued, the enemy forcing their way across near Boesinghe, and holding Het Sase, Steenstraate, and Lizerne strongly. The French counter-attacked in the afternoon, captured fifty prisoners, and made some further progress toward Pilkem. The Germans, however, were still holding the west bank firmly, although the Belgian artillery had broken the bridge behind them at Steenstraate.

A French counter-attack.

On the morning of Sunday, the fourth day of the battle, we made a strong counter-attack on St. Julien, which gained some ground but was checked in front of the village. To the west of it we reached a point a few hundred yards south of the wood which had been the objective on the 23d and which we had had to relinquish subsequently. In the afternoon the Germans made repeated assaults in great strength on our line near Broodseinde. These were backed up by a tremendous artillery bombardment under the throwing of asphyxiating bombs; but all were beaten off with great slaughter to the enemy, and forty-five prisoners fell into our hands. When night came the situation remained unchanged.

German assaults on Broodseinde.

This determined offensive on the part of the enemy, although it has menaced Ypres itself, has not so far the appearance of a great effort to break the line and capture the Channel ports. Its initial success was gained by the surprise rendered possible by the use of a device which Germany pledged herself not to employ.



THE GAS BATTLE OF YPRES

THE CANADIANS AT YPRES

BY THE CANADIAN RECORD OFFICER

ON April 22 the Canadian Division held a line of, roughly, 5,000 yards, extending in a northwesterly direction from the Ypres-Roulers Railway to the Ypres-Poelcapelle road, and connecting at its terminus with the French troops. The division consisted of three infantry brigades, in addition to the artillery brigades. Of the infantry brigades the First was in reserve, the Second was on the right, and the Third established contact with the Allies at the point indicated above.

Position of the Canadian Division.

The day was a peaceful one, warm and sunny, and except that the previous day had witnessed a further bombardment of the stricken town of Ypres, everything seemed quiet in front of the Canadian line. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon a plan, carefully prepared, was put into execution against our French allies on the left. Asphyxiating gas of great intensity was projected into their trenches, probably by means of force pumps and pipes laid out under the parapets. The fumes, aided by a favorable wind, floated backward, poisoning and disabling over an extended area those who fell under their effect.

The sudden gas attack.

The result was that the French were compelled to give ground for a considerable distance. The glory which the French Army has won in this war would make it impertinent to labor the compelling nature of the poisonous discharges under which the trenches were lost. The French did, as every one knew they would

The French give ground.

do, all that stout soldiers could do, and the Canadian Division, officers and men, look forward to many occasions in the future in which they will stand side by side with the brave armies of France.

The immediate consequences of this enforced withdrawal were, of course, extremely grave. The Third Brigade of the Canadian Division was without any left, or, in other words, its left was in the air.

It became imperatively necessary greatly to extend the Canadian lines to the left rear. It was not, of course, practicable to move the First Brigade from reserve at a moment's notice, and the line, extending from 5,000 to 9,000 yards, was naturally not the line that had been held by the Allies at 5 o'clock, and a gap still existed on its left.

Gap on the Canadian left.

It became necessary for Brigadier General Turner, commanding the Third Brigade, to throw back his left flank southward to protect his rear.

In the course of the confusion which followed upon the readjustments of position, the enemy, who had advanced rapidly after his initial successes, took four British 4.7 guns in a small wood to the west of the village of St. Julien, two miles in the rear of the original French trenches.

Heroism of the Canadian Division.

The story of the second battle of Ypres is the story of how the Canadian Division, enormously outnumbered—for they had in front of them at least four divisions, supported by immensely heavy artillery—with a gap still existing, though reduced, in their lines, and with dispositions made hurriedly under the stimulus of critical danger, fought through the day and through the night, and then through another day and night; fought under their officers until, as happened to so many, those perished gloriously, and then fought from the impulsion of

sheer valor because they came from fighting stock.

The enemy, of course, was aware—whether fully or not may perhaps be doubted—of the advantage his breach in the line had given him, and immediately began to push a formidable series of attacks upon the whole of the newly-formed Canadian salient. If it is possible to distinguish when the attack was everywhere so fierce, it developed with particular intensity at this moment upon the apex of the newly formed line, running in the direction of St. Julien.

Assault on the wood.

It has already been stated that four British guns were taken in a wood comparatively early in the evening of the 22d. In the course of that night, and under the heaviest machine-gun fire, this wood was assaulted by the Canadian Scottish, Sixteenth Battalion of the Third Brigade, and the Tenth Battalion of the Second Brigade, which was intercepted for this purpose on its way to a reserve trench. The battalions were respectively commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Leckie and Lieutenant Colonel Boyle, and after a most fierce struggle in the light of a misty moon they took the position at the point of the bayonet. At midnight the Second Battalion, under Colonel Watson, and the Toronto Regiment, Queen's Own, Third Battalion, under Lieutenant Colonel Rennie, both of the First Brigade, brought up much-needed reinforcement, and though not actually engaged in the assault were in reserve.

All through the following days and nights these battalions shared the fortunes and misfortunes of the Third Brigade. An officer who took part in the attack describes how the men about him fell under the fire of the machine guns, which, in his phrase, played upon them "like a watering pot." He added quite simply, "I wrote my own life off." But the line never wavered. When one man fell another took his

place, and with a final shout the survivors of the two battalions flung themselves into the wood. The German garrison was completely demoralized, and the impetuous advance of the Canadians did not cease until they reached the far side of the wood and intrenched themselves there in the position so dearly gained. They had, however, the disappointment of finding that the guns had been blow up by the enemy, and later on in the same night a most formidable concentration of artillery fire, sweeping the wood as a tropical storm sweeps the leaves from a forest, made it impossible for them to hold the position for which they had sacrificed so much.

The fighting continued without intermission all through the night, and, to those who observed the indications that the attack was being pushed with ever-growing strength, it hardly seemed possible that the Canadians, fighting in positions so difficult to defend and so little the subject of deliberate choice, could maintain their resistance for any long period. At 6 A. M. on Friday it became apparent that the left was becoming more and more involved, and a powerful German attempt to outflank it developed rapidly. The consequences, if it had been broken or outflanked, need not be insisted upon. They were not merely local.

It was therefore decided, formidable as the attempt undoubtedly was, to try and give relief by a counter-attack upon the first line of German trenches, now far, far advanced from those originally occupied by the French. This was carried out by the Ontario First and Fourth Battalions of the First Brigade, under Brigadier General Mercer, acting in combination with a British brigade.

Counter-attack on German lines.

It is safe to say that the youngest private in the rank, as he set his teeth for the advance, knew the task in front of him, and the young-

est subaltern knew all that rested upon its success. It did not seem that any human being could live in the shower of shot and shell which began to play upon the advancing troops. They suffered terrible casualties. For a short time every other man seemed to fall, but the attack was pressed ever closer and closer.

The Fourth Canadian Battalion at one moment came under a particularly withering fire. For a moment—not more—it wavered. Its most gallant commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Burchill, carrying, after an old fashion, a light cane, coolly and cheerfully rallied his men and, at the very moment when his example had infected them, fell dead at the head of his battalion. With a hoarse cry of anger they sprang forward, (for, indeed, they loved him,) as if to avenge his death. The astonishing attack which followed—pushed home in the face of direct frontal fire made in broad daylight by battalions whose names should live for ever in the memories of soldiers —was carried to the first line of German trenches. After a hand-to-hand struggle the last German who resisted was bayoneted, and the trench was won.

Enemy's first line trenches taken.

The measure of this success may be taken when it is pointed out that this trench represented in the German advance the apex in the breach which the enemy had made in the original line of the Allies, and that it was two and a half miles south of that line. This charge, made by men who looked death indifferently in the face, (for no man who took part in it could think that he was likely to live,) saved, and that was much, the Canadian left. But it did more. Up to the point where the assailants conquered, or died, it secured and maintained during the most critical moment of all the integrity of the allied line. For the trench was not only taken, it was held there

after against all comers, and in the teeth of every conceivable projectile, until the night of Sunday, the 25th, when all that remained of the war-broken but victorious battalions was relieved by fresh troops.

It is necessary now to return to the fortunes of the Third Brigade, commanded by Brigadier General Turner, which, as we have seen, at 5 o'clock on Thursday was holding the Canadian left, and after the first attack assumed the defense of the new Canadian salient, at the same time sparing all the men it could to form an extemporized line between the wood and St. Julien. This brigade also was at the first moment of the German offensive, made the object of an attack by the discharge of poisonous gas. The discharge was followed by two enemy assaults. Although the fumes were extremely poisonous, they were not, perhaps having regard to the wind, so disabling as on the French lines, (which ran almost east to west,) and the brigade, though affected by the fumes, stoutly beat back the two German assaults.

The poisonous gas attack.

Encouraged by this success, it rose to the supreme effort required by the assault on the wood, which has already been described. At 4 o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 23d, a fresh emission of gas was made both upon the Second Brigade, which held the line running northeast, and upon the Third Brigade, which, as has been fully explained, had continued the line up to the pivotal point, as defined above, and had then spread down in a southeasterly direction. It is, perhaps, worth mentioning that two privates of the Forty-eighth Highlanders who found their way into the trenches commanded by Colonel Lipsett, Ninetieth Winnipeg Rifles, Eighth Battalion, perished in the fumes, and it was noticed that their faces became blue immediately after dissolution.

The Royal Highlanders of Montreal, Thirteenth Battalion, and the Forty-eighth Highlanders, Fifteenth Battalion, were more especially affected by the discharge. The Royal Highlanders, though considerably shaken, remained immovable upon their ground. The Forty-eighth Highlanders, which, no doubt, received a more poisonous discharge, was for the moment dismayed, and, indeed, their trench according to the testimony of very hardened soldiers, became intolerable. The battalion retired from the trench, but for a very short distance, and for an equally short time. In a few moments they were again their own men. They advanced upon and occupied the trenches which they had momentarily abandoned.

A brief retirement.

In the course of the same night the Third Brigade, which had already displayed a resource, a gallantry, and a tenacity for which no eulogy could be excessive, was exposed (and with it the whole allied case) to a peril still more formidable.

It has been explained, and, indeed, the fundamental situation made the peril clear, that several German divisions were attempting to crush or drive back this devoted brigade, and in any event to use their enormous numerical superiority to sweep around and overwhelm its left wing. At some point in the line which cannot be precisely determined the last attempt partially succeeded, and in the course of this critical struggle German troops in considerable though not in overwhelming numbers swung past the unsupported left of the brigade, and, slipping in between the wood and St. Julien, added to the torturing anxieties of the long-drawn struggle by the appearance, and indeed for the moment the reality, of isolation from the brigade base.

Germans pass gap on left.

In the exertions made by the Third Brigade during this supreme crisis it is almost impos-

sible to single out one battalion without injustice to others, but though the efforts of the Royal Highlanders of Montreal, Thirteenth Battalion, were only equal to those of the other battalions who did such heroic service, it so happened by chance that the fate of some of its officers attracted special attention.

The Royal Highlanders of Montreal.

Major Norsworth, already almost disabled by a bullet wound, was bayoneted and killed while he was rallying his men with easy cheerfulness. The case of Captain McCuaig, of the same battalion, was not less glorious, although his death can claim no witness. This most gallant officer was seriously wounded, in a hurriedly constructed trench, at a moment when it would have been possible to remove him to safety. He absolutely refused to move and continued in the discharge of his duty.

Death of Captain McCuaig.

But the situation grew constantly worse, and peremptory orders were received for an immediate withdrawal. Those who were compelled to obey them were most insistent to carry with them, at whatever risk to their own mobility and safety, an officer to whom they were devotedly attached. But he, knowing, it may be, better than they, the exertions which still lay in front of them, and unwilling to inflict upon them the disabilities of a maimed man, very resolutely refused, and asked of them one thing only, that there should be given to him, as he lay alone in the trench, two loaded Colt revolvers to add to his own, which lay in his right hand as he made his last request. And so, with three revolvers ready to his hand for use, a very brave officer waited to sell his life, wounded and racked with pain, in an abandoned trench.

On Friday afternoon the left of the Canadian line was strengthened by important reinforcements of British troops amounting to seven battalions. From this time forward the

Canadians also continued to receive further assistance on the left from a series of French counter-attacks pushed in a northeasterly direction from the canal bank.

But the artillery fire of the enemy continually grew in intensity, and it became more and more evident that the Canadian salient could no longer be maintained against the overwhelming superiority of numbers by which it was assailed. Slowly, stubbornly, and contesting every yard, the defenders gave ground until the salient gradually receded from the apex near the point where it had originally aligned with the French, and fell back upon St. Julien.

The defenders give ground.

Soon it became evident that even St. Julien, exposed to fire from right and left, was no longer tenable in the fact of overwhelming numerical superiority. The Third Brigade was therefore ordered to retreat further south, selling every yard of ground as dearly as it had done since 5 o'clock on Thursday. But it was found impossible, without hazarding far larger forces, to disentangle the detachment of the Royal Highlanders of Montreal, Thirteenth Battalion, and of the Royal Montreal Regiment, Fourteenth Battalion. The brigade was ordered, and not a moment too soon, to move back. It left these units with hearts as heavy as those with which his comrades had said farewell to Captain McCuaig. The German tide rolled, indeed, over the deserted village, but for several hours after the enemy had become master of the village the sullen and persistent rifle fire which survived showed that they were not yet master of the Canadian rearguard. If they died, they died worthily of Canada.

The enemy in St. Julien.

The enforced retirement of the Third Brigade (and to have stayed longer would have been madness) reproduced for the Second Brigade, commanded by Brigadier General Curry, in a singularly exact fashion, the position of

the Third Brigade itself at the moment of the withdrawal of the French. The Second Brigade, it must be remembered, had retained the whole line of trenches, roughly 2,500 yards, which it was holding at 5 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, supported by the incomparable exertions of the Third Brigade, and by the highly hazardous employment in which necessity had involved that brigade. The Second Brigade had maintained its lines.

General Curry's maneuvres.

It now devolved upon General Curry, commanding this brigade, to reproduce the tactical maneuvres with which, earlier in the fight, the Third Brigade had adapted itself to the flank movement of overwhelming numerical superiority. He flung his left flank around south, and his record is, that in the very crisis of this immense struggle he held his line of trenches from Thursday at 5 o'clock till Sunday afternoon. And on Sunday afternoon he had not abandoned his trenches. There were none left. They had been obliterated by artillery. He withdrew his undefeated troops from the fragments of his field fortifications, and the hearts of his men were as completely unbroken as the parapets of his trenches were completely broken. In such a brigade it is invidious to single out any battalion for special praise, but it is, perhaps, necessary to the story to point out that Lieutenant Colonel Lipsett, commanding the Ninetieth Winnipeg Rifles, Eighth Battalion of the Second Brigade, held the extreme left of the brigade position at the most critical moment.

Lieutenant Colonel Lipsett holds the left.

The battalion was expelled from the trenches early on Friday morning by an emission of poisonous gas, but, recovering in three-quarters of an hour, it counter-attacked, retook the trenches it had abandoned, and bayoneted the enemy. And after the Third Brigade had been forced to retire Lieutenant Colonel Lipsett held

his position, though his left was in the air, until two British regiments filled up the gap on Saturday night.

The individual fortunes of these two brigades have brought us to the events of Sunday afternoon, but it is necessary, to make the story complete, to recur for a moment to the events of the morning. After a very formidable attack the enemy succeeded in capturing the village of St. Julien, which has so often been referred to in describing the fortunes of the Canadian left. This success opened up a new and formidable line of advance, but by this time further reinforcements had arrived. Here, again, it became evident that the tactical necessities of the situation dictated an offensive movement as the surest method of arresting further progress.

General Alderson, who was in command of the reinforcements, accordingly directed that an advance should be made by a British brigade which had been brought up in support. The attack was thrust through the Canadian left and centre, and as the troops making it swept on, many of them going to certain death, they paused an instant, and, with deep-throated cheers for Canada, gave the first indication to the division of the warm admiration which their exertions had excited in the British Army.

Cheers for the Canadians.

The advance was indeed costly, but it could not be gainsaid. The story is one of which the brigade may be proud, but it does not belong to the special account of the fortunes of the Canadian contingent. It is sufficient for our purpose to notice that the attack succeeded in its object, and the German advance along the line, momentarily threatened, was arrested.

We had reached, in describing the events of the afternoon, the points at which the trenches of the Second Brigade had been completely de-

stroyed. This brigade, the Third Brigade, and the considerable reinforcements which this time filled the gap between the two brigades were gradually driven fighting every yard upon a line running, roughly, from Fortuin, south of St. Julien, in a northeasterly direction toward Passchendaele. Here the two brigades were relieved by two British brigades, after exertions as glorious, as fruitful, and, alas! as costly as soldiers have ever been called upon to make.

Second and Third Brigades relieved.

Monday morning broke bright and clear and found the Canadians behind the firing line. This day, too, was to bring its anxieties. The attack was still pressed, and it became necessary to ask Brigadier General Curry whether he could once more call upon his shrunken brigade. "The men are tired," this indomitable soldier replied, "but they are ready and glad to go again to the trenches." And so once more, a hero leading heroes, the General marched back the men of the Second Brigade, reduced to a quarter of its original strength, to the very apex of the line as it existed at that moment.

This position he held all day Monday; on Tuesday he was still occupying the reserve trenches, and on Wednesday was relieved and retired to billets in the rear.

Back to the apex of the line.

Such, in the most general outline, is the story of a great and glorious feat of arms. A story told so soon after the event, while rendering bare justice to units whose doings fell under the eyes of particular observers, must do less than justice to others who played their part—and all did—as gloriously as those whose special activities it is possible, even at this stage, to describe. But the friends of men who fought in other battalions may be content in the knowledge that they, too, shall learn, when time allows the complete correlation of diaries, the exact part which each unit

played in these unforgettable days. It is rather accident than special distinction which had made it possible to select individual battalions for mention.

It would not be right to close even this account without a word of tribute to the auxiliary services. The signalers were always cool and resourceful. The telegraph and telephone wires being constantly cut, many belonging to this service rendered up their lives in the discharge of their duty, carrying out repairs with the most complete calmness in exposed positions. The dispatch carriers, as usual, behaved with the greatest bravery. Theirs is a lonely life, and very often a lonely death. One cycle messenger lay upon the ground, badly wounded. He stopped a passing officer and delivered his message, together with some verbal instructions. These were coherently given, but he swooned almost before the words were out of his mouth.

Signalers and dispatch carriers.

The artillery never flagged in the sleepless struggle in which so much depended upon its exertions. Not a Canadian gun was lost in the long battle of retreat. And the nature of the position renders such a record very remarkable. One battery of four guns found itself in such a situation that it was compelled to turn two of its guns directly about and fire upon the enemy in positions almost diametrically opposite.

Artillery and engineers.

It is not possible in this account to attempt a description of the services rendered by the Canadian Engineers or the Medical Corps. Their members rivaled in coolness, endurance, and valor the Canadian infantry, whose comrades they were, and it is hoped in separate communications to do justice to both these brilliant services.

No attempt has been made in this description to explain the recent operations except in so far

as they spring from, or are connected with, the fortunes of the Canadian Division. It is certain that the exertions of the troops who reinforced and later relieved the Canadians were not less glorious, but the long, drawn-out struggle is a lesson to the whole empire. "Arise, O Israel!" The empire is engaged in a struggle, without quarter and without compromise, against an enemy still superbly organized, still immensely powerful, still confident that its strength is the mate of its necessities. To arms, then, and still to arms! In Great Britain, in Canada, in Australia there is need, and there is need now, of a community organized alike in military and industrial co-operation.

That our countrymen in Canada, even while their hearts are still bleeding, will answer every call which is made upon them, we well know.

The graveyard of Canada in Flanders is large; it is very large. Those who lie there have left their mortal remains on alien soil. To Canada they have bequeathed their memories and their glory. The Canadian graveyard in Flanders.

> On Fame's eternal camping ground
> Their silent tents are spread,
> And Glory guards with solemn round
> The bivouac of the dead.

Assaults accompanied with gas were not made on every position of the front held by the British to the north of Ypres at the same time. At one point it was not until the early morning of Saturday, April 24, that the Germans brought this method into operation against a section of our line not far from our left flank.

Late on Thursday afternoon the men here saw portions of the French retiring some distance to the west, and observed the cloud of vapor rolling along the ground southward behind them. Our position was then shelled with

high explosives until 8 P. M. On Friday also it was bombarded for some hours, the Germans firing poison shells for one hour. Their infantry, who were intrenched about 120 yards away, evidently expected some result from their use of the latter, for they put their heads above the parapets, as if to see what the effect had been on our men, and at intervals opened rapid rifle fire. The wind, however, was strong and dissipated the fumes quickly, our troops did not suffer seriously from their noxious effect, and the enemy did not attempt any advance.

Germans fire poison gas shells.

On Saturday morning, just about dawn, an airship appeared in the sky to the east of our line at this point, and dropped four red stars, which floated downward slowly for some distance before they died out. When our men, whose eyes had not unnaturally been fixed on this display of pyrotechnics, again turned to their front it was to find the German trenches rendered invisible by a wall of greenish-yellow vapor, similar to that observed on the Thursday afternoon, which was bearing down on them on the breeze. Through this the Germans started shooting. During Saturday they employed stupefying gas on several occasions in this quarter, but did not press on very quickly. One reason for this, given by a German prisoner, is that many of the enemy's infantry were so affected by the fumes that they could not advance.

Stupefying gas employed.

To continue the narrative from the night of Sunday, April 25. At 12:30 A. M., in face of repeated attacks, our infantry fell back from a part of the Grafenstafel Ridge, northwest of Zonnebeke, and the line then ran for some distance along the south bank of the little Haanebeek stream. The situation along the Yperlee Canal remained practically unchanged.

When the morning of the 26th dawned the Germans, who had been seen massing in St.

Julien, and to the east of the village on the previous evening, made several assaults, which grew more and more fierce as the hours passed, but reinforcements were sent up and the position was secured. Further east, however, our line was pierced near Broodseinde, and a small body of the enemy established themselves in a portion of our trenches. In the afternoon a strong, combined counter-attack was delivered by the French and British along the whole front from Steenstraate to the east of St. Julien, accompanied by a violent bombardment. This moment, so far as can be judged at present, marked the turning point of the battle, for, although it effected no great change in the situation, it caused a definite check to the enemy's offensive, relieved the pressure, and gained a certain amount of ground.

Line pierced at Broodseinde.

During this counter-attack the guns concentrated by both sides on this comparatively narrow front poured in a great volume of fire. From the right came the roar of the British batteries, from the left the rolling thunder of the *soixante-quinze,* and every now and then above the turmoil rose a dull boom as a huge howitzer shell burst in the vicinity of Ypres. On the right our infantry stormed the German trenches close to St. Julien, and in the evening gained the southern outskirts of the village. In the centre they captured the trenches a little to the south of the Bois des Cuisinirs, west of St. Julien, and still further west more trenches were taken. This represented an advance of some 600 or 700 yards, but the gain in ground could not at all points be maintained. Opposite St. Julien we fell back from the village to a position just south of the place, and in front of the Bois des Cuisinirs and on the left of the line a similar retirement took place, the enemy making extensive use of his gas cylinders and of machine guns placed in

Attack near St. Julien.

farms or at other points of vantage. None the less, the situation at nightfall was more satisfactory than it had been. We were holding our own well all along the line and had made progress at some points. On the right the enemy's attacks on the front of the Grafenstafel Ridge had all been repulsed.

Enemy lines.

In the meantime the French had achieved some success, having retaken Lizerne and also the trenches round Het Sast, captured some 250 prisoners, and made progress all along the west bank of the canal. Heavy as our losses were during the day, there is little doubt that the enemy suffered terribly. Both sides were attacking at different points, the fighting was conducted very largely in the open, and the close formations of the Germans on several occasions presented excellent targets to our artillery, which did not fail to seize its opportunities.

Nothing in particular occurred during the night.

The morning of the 27th found our troops occupying the following positions; North of Zonnebeke the right of the line still held the eastern end of the Grafenstafel Ridge, but from here it bent southwestward behind the Haanebeek stream, which it followed to a point about

The new battle lines.

half a mile east of St. Julien. Thence it curved back again to the Vamheule Farm, on the Ypres-Poelcappelle road, running from here in a slight southerly curve to a point a little west of the Ypres-Langemarck road, where it joined the French. In the last mentioned quarter of the field it followed generally the line of a low ridge running from west to east. On the French front the Germans had been cleared from the west bank of the canal, except at one point, Steenstraate, where they continued to hold the bridgehead.

About 1 P. M. a counter-attack was made by

us all along the line between the canal and the Ypres-Poelcappelle road, and for about an hour we continued to make progress. Then the right and centre were checked. A little later the left was also held up, and the situation remained very much as it had been on the previous day The Germans were doubtless much encouraged by their initial success, and their previous boldness in attack was now matched by the stubborn manner in which they clung on to their positions. In the evening the French stormed some trenches east of the canal, but were again checked by the enemy's gas cylinders.

The night passed quietly, and was spent by us in reorganizing and consolidating our positions. The enemy did not interfere. This is not surprising, in view of the fact that by Tuesday evening they had been fighting for over five days. Their state of exhaustion is confirmed by the statements of the prisoners captured by the French, who also reported that the German losses had been very heavy. German exhaustion.

On Wednesday, the 28th, there was a complete lull on this sector of our line, and the shelling was less severe. Some fighting, however, occurred along the canal, the French taking over 100 prisoners.

Nothing of any importance has occurred on other parts of the front. On the 27th at the Railway Triangle opposite Guinchy, the south side of the embankment held by the Germans was blown up by our miners. On the 28th a hostile aeroplane was forced to descend by our anti-aircraft guns. On coming down in rear of the German lines, it was at once fired upon and destroyed by our field artillery. Another hostile machine was brought down by rifle fire near Zonnebeke. Air battles.

Splendid work has been done during the past few days by our airmen, who have kept all the area behind the hostile lines under close ob-

servation. On the 26th they bombed the r
tions of Staden, Thielt, Courtrai, Roubaix, a
other places, and located an armored train n
Langemarck, which was subsequently shel
and forced to retire. There have been seve
successful conflicts in the air, on one occasio
pilot in a single seater chasing a German m
chine to Roulers, and forcing it to land.

Raid on Courtrai. The raid on Courtrai unfortunately cost t
nation a very gallant life, but it will live as o
of the most heroic episodes of the war. Th
airman started on the enterprise alone in
biplane. On arrival at Courtrai he glided dow
to a height of 300 feet and dropped a larg
bomb on the railway junction. While he did th
he was the target of hundreds of rifles, of m
chine guns, and of anti-aircraft armament, a
was severely wounded in the thigh. Though
might have saved his life by at once comi
down in the enemy's lines, he decided to sa
his machine at all costs, and made for *the B*
ish lines. Descending to a height of only 1
feet in order to increase his speed, he continu
to fly and was again wounded, this tim
mortally. He still flew on, however, and wi
out coming down at the nearest of our aer
dromes went all the way back to his own bas
where he executed a perfect landing *and ma*
his report. He died in hospital not long afte
ward.

Steadiness of the Canadians. The outstanding feature of the action of th
past week has been the steadiness of our troo
on the extreme left; but of the deeds of in
dividual gallantry and devotion which hav
been performed it would be impossible *to* nar
rate one-hundredth part. At one place in thi
quarter a machine gun was stationed in th
angle of a trench when the German rush to
place. One man after another of the detac
ment was shot, but the gun still continued i
action, through five bodies lay around it. Whe

the sixth man took the place of his fallen comrades, of whom one was his brother, the Germans were still pressing on. He waited until they were only a few yards away, and then poured a stream of bullets on to the advancing ranks, which broke and fell back, leaving rows of dead. He was then wounded himself.

Telephone wires cut.

Under the hot fire to which our batteries were subjected in the early part of the engagement telephone wires were repeatedly cut. The wire connecting one battery with its observing officer was severed on nine separate occasions, and on each occasion repaired by a Sergeant, who did the work out in the open under a perfect hail of shells.

About 5 P. M. a dense cloud of suffocating vapors was launched from their trenches along the whole front held by the French right and by our left from the Ypres-Langemarck road to a considerable distance east of St. Julien. The fumes did not carry much beyond our front trenches. But these were to a great extent rendered untenable, and a retirement from them was ordered.

Strange appearance of gas battle.

No sooner had this started than the enemy opened a violent bombardment with asphyxiating shells and shrapnel on our trenches and on our infantry as they were withdrawing. Meanwhile our guns had not been idle. From a distance, perhaps owing to some peculiarity of the light, the gas on this occasion looked like a great reddish cloud, and the moment it was seen our batteries poured a concentrated fire on the German trenches.

Curious situations then arose between us and the enemy. The poison belt, the upper part shredding into thick wreaths of vapor as it was shaken by the wind, and the lower and denser part sinking into all inequalities of the ground, rolled slowly down the trenches.

Shells would rend it for a moment, but it only settled down again as thickly as before.

Nevertheless, the German infantry faced it, and they faced a hail of shrapnel as well. In some cases where the gas had not reached our lines our troops held firm and shot through the cloud at the advancing Germans. In other cases the men holding the front line managed to move to the flank, where they were more or less beyond the affected area. Here they waited until the enemy came on and then bayoneted them when they reached our trenches.

A charge through the gas.

On the extreme left our supports waited until the vapor reached our trenches, when they charged through it and met the advancing Germans with the bayonet as they swarmed over the parapets.

South of St. Julien the denseness of the vapor compelled us to evacuate trenches, but reinforcements arrived who charged the enemy before they could establish themselves in position. In every case the assaults failed completely. Large numbers were mown down by our artillery. Men were seen falling and others scattering and running back to their own lines. Many who reached the gas cloud could not make their way through it, and in all probability a great number of the wounded perished from the fumes.

It is to that extent, from a military standpoint, a sign of weakness. Another sign of weakness is the adoption of illegal methods of fighting, such as spreading poisonous gas. It is a confession by the Germans that they have lost their former great superiority in artillery and are, at any cost, seeking another technical advantage over their enemy as a substitute.

The enemy sticks at nothing.

Nevertheless, this spirit, this determination on the part of our enemies to stick at nothing must not be underestimated. Though it may not pay the Germans in the long run, it renders

it all the more obvious that they are a foe that can be overcome only by the force of overwhelming numbers of men and guns.

Further to the east a similar attack was made about 7 P. M. which seems to have been attended with even less success, and the assaulting infantry was at once beaten back by our artillery fire.

It was not long before all our trenches were reoccupied and the whole line reestablished in its original position. The attack on the French met with the same result.

Prisoners captured in the recent fighting, the narrative continues, stated that one German corps lost 80 per cent. of its men in the first week; that the losses from our artillery fire, even during days when no attacks were taking place, had been very heavy and that many of their own men had suffered from the effects of the gas.

In regard to the recent fighting on our left, the German offensive, effected in the first instance by surprise, resulted in a considerable gain of ground for the enemy. Between all the earlier German efforts, the only difference was that on this latest occasion the attempt was carried out with the aid of poisonous gases.

German gains due to poison gas.

There is no reason why we should not expect similar tactics in the future. They do not mean that the Allies have lost the initiative in the Western theatre, nor that they are likely to lose it. They do mean, however, and the fact has been repeatedly pointed out, that the enemy's defensive is an active one, that his confidence is still unshaken and that he still is able to strike in some strength where he sees the chance or where mere local advantage can be secured.

The true idea of the meaning of the operations of the Allies can be gained only by bearing in mind that it is their primary object to

bring about the exhaustion of the enemy's re sources in men.

In the form now assumed by this struggle a war of attrition—the Germans are bou ultimately to lose, and it is the consciousnes of this fact that inspires their present polic This is to achieve as early as possible som success of sufficient magnitude to influence th neutrals, to discourage the Allies, to make the weary of the struggle and to induce the belie among the people ignorant of war that nothin has been gained by the past efforts of the Allie because the Germans have not yet been drive back. It is being undertaken with a politica rather than a strategical object.

The calm that prevailed Thursday and Fr day proved to be only the lull before the storm Early Saturday morning it became apparen that the Germans were preparing an attack strength against our line running east an northeast from Ypres, for they were concen

Violent artillery fire.

trating under cover of a violent artillery fir and at about 10 o'clock the battle began i earnest.

At that hour the Germans attacked our lin from the Ypres-Poelcappelle road to within short distance of the Menin highroad, it bein evidently their intention while engaging u closely on the whole of this sector to break ou front in the vicinity of the Ypres-Roulers Rai way, to the north and to the south of whic their strongest and most determined assault were delivered.

Under this pressure our front was penetrate at some points around Frezenberg, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon we made a counter-a tack between the Zonnebeke road and the ra way in order to recover the lost ground. Ou offensive was conducted most gallantly, bu was checked before long by the fire of machin guns.

Meanwhile, the enemy launched another attack through the woods south of the Menin road, and at the same time threatened our left to the north of Ypres with fresh masses. Most desperate fighting ensued, the German infantry coming on again and again and gradually forcing our troops back, though only for a short distance, in spite of repeated counter-attacks. Enemy attacks near Menin road.

During the night the fighting continued to rage with ever-increasing fury. It is impossible to say at exactly what hour our line was broken at different points, but it is certain that at one time the enemy's infantry poured through along the Poelcappelle road, and even got as far as Wieltje at 9 P. M. On the Poelcappelle road.

There was also a considerable gap in our front about Frezenberg, where hostile detachments had penetrated. At both points counter-attacks were organized without delay. To the east of the salient the Germans first were driven back to Frezenberg, but there they made a firm stand, and under pressure of fresh reinforcements we fell back again toward Verlorenhoek.

Northeast of the salient a counter-attack carried out by us about 1 A. M. was more successful. Our troops swept the enemy out of Wieltje at the bayonet's point, leaving the village strewn with German dead and, pushing on, regained most of the ground to the north of that point. And so the fight surged to and fro throughout the night. All around the scene of the conflict the sky was lit up by the flashes of the guns and the light of blazing villages and farms, while against this background of smoke and flame, looking out in the murky light over the crumbling ruins of the old town, rose the battered wreck of the cathedral town and the spires of Cloth Hall. Canadian counter-attack.

When Sunday dawned there came a short respite, and the firing for a time died down. The comparative lull enabled us to reorganize and

consolidate our position on the new line we had taken up and to obtain some rest after the fatigue and strain of the night. It did not last long, however, and in the afternoon the climax of the battle was reached, for, under the cover of intense artillery fire, the Germans launched no less than five separate assaults against the east of the salient.

German assaults on the east.

To the north and northeast their attacks were not at first pressed so hard as on the south of the Menin road, where the fighting was especially fierce. In the latter direction masses of infantry were hurled on with absolute desperation and were beaten off with corresponding slaughter.

At one point, north of the town, 500 of the enemy advanced from the wood, and it is affirmed by those present that not a single man of them escaped.

German losses at Château Hooge.

On the eastern face, at 6:30 P. M., an endeavor was made to storm the grounds of the Château Hooge, a little north of the Menin road, but the force attempting it broke and fell back under the hail of shrapnel poured upon them by our guns. It was on this side, where they had to face the concentrated fire of guns, Maxims and rifles again and again in their efforts to break their way through, that the Germans incurred their heaviest losses, and the ground was literally heaped with dead.

They evidently, for the time being at least, were unable to renew their efforts, and as night came on the fury of their offensive gradually slackened, the hours of darkness passing in quietness.

During the day our troops saw some of the enemy busily employed in stripping the British dead in our abandoned trenches, east of the Hooge Château, and several Germans afterward were noticed dressed in khaki.

So far as the Ypres region is concerned, this

for us was a most successful day. Our line, which on the northeast of the salient had, after the previous day's fighting, been reconstituted a short distance behind the original front, remained intact. Our losses were comparatively slight, and, owing to the targets presented by the enemy, the action resolved itself on our part into pure killing. A successful day.

The reason for this very determined effort to crush our left on the part of the Germans is not far to seek. It is probable that for some days previously they had been in possession of information which led them to suppose that we intended to apply pressure on the right of our line, and that their great attack upon Ypres on the 7th, 8th, and 9th was undertaken with a view to diverting us from our purpose.

In this the Germans were true to their principles, for they rightly hold that the best manner of meeting an expected hostile offensive is to forestall it by attacking in some other quarter. In this instance their leaders acted with the utmost determination and energy and their soldiers fought with the greatest courage.

The failure of their effort was due to the splendid endurance of our troops, who held the line around the salient under a fire which again and again blotted out whole lengths of the defenses and killed the defenders by scores. Time after time along those parts of the front selected for assault were parapets destroyed, and time after time did the thinning band of survivors build them up again and await the next onset as steadily as before. The enemy held in check.

Here, in May, in defense of the same historic town, have our incomparable infantry repeated the great deeds their comrades performed half a year ago and beaten back most desperate onslaughts of hostile hordes backed by terrific artillery support.

The services rendered by our troops in this

quarter cannot at present be estimated, for their full significance will only be realized in the light of future events. But so far their devotion has indirectly contributed in no small measure to the striking success already achieved by our allies.

Further south, in the meantime, on Sunday another struggle had been in progress on that portion of the front covered by the right of our line and the left of the French, for when the firing around Ypres was temporarily subsiding during the early hours of the morning another and even more tremendous cannonade was suddenly started by the artillery of the Allies some twenty miles to the south.

The morning was calm, bright, and clear, and opposite our right, as the sun rose, the scene in front of our line was the most peaceful imaginable. Away to the right were Guinchy, with its brickfields and the ruins of Givenchy. To the north of them lay low ground, where, hidden by trees and hedgerows, ran the opposing lines that were about to become the scene of the conflict, and beyond, in the distance, rose the long ridge of Aubers, the villages crowning it standing out clear cut against the sky.

Bombardment of Guinchy.

At 5 o'clock the bombardment began, slowly at first and then growing in volume until the whole air quivered with the rush of the larger shells and the earth shook with the concussion of guns. In a few minutes the whole distant landscape disappeared in smoke and dust, which hung for a while in the still air and then drifted slowly across the line of battle.

The battle near Festubert.

Shortly before 6 o'clock our infantry advanced along our front between the Bois Grenier and Festubert. On the left, north of Fromelles, we stormed the German first line trenches. Hand-to-hand fighting went on for some time with bayonet, rifle, and hand grenade, but we continued to hold on to this posi-

tion throughout the day and caused the enemy very heavy loss, for not only were many Germans killed in the bombardment, but their repeated efforts to drive us from the captured positions proved most costly.

On the right, to the north of Festubert, our advance met with considerable opposition and was not pressed.

A French victory.

Meanwhile, the French, after a prolonged bombardment, had taken the German positions north of Arras on a front of nearly five miles, and had pushed forward from two to three miles, capturing 2,000 prisoners and six guns. This remarkable success was gained by our allies in the course of a few hours.

As may be supposed from the nature of the fighting which has been in progress, our losses have been heavy. On other parts of the front our action was confined to that of the artillery, but this proved most effective later, all the communications of the enemy being subjected to so heavy and accurate a fire that in some quarters all movement by daylight within range of our lines was rendered impracticable. At one place opposite our centre a convoy of ammunition was hit by a shell, which knocked out six motor lorries and caused two to blow up. Opposite our centre we fired two mines, which did considerable damage to the enemy's defenses.

Air fighting.

During the day also our aeroplanes attacked several points of importance. One of our airmen, who was sent to bomb the canal bridge near Don, was wounded on his way there, but continued and fulfilled his mission. Near Wytschaete, one of our aviators pursued a German aeroplane and fired a whole belt from his machine gun at it. The Taube suddenly swerved, righted itself for a second, and then descended from a height of several thousand feet straight to the ground.

On the other hand, a British machine unfortunately was brought down over Lille by the enemy's anti-aircraft guns, but it is hoped that the aviator escaped.

In regard to the German allegation, that the British used gas in their attacks on Hill 60, the Eyewitness says:

British had not used gas.

No asphxiating gases have been employed by us at any time, nor have they yet been brought into play by us.

Germany, desperate at her failure to win the rapid victories she had anticipated on the land, resorted, in 1915, to a ruthless policy of sinking the ships of the belligerent powers, whether or not they were engaged on legitimate errands. This policy culminated on May 7, 1915, in the sinking of the great transatlantic steamship the *Lusitania*, with the loss of over a thousand men, women, and children.

SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA

THE JUDICIAL DECISION BY JUDGE J. M. MAYER

ON May 1, 1915, the British passenger-carrying merchantman *Lusitania* sailed from New York bound for Liverpool, with 1,257 passengers and a crew of 702, making a total of 1,959 souls on board, men, women, and children. At approximately 2:10 on the afternoon of May 7, 1915, weather clear and sea smooth, without warning, the vessel was torpedoed and went down by the head in about eighteen minutes, with an ultimate tragic loss of 1,195. The *Lusitania* sails.

So far as equipment went, the vessel was seaworthy in the highest sense. Her carrying capacity was 2,198 passengers and a crew of about 850, or about 3,000 persons in all. She had 22 open lifeboats capable of accommodating 1,322 persons, 26 collapsible boats with a capacity for 1,283, making a total of 48 boats with a capacity for 2,605 in all, or substantially in excess of the requirements of her last voyage. Her total of life belts was 3,187, or 1,959 more than the total number of passengers, and, in addition, she carried 20 life buoys. She was classed 100 A1 at Lloyd's being 787 feet long over all, with a tonnage of 30,395 gross and 12,611 net. She had 4 turbine engines, 25 boilers, 4 boiler rooms, 12 transverse bulkheads, dividing her into 13 compartments, with a longitudinal bulkhead on either side of the ship for 425 feet, covering all vital parts. Passengers and equipment.

The proof is absolute that she was not and never had been armed nor did she carry any ex- The *Lusitania* unarmed.

plosives. She did carry some 18 fuse cases and 125 shrapnel cases, consisting merely of empty shells without any powder charge, 4,200 cases of safety cartridges, and 189 cases of infantry equipment, such as leather fittings, pouches, and the like. All these were for delivery abroad, but none of these munitions could be exploded by setting them on fire in mass or in bulk, nor by subjecting them to impact. She had been duly inspected on March 17, April 15, 16, and 17, all in 1915, and before she left New York the boat gear and boats were examined, overhauled, checked up, and defective articles properly replaced.

There is no reason to doubt that this part of her equipment was in excellent order when she left New York. The vessel was under the command of a long service and experienced Captain and officered by competent and experienced men. The difficulties of the war prevented the company from gathering together a crew fully reaching a standard as high as in normal times, (many of the younger British sailors having been called to the colors,) but, all told, the crew was good and, in many instances, highly intelligent and capable. Due precaution was taken in respect of boat drills while in port, and the testimony shows that those drills were both sufficient and efficient. Some passengers did not see any boat drills on the voyage, while others characterized the drills, in effect, as formally superficial. Any one familiar with ocean traveling knows that it is not strange that boat drills may take place unobserved by some of the passengers who, though on deck, may be otherwise occupied or who may be in another part of the ship, and such negative testimony must give way to the positive testimony that there were daily boat drills, the object of which mainly was to enable the men competently and quickly to lower the boats.

The drills sufficient.

Each man had a badge showing the number of the boat to which he was assigned, and a boat list was posted in three different places in the ship. Each day of the voyage a drill was held with the emergency boat, which was a fixed boat, either No. 13 on the starboard side or No. 14 on the port side, according to the weather, the idea, doubtless, being to accustom the men quickly to reach the station on either side of the ship. The siren was blown and a picked crew from the watch assembled at the boat, put on life belts, jumped into the boat, took their places, and jumped out again. Emergency precautions.

Throughout this case it must always be remembered that the disaster occurred in May, 1915, and the whole subject must be approached with the knowledge and mental attitude of that time. It may be that more elaborate and effective methods and precaution have been adopted since then, but there is no testimony which shows that these boat drills, as practiced on the voyage, were not fully up to the then existing standards and practices. There can be no criticism of the bulkhead door drills, for there was one each day.

In November, 1914, the Directors of the Cunard Company, in view of the falling off of the passenger traffic, decided to withdraw the *Lusitania's* sister ship, *Mauretania,* and to run the *Lusitania* at three-fourths boiler power, which involved a reduction of speed from an average of about twenty-four knots to an average of about twenty-one knots. The ship was operated under this reduced boiler power and reduced rate of speed for six round trips until and including the fatal voyage, although at the reduced rate she was considerably faster than any passenger ship crossing the Atlantic at that time. This reduction was in part for financial reasons and in part "a question of economy of coal and labor in time of war." No Speed reduced.

profit was expected and none was made, but the company continued to operate the ship as a public service. The reduction from twenty-four to twenty-one knots is, however, quite immaterial to the controversy, as will later appear.

Having thus outlined the personnel, equipment, and cargo of the vessel, reference will now be made to a series of events preceding her sailing on May 1, 1915.

On February 4, 1915, the Imperial German Government issued a proclamation as follows:

The German proclamation.

"1. The waters surrounding Great Britain and Ireland, including the whole English Channel, are hereby declared to be war zone. On and after the 18th of February, 1915, every enemy merchant ship found in the said war zone will be destroyed without its being always possible to avert the dangers threatening the crews and passengers on that account.

"2. Even neutral ships are exposed to danger in the war zone, as in view of the misuse of neutral flags ordered on January 31 by the British Government and of the accidents of naval war, it cannot always be advoided to strike even neutral ships in attacks that are directed at enemy ships.

"3. Northward navigation around the Shetland Islands, in the eastern waters of the North Sea and in a strip of not less than thirty miles width along the Netherlands coast is in no danger. "VON POHL,

"Chief of the Admiral Staff of the Navy.

"Berlin, February 4, 1915."

This was accompanied by a so-called memorial, setting forth the reasons advanced by the German Government in support of the issuance of this proclamation, an extract from which is as follows:

Submarine blockade declared.

"Just as England declared the whole North Sea between Scotland and Norway to be com-

prised within the seat of war, so does Germany now declare the waters surrounding Great Britain and Ireland, including the whole English Channel, to be comprised within the seat of war, and will prevent by all the military means at its disposal all navigation by the enemy in those waters. To this end it will endeavor to destroy, after February 18 next, any merchant vessels of the enemy which present themselves at the seat of war above indicated, although it may not always be possible to avert the dangers which may menace persons and merchandise. Neutral powers are accordingly forewarned not to intrust their crews, passengers, or merchandise to such vessels."

Protests sent by the United States.

To this proclamation and memorial the Government of the United States made due protest under date of February 10, 1915. On the same day protest was made to England by this Government regarding the use of the American flag by the *Lusitania* on its voyage through the war zone on its trip from New York to Liverpool of January 30, 1915, in response to which, on February 19, Sir Edward Grey, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, handed a memorandum to Mr. Page, the American Ambassador to England, containing the following statement:

British reply to American protest.

"It is understood that the German Government had announced their intention of sinking British merchant vessels at sight by torpedoes without giving any opportunity of making any provisions for saving the lives of noncombatant crews and passengers. It was in consequence of this threat that the *Lusitania* raised the United States flag on her inward voyage and on her subsequent outward voyage. A request was made by the United States passengers who were embarking on board her that the United States flag should be hoisted, presumably to insure their safety."

The British Ambassador, the Hon. Cecil

Spring-Rice, on March 1, 1915, in a communication to the American Secretary of State regarding an economic blockade of Germany, stated in reference to the German proclamation of February 4:

British statement on the submarine blockade.

"Germany has declared that the English Channel, the north and west coasts of France and the waters around the British Isles are a war area and has officially notified that all enemy ships found in that area will be destroyed, and that neutral vessels may be exposed to danger. This is in effect a claim to torpedo at sight, without regard to the safety of the crew or passengers, any merchant vessel under any flag. As it is not in the power of the German Admiralty to maintain any surface craft in these waters, this attack can only be delivered by submarine agency."

Submarines sink merchant ships.

Beginning with the 30th of January, 1915, and prior to the sinking of the *Lusitania* on May 7, 1915, German submarines attacked and seemed to have sunk twenty merchant and passenger ships within about 100 miles of the usual course of the *Lusitania,* chased two other vessels which escaped, and damaged still another.

It will be noted that nothing is stated in the German memorandum as to sinking enemy merchant vessels without warning, but, on the contrary, the implication is that settled international law as to visit and search and an opportunity for the lives of passengers to be safeguarded will be obeyed, "although it may not always be possible to avert the dangers which may menace persons and merchandise."

As a result of this submarine activity, the *Lusitania* on its voyages from New York to Liverpool, beginning with that of January 30, 1915, steered a course further off from the south coast of Ireland than formerly.

In addition, after the German proclamation

of February 4, 1915, the *Lusitania* had its boats swung out and provisioned while passing through the danger zone, did not use its wireless for sending messages, and did not stop at the Mersey Bar for a pilot, but came directly up to its berth. Precautions in danger zone.

The petitioner and the master of the *Lusitania* received certain advices from the British Admiralty on February 10, 1915, as follows:

"Vessels navigating in submarine areas should have their boats turned out and fully provisioned. The danger is greatest in the vicinity of ports and off prominent headlands on the coast. Important landfalls in this area should be made after dark whenever possible. So far as is consistent with particular trades and state of tides, vessels should make their ports at dawn."

On April 15 and 16, 1915, and after the last voyage from New York, preceding the one on which the *Lusitania* was torpedoed, the Cunard Company and the master of the *Lusitania* received at Liverpool the following advices from the British Admiralty: Advices from the British Admiralty.

"Confidential Daily Voyage Notice 15th April, 1915, issued under Government War Risks Scheme.

"German submarines appear to be operating chiefly off prominent headlands and landfalls. Ships should give prominent headlands a wide berth.

"Confidential memorandum issued 16th April, 1915:

"War experience has shown that fast steamers can considerably reduce the chance of successful surprise submarine attacks by zigzagging—that is to say, altering the course at short and irregular intervals, say in ten minutes to half an hour. This course is almost invariably adopted by warships when cruising in an area known to be infested by submarines. The underwater speed of a submarine is very Fast steamers follow a zigzag course.

slow and it is exceedingly difficult for her to get into position to deliver an attack unless she can observe and predict the course of the ship attacked."

Sir Alfred Booth, Chairman of the Cunard Line, was a member of the War Risks Committee at Liverpool, consisting of ship owners, representatives of the Board of Trade and the Admiralty, which received these instructions and passed them on to the owners of vessels, including the Cunard Company, which distributed them to the individual masters.

Advertisement in the New York papers.

On Saturday, May 1, 1915, the advertised sailing date of the *Lusitania* from New York to Liverpool on the voyage on which she was subsequently sunk, there appeared the following advertisement in the New York "Times," New York "Tribune," New York "Sun," New York "Herald," and the New York "World," this advertisement being in all instances except one placed directly over, under, or adjacent to the advertisement of the Cunard Line, regarding the sailing of the *Lusitania:*

"Travelers intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her allies and Great Britain and her allies. That the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles. That in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial German Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain or of any of her allies are liable to destruction in those waters, and that travelers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk."

"IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY,
"April 22, 1915. Washington, D. C."

This was the first insertion of this advertisement, although it was dated more than a week prior to its publication. Captain Turner, the

master of the vessel, saw the advertisement or "something of the kind" before sailing, and realized that the *Lusitania* was included in the warning. The Liverpool office of the Cunard Company was advised of the sailing and the number of passengers by cable from the New York office, but no mention was made of the above quoted advertisement. Sir Alfred Booth was informed through the press of this advertisement on either Saturday evening, May 1, or Sunday morning, May 2.

Lusitania justified in sailing.

The significance and construction to be given to this advertisement will be discussed infra, but it is perfectly plain that the master was fully justified in sailing on the appointed day from a neutral port with many neutral and non-combatant passengers, unless he and his company were willing to yield to the attempt of the German Government to terrify British shipping. No one familiar with the British character would expect that such a threat would accomplish more than to emphasize the necessity of taking every precaution to protect life and property which the exercise of judgment would invite.

And so, as scheduled, the *Lusitania* sailed, undisguised, with her four funnels and a figure so familiar as to be readily discernible not only by naval officers and marines, but by the ocean-going public generally.

In the submarine war zone.

The voyage was uneventful until May 6. On approaching the Irish coast on May 6 the Captain ordered all the boats hanging on the davits to be swung out and lowered to the promenade deckrail, and this order was carried out under the supervision of Staff Captain Anderson, who later went down with the ship. All bulkhead doors which were not necessary for the working of the ship were closed, and it was reported to Captain Turner that this had been done. Lookouts were doubled, and two extra were

put forward and one on either side of the bridge; that is, there were two lookouts in the crow's-nest, two in the eyes of the ship, two officers on the bridge, and a quartermaster on either side of the bridge.

Directions were given to the engine room to keep the highest steam they could possibly get on the boilers, and in case the bridge rang for full speed, to give as much as they possibly could. Orders were also given that ports should be kept closed.

Wireless messages from the Admiralty.

At 7:50 P. M., on May 6, the *Lusitania* received the following wireless message from the Admiral at Queenstown: "Submarines active off south coast of Ireland," and at 7:56 the vessel asked for and received a repetition of his message. The ship was then going at a rate of 21 knots per hour.

At 8:30 P. M. of the same day the following message was received from the British Admiralty:

"To All British Ships 0005:

"Take Liverpool pilot at bar and avoid headlands. Pass harbors at full speed; steer midchannel course. Submarines off Fastnet."

The *Lusitania's* speed reduced.

At 8:32 the Admiralty received a communication to show that this message had been received by the *Lusitania,* and the same message was offered to the vessel seven times between midnight of May 6 and 10 A. M. of May 7.

At about 8 A. M. on the morning of May 7, on approaching the Irish coast, the vessel encountered an intermittent fog, or Scotch mist called "banks" in seafaring language, and the speed was reduced to 15 knots. Previously the speed, according to Captain Turner's recollection, had been reduced to 18 knots. This adjustment of speed was due to the fact that Captain Turner wished to run the last 150 miles of the voyage in the dark, so as to make Liverpool early on the morning of May 8, at the

earliest time when he could cross the bar without a pilot.

Approaching the most dangerous waters.

Judging from the location of previous submarine attacks, the most dangerous waters in the *Lusitania's* course were from the entrance to St. George's Channel to Liverpool Bar. There is no dispute as to the proposition that a vessel darkened is much safer from submarine attack at night than in the daytime, and Captain Turner exercised proper and good judgment in planning accordingly as he approached dangerous waters. It is futile to conjecture as to what would or would not have happened had the speed been higher prior to the approach to the Irish coast, because, obviously, until then the Captain could not figure out his situation, not knowing how he might be impeded by fog or other unfavorable weather conditions.

On the morning of May 7, 1915, the ship passed about twenty-five or twenty-six, and, in any event, at least eighteen and a half miles south of Fastnet, which was not in sight. The course was then held up slightly to bring the ship closer to land, and a little before noon land was sighted, and what was thought to be Brow Head was made out.

Meanwhile, between 11 A. M. and noon, the fog disappeared, the weather became clear, and the speed was increased to 18 knots. The course of the vessel was S. 87 E. Mag. At 11:25 A. M. Captain Turner received the following message:

"Submarines active in southern part of Irish Channel, last heard of twenty miles south of Coningbeg. Light vessel make certain *'Lusitania'* gets this."

Submarines reported by wireless.

At 12:40 P. M. the following additional wireless message from the Admiralty was received:

"Submarines five miles south of Cape Clear, proceeding west when sighted at 10 A. M."

After picking up Brow Head and at about

12:40 P. M., the course was altered in shore by about 30 degrees, to about N. 63 or 67 E. Mag., Captain Turner did not recall which Land was sighted which the Captain thought was Galley Head, but he was not sure, and therefore held in shore. This last course was continued for an hour at a speed of 18 knots until 1:40 P. M., when the Old Head of Kinsale was sighted and the course was then changed back to the original course of S. 87 E. Mag.

The *Lusitania* torpedoed.

At 1:50 P. M. the Captain started to take a four-point bearing on the Old Head of Kinsale and while thus engaged and at about 2:10 P. M., as heretofore stated, the ship was torpedoed on the starboard side. Whether one, two or three torpedoes were fired at the vessel can not be determined with certainty. Two of the ships's crew were confident that a third torpedo was fired and missed the ship. While not doubting the good faith of these witnesses, the evidence is not sufficiently satisfactory to be convincing.

Conflicting testimony.

There was, however, an interesting and remarkable conflict of testimony as to whether the ship was struck by one or two torpedoes and witnesses, both passengers and crew, differed on this point, conscientiously and emphatically. The witnesses were all highly intelligent, and there is no doubt that all testified to the best of their recollection, knowledge, or impression, and in accordance with their honest conviction. The weight of the testimony (too volminous to analyze) is in favor of the "two

Probably two torpedoes.

torpedo" contention, not only because of some convincing direct testimony, (as, for instance, Adams, Lehman, Morton,) but also because of the unquestioned surrounding circumstances. The deliberate character of the attack upon a vessel whose identity could not be mistaken, made easy on a bright day, and the fact that the vessel had no means of defending herself

would lead to the inference that the submarine commander would make sure of her destruction. Further, the evidence is overwhelming that there was a second explosion. The witnesses differ as to the impression which the sound of this explosion made upon them —a natural difference due to the fact, known by common experience, that persons who hear the same explosion even at the same time will not only describe the sound differently, but will not agree as to the number of detonations. As there were no explosives on board, it is difficult to account for the second explosion, except on the theory that it was caused by a second torpedo. Whether the number of torpedoes was one or two is relevant, in this case, only upon the question of what effect, if any, open ports had in accelerating the sinking of the ship.

No explosives on board.

While there was much testimony and some variance as to the places where the torpedoes struck, judged by the sound or shock of the explosions, certain physical effects, especially as to smoke and blown-up débris, tend to locate the areas of impact with some approach of accuracy.

From all the testimony it may be reasonably concluded that one torpedo struck on the starboard side somewhere abreast of No. 2 boiler room and the other, on the same side, either abreast of No. 3 boiler room or between No. 3 and No. 4. From knowledge of the torpedoes then used by the German submarines, it is thought that they would effect a rupture of the outer hull thirty to forty feet long and ten to fifteen feet vertically.

Cockburn, senior Second Engineer, was of opinion that the explosion had done a great deal of internal damage. Although the lights were out, Cockburn could hear the water coming into the engine room. Water at once entered No. 1 and No. 2 boiler rooms, a result

Flooding of boiler rooms and coal bunkers.

necessarily attributable to the fact that one or both of the coal bunkers were also blown open. Thus, one torpedo flooded some or all of the coal bunkers on the starboard side of Nos. 1 and 2 boiler rooms, and apparently flooded both boiler rooms.

The effect of the other torpedo is not entirely clear. If it struck midway between two bulkheads, it is quite likely to have done serious bulkhead injury. The *Lusitania* was built so as to float with two compartments open to the sea, and with more compartments open she could not stay afloat. As the side coal bunkers are regarded as compartments, the ship could not float with two boiler rooms flooded and also an adjacent bunker, and, therefore, the damage done by one torpedo was enough to sink the ship.

To add to the difficulties, all the steam had gone as the result of the explosions, and the ship could not be controlled by her engines.

Little, senior Third Engineer, testified that in a few seconds after the explosion the steam pressure fell from 190 to 50 pounds, his explanation being that the main steam pipes or boilers had been carried away.

Engines disabled.

The loss of control of and by the engines resulted in disability to stop the engines, with the result that the ship kept her headway until she sank. That the ship commenced to list to starboard immediately is abundantly established by many witnesses.

The ship's behavior in going down.

Some of the witnesses, (Lauriat and Adams, passengers; Duncan, Bestic, and Johnson, officers,) testified that the ship stopped listing to starboard and started to recover and then listed again to starboard until she went over.

This action, which is quite likely, must have resulted from the inrush of water on the port side. There can be no other adequate explanation consistent with elementary scientific

knowledge; for, if the ship temporarily righted herself, it must have been because the weight of water on the two sides was equal or nearly so. The entry of water into the port side must, of course, have been due to some rupture on that side. Such a result was entirely possible, and, indeed, probable.

The explosive force was sufficiently powerful to blow débris far above the radio wires—i. e., more than 160 feet above the water. The boiler rooms were not over sixty feet wide, and so strong a force could readily have weakened the longitudinal bulkheads on the port side in addition to such injury as flying metal may have done. It is easy to understand, therefore, how the whole pressure of the water rushing in from the starboard side against the weakened longitudinal bulkheads on the port side would cause them to give way and thus open up some apertures on the port side for the entry of water. Later, when the water continued to rush in on the starboard side, the list to starboard naturally again occurred, increased and continued to the end. As might be expected, the degree of list to starboard is variously described, but there is no doubt that it was steep and substantial.

A considerable amount of testimony was taken upon the contention of claimants that many of the ship's ports were open, thus reducing her buoyancy and substantially hastening her sinking. There is no doubt that on May 6 adequate orders were given to close all ports. The testimony is conclusive that the ports on Deck F (the majority of which were dummy ports) were closed. Very few, if any, ports on E deck were open, and, if so, they were starboard ports in a small section of the first class in the vicinity where one of the torpedoes did its damage. A very limited number of passengers testified that the portholes in

Ports had all been ordered closed.

their staterooms were open, and if their impressions are correct, these portholes, concerning which they testified, were all, or nearly all, so far above the water that they could not have influenced the situation.

There was conflicting testimony as to the ports in the dining room on D deck. The weight of the testimony justifies the conclusion that some of these ports were open—how many it is impossible to determine. These ports, however, were from twenty-three to thirty feet above water, and when the gap made by the explosion and the consequent severe and sudden list are considered, it is plain that these open ports were not a contributing cause of the sinking, and had a very trifling influence, if any, in accelerating the time within which the ship sank.

Sinking not affected by open ports.

From the foregoing the situation can be visualized. Two sudden and extraordinary explosions, the ship badly listed so that the port side was well up in the air, the passengers scattered about on the decks and in the staterooms, saloons and companion ways, the ship under headway and, as it turned out, only eighteen minutes afloat—such was the situation which confronted the officers, crew, and passengers in the endeavor to save the lives of those on board.

Calm heroism of the passengers.

The conduct of the passengers constitutes an enduring record of calm heroism with many individual instances of sacrifice and, in general, a marked consideration for women and children. There was no panic, but naturally, there was a considerable amount of excitement and rush and much confusion, and, as the increasing list rendered ineffective the lowering of the boats on the port side, the passengers, as is readily understandable, crowded over on the starboard side.

The problem presented to the officers of the ship was one of exceeding difficulty, occasioned

largely because of the serious list and the impossibility of stopping the ship or reducing her headway.

The precaution of extra lookouts resulted in a prompt report to the Captain, via the bridge, of the sighting of the torpedo. Second Officer Heppert, who was on the bridge, immediately closed all watertight doors worked from the bridge, and the testimony satisfactorily shows that all watertight doors worked by hand were promptly closed. Immediately after Captain Turner saw the wake of the torpedo there was an explosion and then Turner went to the navigation bridge and took the obvious course, i. e., had the ship's head turned to the land. He signaled the engine room for full speed astern, hoping thereby to take the way off the ship, and then ordered the boats lowered down to the rail and directed that women and children should be first provided for in the boats. As the engine room failed to respond to the order to go full speed astern, and as the ship was continuing under way, Turner ordered that the boats should not be lowered until the vessel should lose her headway, and he told Anderson, the Staff Captain, who was in charge of the port boats, to lower the boats when he thought the way was sufficiently off to allow that operation. Anderson's fidelity to duty is sufficiently exemplified by the fact that he went down with the ship.

Lookouts sighted the torpedo.

Boats ordered lowered.

Jones, First Officer, and Lewis, Acting Third Officer, were in charge of the boats on the starboard side and personally superintended their handling and launching. Too much cannot be said both for their courage and skill, but, difficult as was their task, they were not confronted with some of the problems which the port side presented. There, in addition to Anderson, were Bestic, Junior Third Officer, and another officer, presumably the Second Officer. These

The officers display courage and skill.

men were apparently doing the best they could and standing valiantly to their duty. Anderson's fate has already been mentioned, and Bestic, although surviving, stuck to his post until the ship went down under him. The situation can readily be pictured even by a novice.

With the ship listed to starboard, the port boats, of course, swung inboard. If enough man power were applied, the boats could be put over the rail, but then a real danger would follow. Robertson, the ship's carpenter, aptly described that danger in answer to a question as to whether it was possible to lower the open boats on the port side. He said:

Port boats could not be lowered.

"No. To lower the port boats would just be like drawing a crate of unpacked china along a dock road. What I mean is that if you started to lower the boats you would be dragging them down the rough side of the ship on rivets which are what we call "snap-headed rivets"—they stand up about an inch from the side of the ship, so you would be dragging the whole side of the boat away if you tried to lower the boats with a 15-degree list."

That some boats were and others would have been seriously damaged is evidenced by the fact that two port boats were lowered to the water and got away, (though one afterward filled,) and not one boat reached Queenstown.

Each boat has its own history, (except possibly Boats 2 and 4,) although it is naturally difficult, in each case, to allocate all the testimony to a particular boat.

There is some testimony, given in undoubted good faith, that painted or rusted davits stuck out, but the weight of the testimony is to the contrary. There were some lamentable occurrences on the port side, which resulted in spilling passengers, some of whom thus thrown out or injured went to their death. These un-

fortunate accidents, however, were due either to lack of strength of the seaman who was lowering, or possibly, at worst, to an occasional instance of incompetency due to the personal equation so often illustrated, where one man of many may not be equal to the emergency. But the problem was of the most vexatious character. In addition to the crowding of passengers in some instances was this extremely hazardous feat of lowering boats swung inboard from a tilted height, heavily weighted by human beings, with the ship still under way. It cannot be said that it was negligent to attempt this, because, obviously, all the passengers could not be accommodated in the starboard boats. Accidents in lowering.

On the starboard side, the problem, in some respects, was not so difficult, while, in others, troublesome conditions existed quite different from those occurring on the port side. Here the boats swung so far out as to add to the difficulty of passengers getting in them, a difficulty intensified by the fact that many more passengers went to the starboard side than to the port side and, also that the ship maintained her way. Six boats successfully got away. In the case of the remaining boats, some were successfully lowered but later met with some unavoidable accident, and some were not successfully launched (such as Nos. 1, 5, and 17) for entirely explainable reasons which should not be charged to inefficiency on the part of the officers or crew. Six boats get away from starboard.

The collapsible boats were on the deck under the open lifeboats, and were intended to be lifted and lowered by the same davits which lowered the open boats after the open boats had gotten clear of the ship. It was the duty of the officers to get the open boats away before giving attention to the collapsible boats, and that was a question of time. These boats are

designed and arranged to float free if the ship should sink before they can be hoisted over. They were cut loose and some people were saved on these boats.

Collapsible boats cut loose.

It is to be expected that those passengers who lost members of their family or friends and who saw some of the unfortunate accidents, should feel strongly and entertain the impression that inefficiency or individual negligence was widespread among the crew. Such an impression, however, does an inadvertent injustice to the great majority of the crew, who acted with that matter-in-fact courage and fidelity to duty which are traditional with men of the sea. Such of these men, presumably fairly typical of all, as testified in this court, were impressive not only because of inherent bravery, but because of intelligence and clear-headedness, and they possessed that remarkable gift of simplicity so characteristic of truly fearless men who cannot quite understand why an ado is made of acts which seem to them merely the day's work.

Mr. Grab, one of the claimants and an experienced transatlantic traveler, concisely summed up the situation when he said:

"They were doing the best they could—they were very brave and working as hard as they could without any fear. They didn't care about themselves. It was very admirably done. While there was great confusion, they did the best they could."

Captain Turner's comment on the crew.

It will unduly prolong a necessarily extended opinion to sift the voluminous testimony relating to this subject of the boats and the conduct of the crew and something is sought to be made of comments of Captain Turner, construed by some to be unfavorable but afterward satisfactorily supplemented and explained, but if there were some instances of incompetency they were very few and the

charge of negligence in this regard cannot be successfully maintained.

In arriving at this conclusion, I have not overlooked the argument earnestly pressed that the men were not sufficiently instructed and drilled; for I think the testimony establishes the contrary in the light of conditions in May, 1915.

I now come to what seems to be the only debatable question of fact in the case, i. e., whether Captain Turner was negligent in not literally following the Admiralty advices and, also, in not taking a course different from that which he adopted.

The Captain's judgment free.

The fundamental principle in navigating a merchantman, whether in times of peace or of war, is that the commanding officer must be left free to exercise his own judgment. Safe navigation denies the proposition that the judgment and sound discretion of the Captain of a vessel must be confined in a mental straitjacket. Of course, when movements are under military control, orders must be strictly obeyed, come what may. No such situation, however, was presented either to the Cunard Steamship Co. or Captain Turner. The vessel was not engaged in military service nor under naval convoy. True, she was, as between the German and British Governments, an enemy ship as to Germany, but she was unarmed and a carrier of not merely noncombatants, but, among others, of many citizens of the United States, then a neutral country, at peace with all the world.

In such circumstances the Captain could not shield himself automatically against error behind a literal compliance with the general advices or instructions of the Admiralty, nor can it be supposed that the Admiralty, any more than the Cunard Steamship Co., expected him so to do. What was required of him was that

he should seriously consider and, as far as practicable, follow the Admiralty advices and use his best judgment as events and exigencies occurred; and if a situation arose where he believed that a course should be pursued to meet emergencies which required departure from some of the Admiralty advices as to general rules of action, then it was his duty to take such course, if in accordance with his carefully formed deliberate judgment. After a disaster has occurred, it is not difficult for the expert to show how it might have been avoided and there is always opportunity for academic discussion as to what ought or ought not to have been done; but the true approach is to endeavor, for the moment, to possess the mind of him upon whom rested the responsibility.

Admiralty advices considered.

Let us now see what that responsibility was and how it was dealt with. The rules of naval warfare allowed the capture and, in some circumstances, the destruction of an enemy merchant ship, but, at the same time, it was the accepted doctrine of all civilized nations (as will be more fully considered infra) that, as Lord Mersey put it, "there is always an obligation first to secure the safety of the lives of those on board."

Enemy obligations in care of merchant ships.

The responsibility, therefore, of Captain Turner, in his task of bringing the ship safely to port, was to give heed not only to general advices advanced as the outcome of experience in the then developing knowledge as to submarine warfare, but particularly to any special information which might come to him in the course of the voyage.

Realizing that if there was a due warning, in accordance with international law, and an opportunity, within a limited time, for the passengers to leave the ship, nevertheless that the operation must be quickly done, Captain Turner, on May 6, had taken the full precau-

tions, such as swinging out the boats, properly provisioned, which have been heretofore described. The principal features of the Admiralty advices were (1) to give the headlands a wide berth; (2) to steer a midchannel course; (3) to maintain as high a speed as practicable; (4) to zigzag, and (5) to make ports, if possible, at dawn, thus running the last part of the voyage at night. Advices of the Admiralty.

The reason for the advice as to keeping off headlands was that the submarines lurked near those prominent headlands and landfalls to and from which ships were likely to go. This instruction Captain Turner entirely followed in respect of Fastnet, which was the first point on the Irish coast which a vessel bound from New York to Liverpool would ordinarily approach closely, and, in normal times, the passing would be very near, or even inside of Fastnet. The *Lusitania* passed Fastnet so far out that Captain Turner could not see it. Whether the distance was about twenty-five miles, as the Cunard Steamship Co. contends, or about eighteen and one-half miles, as the claimants calculate, the result is that either distance must be regarded as a wide berth, in comparison with the customary navigation at that point, and, besides, nothing happened there. At 8:30 P. M. on May 6 the message had been received from the British Admiralty that submarines were off Fastnet, so that Captain Turner, in this regard, not only followed the general advices, but the specific information from the Admiralty. Fastnet given a wide berth.

At 11:25 A. M. on May 7 Captain Turner received the wireless from the Admiralty plainly intended for the *Lusitania,* informing him that submarines (plural) were active in the southern part of the Irish Channel and when last heard of were twenty miles south of Coningbeg Light Vessel. This wireless message presented

acutely to the Captain the problem as to the best course to pursue, always bearing in mind his determination and the desirability of getting to the Liverpool Bar when it could be crossed while the tide served and without a pilot. Further, as was stated by Sir Alfred Booth, "The one definite instruction we did give him with regard to that was to authorize him to come up without a pilot." The reasons for this instruction were cogent and were concisely summed up by Sir Alfred Booth during his examination as a witness as follows:

The Mersey sandbar.

"It was one of the points that we felt it necessary to make the Captain of the *Lusitania* understand the importance of. The *Lusitania* can only cross the Liverpool Bar at certain states of the tide, and we therefore warned the Captain, or whoever might be Captain, that we did not think it would be safe for him to arrive off the bar at such a time that he would have to wait there, because that area had been infested with submarines, and we thought therefore it would be wiser for him to arrange his arrival in such a way, leaving him an absolutely free hand as to how he would do it, that he could come straight up without stopping at all. The one definite instruction we did give him with regard to that was to authorize him to come up without a pilot."

The tide would be high at Liverpool Bar at 6:53 on Saturday morning, May 8. Captain Turner planned to cross the bar as much earlier than that as he could get over without stopping, while at the same time figuring on passing during the darkness the dangerous waters from the entrance of St. George's Channel to the Liverpool Bar.

Having thus in mind his objective, and the time approximately when he intended to reach it, the message received at 11:25 A. M. required that he should determine whether to keep off

land approximately the same distance as he was when he passed Fastnet, or to work inshore and go close to Coningbeg Lightship. He determined that the latter was the better plan to avoid the submarines reported in midchannel ahead of him. The Captain decides to work inshore.

When Galley Head was sighted the course was changed so as to haul closer to the land, and this course was pursued until 1:40 P. M., at which time Captain Turner concluded that it was necessary for him to get his bearings accurately. This he decided should be done by taking a four-point bearing, during which procedure the ship was torpedoed. It is urged that he should have taken a two-point bearing or a cross bearing, which would have occupied less time, but if, under all the conditions which appealed to his judgment as a mariner, he had taken a different method of ascertaining his exact distance and the result would have been inaccurate, or while engaged in taking a two-point bearing the ship had been torpedoed, then somebody would have said he should have taken a four-point bearing. The point of the matter is that an experienced Captain took the bearing he thought proper for his purposes, and to predicate negligence upon such a course is to assert that a Captain is bound to guess the exact location of a hidden and puzzling danger. Taking a bearing.

Much emphasis has been placed upon the fact that the speed of the ship was eighteen knots at the time of the attack instead of twenty-four, or, in any event, twenty-one knots, and upon the further fact (for such it is) that the ship was not zigzagging as frequently as the Admiralty advised or in the sense of that advice. Testimony about the ship's speed.

Upon this branch of the case much testimony was taken, (some in camera, as in the Wreck Commissioners' Court,) and, for reasons of public interest, the methods of successfully

evading submarines will not be discussed. If it be assumed that the Admiralty advices as of May, 1915, were sound and should have been followed, then the answer to the charge of negligence is twofold: (1) that Captain Turner, in taking a four-point bearing off the Old Head of Kinsale, was conscientiously exercising his judgment for the welfare of the ship, and (2) that it is impossible to determine whether, by zigzagging off the Old Head of Kinsale or elsewhere, the *Lusitania* would have escaped the German submarine or submarines.

As to the first answer I cannot better express my conclusion that in the language of Lord Mersey:

Lord Mersey's opinion.

"Captain Turner was fully advised as to the means which in the view of the Admiralty were best calculated to avert the perils he was likely to encounter, and in considering the question whether he is to blame for the catastrophe in which his voyage ended I have to bear this circumstance in mind. It is certain that in some respects Captain Turner did not follow the advice given to him. It may be (though I seriously doubt it) that had he done so his ship would have reached Liverpool in safety. But the question remains: Was his conduct the conduct of a negligent or of an incompetent man? On this question I have sought the guidance of my assessors, who have rendered me invaluable assistance, and the conclusion at which I have arrived is that blame ought not to be imputed to the Captain. The advice given to him, although meant for his most serious and careful consideration, was not intended to deprive him of the right to exercise his skilled judgment in the difficult questions that might arise from time to time in the navigation of his ship. His omission to follow the advice in all respects cannot fairly be attributed either to negligence or incompetence.

"He exercised his judgment for the best. It was the judgment of a skilled and experienced man, and although others might have acted differently, and, perhaps, more successfully, he ought not, in my opinion, to be blamed."

Skilled and experienced judgment.

As to the second answer, it is only necessary to outline the situation in order to realize how speculative is the assertion of fault. It is plain from the radio messages of the Admiralty, (May 6, 7:50 P. M., "Submarines active off south coast of Ireland"; May 6, 8:30 P. M., "Submarines off Fastnet"; the 11:25 message of May 7, supra; May 7, 11:40 A. M., "Submarines five miles south of Cape Clear, proceeding west when sighted at 10 A. M.,") that more than one submarine was lying in wait for the *Lusitania*.

More than one submarine in wait.

A scientific education is not necessary to appreciate that it is much more difficult for a submarine successfully to hit a naval vessel than an unarmed merchant ship. The destination of a naval vessel is usually not known, that of the *Lusitania* was. A submarine commander, when attacking an armed vessel, knows that he, as the attacker, may and likely will also be attacked by his armed opponent. The *Lusitania* was as helpless in that regard as a peaceful citizen suddenly set upon by murderous assailants. There are other advantages of the naval vessel over the merchant ship which need not be referred to.

Submarines bold with unarmed vessels.

It must be assumed that the German submarine commanders realized the obvious disadvantages which necessarily attached to the *Lusitania,* and, if she had evaded one submarine, who can say what might have happened five minutes later? If there was, in fact, a third torpedo fired at the *Lusitania's* port side, then that incident would strongly suggest that, in the immediate vicinity of the ship, there were at least two submarines.

Probably two submarines.

It must be remembered also that the *Lusitania* was still in the open sea, considerably distant from the places of theretofore submarine activity and comfortably well off the Old Head of Kinsale, from which point it was about 140 miles to the Scilly Islands, and that she was nearly 100 miles from the entrance to St. George's Channel, the first channel she would enter on her way to Liverpool.

No transatlantic passenger liner, and certainly none carrying American citizens, had been torpedoed up to that time. The submarines, therefore, could lay their plans with facility to destroy the vessel somewhere on the way from Fastnet to Liverpool, knowing full well the easy prey which would be afforded by an unarmed, unconvoyed, well-known merchantman, which from every standpoint of international law had the right to expect a warning before its peaceful passengers were sent to their death. That the attack was deliberate and long contemplated and intended ruthlessly to destroy human life, as well as property, can no longer be open to doubt. And when a foe employs such tactics it is idle and purely speculative to say that the action of the Captain of a merchant ship, in doing or not doing something or in taking one course and not another, was a contributing cause of disaster or that had the Captain not done what he did or had he done something else, then that the ship and her passengers would have evaded their assassins.

Attack intended to destroy life.

I find, therefore, as a fact, that the Captain and, hence, the Cunard Company were not negligent.

The Captain and company not negligent.

The importance of the cause, however, justifies the statement of another ground which effectually disposes of any question of liability.

It is an elementary principle of law that even if a person is negligent recovery cannot

be had unless the negligence is the proximate cause of the loss or damage.

There is another rule, settled by ample authority, viz.: that, even if negligence is shown, it cannot be the proximate cause of the loss or damage if an independent illegal act or a third party intervenes to cause the loss.

The question, then, is whether the act of the German submarine commander was an illegal act.

International law.

The United States courts recognize the binding force of international law.

At least since as early as June 5, 1793, in the letter of Mr. Jefferson, Secretary of State, to the French Minister, our Government has recognized the law of nations as an "integral part" of the laws of the land.

To ascertain international law, "resort must be had to the customs and usages of civilized nations; and, as evidence of these, to the works of commentators and jurists. * * * Such works are resorted to by judicial tribunals * * * for trustworthy evidence of what the law really is."

Let us first see the position of our Government, and then ascertain whether that position has authoritative support. Mr. Lansing, in his official communication to the German Government dated June 9, 1915, stated:

Mr. Lansing's communication.

"But the sinking of passenger ships involves principles of humanity which throw into the background any special circumstances of detail that may be thought to affect the cases, principles which lift it, as the Imperial German Government will no doubt be quick to recognize and acknowledge, out of the class of ordinary subjects of diplomatic discussion or of international controversy. Whatever be the other facts regarding the *Lusitania,* the principal fact is that a great steamer, primarily and chiefly a conveyance for passengers, and

carrying more than a thousand souls who had no part or lot in the conduct of the war, was torpedoed and sunk without so much as a challenge or a warning, and that men, women, and children were sent to their death in circumstances unparalleled in modern warfare. The fact that more than one hundred American citizens were among those who perished made it the duty of the Government of the United States to speak of these things and once more with solemn emphasis to call the attention of the Imperial German Government to the grave responsibility which the Government of the United States conceives that it has incurred in this tragic occurrence, and to the indisputable principle upon which that responsibility rests. The Government of the United States is contending for something much greater than mere rights of property or privileges of commerce. It is contending for nothing less high and sacred than the rights of humanity, which every Government honors itself in respecting and which no Government is justified in resigning on behalf of those under its care and authority. Only her actual resistance to capture or refusal to stop when ordered to do so for the purpose of visit could have afforded the commander of the submarine any justification for so much as putting the lives of those on board the ship in jeopardy. This principle the Government of the United States understands the explicit instructions issued on August 3, 1914, by the Imperial German Admiralty to its commanders at sea to have recognized and embodied as do the naval codes of all other nations, and upon it every traveler and seaman had a right to depend. It is upon this principle of humanity, as well as upon the law founded upon this principle, that the United States must stand. * * *

Responsibility of the German Government.

A principle of humanity.

"The Government of the United States cannot

admit that the proclamation of a war zone from which neutral ships have been warned to keep away may be made to operate as in any degree an abbreviation of the rights either of American shipmasters or of American citizens bound on lawful errands as passengers on merchant ships of belligerent nationality. It does not understand the Imperial German Government to question those rights. It understands it, also, to accept as established beyond question the principle that the lives of non-combatants cannot lawfully or rightfully be put in jeopardy by the capture or destruction of an unresisting merchantman, and to recognize the obligation to take sufficient precaution to ascertain whether a suspected merchantman is in fact of belligerent nationality or is in fact carrying contraband of war under a neutral flag. The Government of the United States therefore deems it reasonable to expect that the Imperial German Government will adopt the measures necessary to put these principles into practice in respect of the safeguarding of American lives and American ships, and asks for assurances that this will be done. (See White Book of Department of State entitled 'Diplomatic Correspondence with Belligerent Governments Relating to Neutral Rights and Duties, European War, No. 2,' at p. 172. Printed and distributed October 21, 1915.)"

Americans must be safeguarded.

The German Government found itself compelled ultimately to recognize the principles insisted upon by the Government of the United States, for, after considerable correspondence, and on May 4, 1916, (after the *Sussex* had been sunk,) the German Government stated:

The *Sussex* agreement.

"The German submarine forces have had in fact, orders to conduct submarines warfare in accordance with the general principles of visit and search and destruction of merchant vessels

as recognized by international law, the sole exception being the conduct of warfare against the enemy trade carried on enemy freight ships that are encountered in the war zone surrounding Great Britain. * * *

"The German Government, guided by this idea, notifies the Government of the United States that the German naval forces have received the following orders: In accordance with the general principles of visit and search and destruction of merchant vessels recognized by international law, such vessels, both within and without the area declared as naval war zone shall not be sunk without warning and without saving human lives, unless these ships attempt to escape or offer resistance. See Official Communication by German Foreign Office to Ambassador Gerard, May 4, 1916. (White Book No. 3 of Department of State, pp. 302, 305.)"

Merchant ships not to be sunk without warning.

There is, of course, no doubt as to the right to make prize of an enemy ship on the high seas, and, under certain conditions, to destroy her, and equally no doubt of the obligation to safeguard the lives of all persons aboard, whether passengers or crew.

Right to make a prize.

Two quotations from a long list of authorities may be given for convenience, one stating the rule and the other the attitude which obtains among civilized Governments. Oppenheim sets forth as among violations of the rules of war:

"(12) Attack on enemy merchantmen without previous request to submit to visit."

The observation in Vattel's "Law of Nations" is peculiarly applicable to the case of the *Lusitania:*

"Let us never forget that our enemies are men. Though reduced to the disagreeable necessity of prosecuting our right by force of arms, let us not divest ourselves of that charity which connects us with all mankind. Thus shall we

courageously defend our country's rights without violating those of human nature. Let our valor preserve itself from every stain of cruelty and the lustre of victory will not be tarnished by inhuman and brutal actions."

Codes and rules of nations.

In addition to these authorities are the regulations and practices of various Governments. In 1512 Henry VIII. issued instructions to the Admiral of the Fleet which accord with our understanding of modern international law. Such has been England's course since.

Substantially the same rules were followed in the Russian and Japanese regulations, and probably in the codes or rules of many other nations.

The rules recognized and practiced by the United States, among other things, provide:

"(10) In the case of an enemy merchantman it may be sunk, but only if it is impossible to take it into port, and provided always that the persons on board are put in a place of safety. (U. S. White Book, European War, No. 3, p. 192.)"

Humane principles in American wars.

These humane principles were practiced both in the war of 1812 and during our own war of 1861-65. Even with all the bitterness (now happily ended and forgotten) and all the difficulties of having no port to which to send a prize, Captain Semmes of the *Alabama* strictly observed the rule as to human life, even going so far as to release ships because he could not care for the passengers. But we are not confined to American and English precedents and practices.

While acting contrary to its official statements, yet the Imperial German Government recognized the same rule as the United States, and prior to the sinking of the *Lusitania* had not announced any other rule. The war zone proclamation of February 4, 1915, contained no warning that the accepted rule of civilized naval

warfare would be discarded by the German Government.

Indeed, after the *Lusitania* was sunk, the German Government did not make any such claim, but in answer to the first American note in reference to the *Lusitania* the German Foreign Office, per von Jagow, addressed to Ambassador Gerard a note dated May 18, 1915, in which, inter alia, it is stated in connection with the sinking of the British steamer *Falaba:*

The *Falaba* case.

"In the case of the sinking of the English steamer *Falaba,* the commander of the German submarine had the intention of allowing passengers and crew ample opportunity to save themselves. It was not until the Captain disregarded the order to lay to and took to flight, sending up rocket signals for help, that the German commander ordered the crew and passengers by signals and megaphone to leave the ship within ten minutes. As a matter of fact he allowed them twenty-three minutes, and did not fire the torpedo until suspicious steamers were hurrying to the aid of the *Falaba.* (White Book N. 2, U. S. Department of State, p. 169.)"

Indeed, as late as May 4, 1916, Germany did not dispute the applicability of the rule, as is evidenced by the note written to our Government by von Jagow of the German Foreign Office, an extract of which has been quoted supra.

Further, Section 116 of the German Prize Code, (Huberich and Kind translation, p. 68,) in force at the date of the *Lusitania's* destruction, conformed with the American rule. It provided:

Safety of passengers necessary.

"Before proceeding to a destruction of the vessel the safety of all persons on board, and, so far as possible, their effects, is to be provided for, and all ship's papers and other evidentiary material which, according to the views of the persons at interest, is of value for the

formulation of the judgment of the prize court, are to be taken over by the commander."

Thus, when the *Lusitania* sailed from New York, her owner and master were justified in believing that, whatever else and theretofore happened, this simple, humane and universally accepted principle would not be violated. Few, at that time, would be likely to construe the warning advertisement as calling attention to more than the perils to be expected from quick disembarkation and the possible rigors of the sea after the proper safeguarding of the lives of passengers by at least full opportunity to take to the boats.

It is, of course, easy now in the light of many later events, added to preceding acts, to look back and say that the Cunard Line and its Captain should have known that the German Government would authorize or permit so shocking a breach of international law and so foul an offense, not only against an enemy, but as well against peaceful citizens of a then friendly nation.

But the unexpected character of the act was best evidenced by the horror which it excited in the minds and hearts of the American people.

The fault, therefore, must be laid upon those who are responsible for the sinking of the vessel, in the legal as well as moral sense. It is, therefore, not the Cunard Line, petitioner, which must be held liable for the loss of life and property. The cause of the sinking of the *Lusitania* was the illegal act of the Imperial German Government, acting through its instrument, the submarine commander, and violating a cherished and humane rule observed, until this war, by even the bitterest antagonists. As Lord Mersey said, "The whole blame for the cruel destruction of life in this catastrophe must rest solely with those who plotted and with those who committed the crime."

Fault with the Imperial German Government.

Those who plotted the crime.

Italy, bound at the outbreak of the war to Germany and Austria by a treaty which formed the so-called Triple Alliance, was in a most difficult position. Her people, however, were strongly convinced of the aggressive intentions of Germany, and, after careful consideration the Government and the people alike decided to cast their lot with the Allies. Active operations were at once begun along the border between Italy and Austria, and in this difficult terrain the events which are described in the following chapter occurred.

MOUNTAIN WARFARE

HOWARD C. FELTON

AT the outbreak of the great war huge and well-equipped bodies of men, led by highly trained officers, rich in the strategic lore of centuries, set out to demonstrate the value of the theories that they had learned in time of peace. In a few months an entirely new style of warfare developed, and most of the military learning of the past was interesting chiefly because of its antiquity.

New style of warfare.

After the tremendous conflict at the Marne and the German rush for Calais, which was halted on the line of the Yser, there were on the western front no more battles in the old sense of the word. From the North Sea to the Swiss frontier, the fighting was just a novel and gigantic form of siege warfare. Cavalry became an obsolete arm. Battle tactics, in the old sense, ceased to have any meaning. Of strategy nothing much remained save the dictionary definition.

Italy and Austria fight in the Alps.

And now, since Italy and Austria have locked horns above the clouds, among the glaciers and snow-faced slopes of the Alps, even the old text-books on mountain warfare have lost their significance. In the Trentino and along the Isonzo we see the consummation of a new style of mountain fighting, which grew out of the old methods in the struggle for the Carpathian passes during the first winter and spring of the war.

In the old days, during a campaign in a mountain region, most of the battles were

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fought on the level—in the literal, not the colloquial sense of the word. There was a deal of marching and scouting among crags and precipices, but all with the object of obtaining the best position in an open valley or upland plain where the real fighting must take place. Now the smooth floors of the valleys are comparatively deserted, while whole armies are spread out over great peaks and dizzy snow-fields thousands of feet above sea-level, chopping trenches in the ice and sparring for some vantage-point on crag that in peace times might tax the strength and skill of the amateur mountain-climber.

Bourcet's "Principles of Mountain Warfare."

Some time between 1764 and 1770, Pierre de Bourcet wrote a treatise entitled "The Principles of Mountain Warfare." This may seem to be going a long way back, but Bourcet's volume and that of the young Comte de Guilbert on general tactics have historical interest and importance because, according to Spenser Wilkinson, they show where some of Napoleon's strategic "miracles" were born. Bourcet's observations are as vital as if they had been written in 1910, but, as will be seen, many of them are somewhat musty in 1916.

Bourcet, without the slightest idea of a battle-line extending from frontier to sea, lays down as the first principle of mountain warfare that when the enemy holds a strong position, the assailant should force him to leave it by turning it. These strong positions in the mountains were, until this war, the passes and defiles.

Passes and defiles once the strong positions.

"These contracted places," he explains, "as they generally constitute the principal objects of the defense, must compel the general who is taking the offensive to seek every possible means of turning them, or of misleading the enemy by diversions which will weaken him and facilitate access to them.

"Suppose, for example, that the general on the defensive should be entrenched at all points surrounding his position in such a way as to be able to resist any direct attack that might be attempted against him, it would be necessary to attempt to turn him by some more distant point, choosing positions that would facilitate the scheme, and which, by suggesting some different object, could not raise the suspicion that the troops there collected were destined for the purpose really in view.

Unlike modern warfare.

"It often happens in the mountains that the only passages favorable to our plans are interrupted by narrow defiles. In such cases we must avoid letting the enemy know our real purpose, and must undertake diversions, dividing our forces into small bodies. This method, which would be dangerous in any other sort of of country, is indispensable in the mountains, and is the whole science of this kind of warfare, provided that the general who uses it always has the means to reconcentrate his forces when necessary."

Bourcet's conclusion is that in such a campaign the offensive has great advantages over the defensive. It will always possess the initiative; and if it prepares its blow with sufficient secrecy and strikes swiftly, the enemy, whose troops are necessarily scattered along the whole line menaced, can never be ready to meet the attack.

Generals understand each other's strategy.

To-day, the only trouble about this beautifully tricky system of strategy is that the defending general would pay no attention to it. The Austrian general staff, for instance, knew that the Italians would try to smash through the frontier defenses of the Dual Empire, and that the natural avenues of attack were up the valley of the Adige, along the railway through Pontebba and Malborghetto, or between Malborghetto and the sea. The Austrians have

enough men and guns to defend all these routes and all the tortuous pathways in between. So all they had to do was plant themselves on their chosen ground along the whole carefully fortified mountain line, and wait for the Italians to attack wherever they pleased.

"It is only by marching and countermarching," Bourcet said, "that we can hope to deceive the enemy and induce him to weaken himself in certain positions in order to strengthen himself in others."

The enemy cannot be outflanked.

But this cannot be done in the mountain fighting in the Alps to-day. The Italians might march and countermarch as much as they pleased, but there is no possible way of turning the enemy out of his position by outflanking him. It is a case of frontal attack, with every valley blocked and every peak a fortress.

The Italians campaign has two principal objectives—Trent and Gorizia. These two lovely cities of Italia Irrendenta are respectively the keys to the right and left flank of the Austrian frontier. Trent guards the valley of the Adige, one of the few natural highways from Italy into Austrian territory. Bourcet himself, in 1735, designed the defense of this pathway at Rivoli, just inside the Italian boundary, where he laid out what were considered impregnable positions. To the north; where Trent lies, the country becomes more and more difficult for an invader, and up to this time the Italians have not been able to come within striking distance of the great Austrian fortress, though they hold Rovereto, and have cut the direct line of communication between Trent and Toblach.

Italy's great objectives.

Italian game on the Gorizia front.

On the Gorizia front they have made what in this war may be considered as important gains. Gorizia stands watch over the valley of the Isonzo and Austria's Adriatic littoral. Besides occupying Grado and Monfalcone in the coast-

lands, General Cadorna's forces have crossed the Isonzo at several points, have smashed through to the north, and now threaten to envelop Gorizia. Indeed, many observers believe that Cadorna could at any time take the place by a grand assault if he were willing to pay the cost in blood.

Despite the very unfavorable character of the country, the Italians have gained more ground here in the same period than either the Germans or the Anglo-French forces in the flat or rolling plains of Flanders and northern France. But the outflanking tactics of Bourcet, with feints and swift maneuvering, have had little to do with it. The assailants have had to fight their way step by step.

The Austrians had prepared all sorts of disagreeable surprises. They had hewn gun-positions out of solid cliffs, skilfully placed so as to cover the routes of approach, and had cemented up the embrasures. It was merely necessary to knock the cement out and pour shells upon the advancing Italians at a range of several miles. The batteries were inaccessible to storming parties, and the Italians had to drag up guns of equal caliber to put them out of business.

Ancient methods employed.

In some places rocks and masses of ice were rolled down the slopes, as in the brave old days of the Helvetians; and in this line the Austrians introduced an innovation. When the Italians began driving their trenches up the steep slopes of Podgora—the Gibraltar of Gorizia—the defenders rolled down barrels of kerosene and set them alight with artillery fire. This enterprise throve joyously until the Italian gunners got the range of the launching-point and succeeded in exploding a few barrels among the Austrians themselves.

The writer does not mean to give the impression that Italy's job in the Alps is all but

finished. A glance at the map of the frontier will cure any one of such a notion. The Italians were forced to start this campaign under every strategic disadvantage. By the frontier delimited in 1866, they were left without natural defenses on the north and east.

Austria had possession of the heights.

All along the Austrian boundary the heights remained in the hands of the Hapsburgs as natural menaces to Venetia and Lombardy. Italy received the plains, but Austria held the mountain fastnesses that hung above them.

This is so much the case that when Italy declared war, the Austrian general orders reminded the troops that they were in the position of men on the top floor of a six-story house, defending it from attackers who must mount from the street under a plunging fire.

But in one way or another the Italians have been doggedly fighting their way up the walls of the house. For one thing, their Alpini have brought to great perfection the use of skis in military operations on the snow-clad slopes. This is the first war in which skis have really come to the front. In France, too, the Chasseurs Alpins have been able to show the Germans some astonishing things with their long wooden snow-shoes in the winter fighting among the crests of the Vosges.

Chasseurs Alpins in the Vosges.

A typical instance of this is the story of the capture of a German post on the Alsatian frontier in the winter of 1914-15. The Germans, holding the railroad from Ste. Marie to Ste. Croix, were expecting an attack from the French position at St. Dié. This impression was deliberately strengthened by a heavy artillery fire from St. Dié, while a considerable detachment of the Chasseurs Alpins led a body of infantry along a winding mountain road to the village of Bonhomme. There they posted themselves just out of sight of the German lines, while the *chasseurs* scaled the snow-

covered heights and crept along the flank of the German position.

When they had reached the desired position, the infantry charged along the road and the Chasseurs Alpins simultaneously whizzed down the slope on their skis. The swift flank attack did the business, and the Germans were driven for some miles down the valley of the Weiss toward Colmar.

Austrians capture of Mt. Lövchen.

One of the greatest single mountain successes of the war was the Austrian capture of Mount Lövchen, the huge black mass of rock, nearly six thousand feet high, which dominates the Austrian port of Cattaro and sentinels the little kingdom of Montenegro on the west.

Ever since the war began the Austrians have from time to time made attempts to reach the summit of this mighty rock. It is only a matter of an hour or two by winding road in peace times, but the Austrians were something like eighteen months on the job; and in all this time it is doubtful if the defenders ever numbered much more than five thousand. It was not captured until the Montenegrins had practically run out of ammunition and of reasons for holding the position. The rest of their kingdom was overrun, and they were to all intents and purposes out of the war.

Russians in the Carpathians.

The Russian campaign in the Carpathians, before the great German drive of a year ago pushed the Czar's armies back into their own country, also illustrates how the mountain warfare of to-day grew by natural tendencies from the tactics of Bourcet into the trench warfare of northern France.

In the first weeks of the war, when the great offensive movement of the Austrian army toward Lublin was crushed by the Grand Duke Nicholas, and the broken hosts of the Dual Monarchy were sent flying through Galicia and

the Carpathians, a cloud of Cossack cavalry followed them and penetrated into the plains of Hungary. This last operation was merely a raid, however, and the Cossacks were soon galloping back through the mountain passes.

Then the Russians laid siege to Przemysl and occupied the whole of Galicia up to the line of the San. Later they pushed on westward to the Dunajec, threatening Cracow. This was their high tide. On their left flank was the mass of the Carpathians, pierced by a number of passes. The more important of these, from west to east, are the Tarnow, Dukla, Lupkow, and Uzsok.

The Carpathian passes.

The Austrians were rallied after some weeks and put up something of a fight for these "contracted places." The Russians, following the precepts of Bourcet, threatened the passage which seemed most desirable, because of the railroad facilities, and delivered a heavy blow at the Dukla Pass, the least important of the four. Here they pushed through to Bartfeld on the Hungarian plain. Then, however, Mackensen's fearful blow smashed the Russian line on the Dunajec and poured the German legions across Galicia in the rear of the Carpathian armies, forcing the Muscovites to abandon the passes and scurry home.

Mountain warfare has always had a certain romantic glamour, and it has filled many pages in the literature of fighting. As a matter of historical fact, however, it has played a comparatively small part in the world's annals. Almost all the great campaigns have been fought out in the lowlands. It is Belgium, for instance, and not Switzerland, that has been proverbially the battle-ground of Europe. Napoleon and Suwaroff marched armies through the Alps, but only as a means of striking unexpectedly at the enemy who occupied the plains beyond.

Plains more often battle-grounds.

Up to the time of the present war, mountain campaigns have usually been no more than picturesque foot-notes to history, illuminated by the valor of raiding clansmen like Roderick Dhu of the Scottish Highlands, or guerrilla chiefs like Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot. Hofer's struggle against Napoleon was indeed a gallant and notable one, but it scarcely entered into the main current of history.

Garibaldi's mountain campaigns.

If, however, we include Garibaldi among the mountain fighters—and such was the characteristic bent of his remarkable military genius—we must accord him a place among the molders of modern Europe, for without his flashing sword Italy could not have been liberated and united. His two Alpine campaigns against the Austrians were successful and effective, but his most brilliant powers were shown in his memorable invasion of Sicily in 1860. Chased ashore at Marsala by the Neapolitan war-ships, and narrowly escaping capture, he led his followers—one thousand red-shirted volunteers armed with obsolete muskets—into the Sicilian mountains, where he played such a game that within two months he compelled the surrender of a well-equipped army of nearly thirty thousand regulars. The history of warfare can show but few exploits so daring and so dramatic.

The most important military movement on the western front in the early autumn of 1915 was the great French offensive in Champagne. During the preceding months of the spring and summer, there had been hard fighting all along the 400-mile line from the North Sea to Switzerland. The military results had been small on either side and now the French resolved on a mighty offensive which should be decisive in its accomplishments. What these results actually were is told in the following narrative.

THE GREAT CHAMPAGNE OFFENSIVE OF 1915

OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE FRENCH HEADQUARTERS STAFF

AFTER the battles of May and June, 1915, in Artois, activity on the Western front became concentrated in the Vosges, where, by a series of successful engagements, we managed to secure possession of more favorable positions and to retain them in spite of incessant counter-attacks. The superiority established over the adversary, the wearing down of the latter through vain and costly counter-offensives, which absorbed in that sector his local resources; the state of uncertainty in which the Germans found themselves in view of the menace of a French division in Alsace—such were the immediate results of these engagements. From the number of the effectives engaged, and the limited front along which the attacks took place, those attacks nevertheless were no more than local.

Menace of the French in Alsace.

While those operations were developing, the higher command was carefully preparing for a great offensive. The situation of the Russian armies imposed on us, as their Allies, obligations the accomplishment of which had been made possible by the results of a long course of preparation no less than by the aid of circumstances.

Preparing for a great offensive.

The inaction of the adversary, engaged on the Eastern front in a series of operations of which he had not foreseen the difficulties, and

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thus reduced to the defensive on our front, left the initiative of the operations in our hands. The landing in France of fresh British troops enabled Marshal French to take upon himself the defence of a portion of the lines hitherto held by French troops. The improvement of our defensive organizations, which made possible certain economies in the effectives, the regrouping of units and the creation of new units, also had the effect of placing a larger number of men at the disposal of the Generalissimo. The increased output of war *matériel* ensured him the necessary means for a complete artillery preparation.

Improved defensive organizations.

Among all the elements of success which were thus united at the end of the summer of 1915, not the least was the incomparable individual worth of the French soldier. It was to the traditional warlike qualities of the race that the Generalissimo appealed when, on September 23, 1915, he addressed to the troops the following general order, which was read to the regiments by their officers:

Joffre's appeal to the troops.

"Soldiers of the Republic

"After months of waiting, which have enabled us to increase our forces and our resources, while the adversary has been using up his own, the hour has come to attack and conquer and to add fresh glorious pages to those of the Marne and Flanders, the Vosges and Arras.

"Behind the whirlwind of iron and fire let loose, thanks to the factories of France, where your brothers have, night and day, worked for us, you will proceed to the attack, all together, on the whole front, in close union with the armies of our Allies.

"Your *élan* will be irresistible. It will carry you at a bound up to the batteries of the adversary, beyond the fortified lines which he has placed before you.

The spirit of the soldier.

"You will give him neither pause nor rest until victory has been achieved.

"Set to with all your might for the deliverance of the soil of la Patrie, for the triumph of justice and liberty.

"J. JOFFRE."

The description of the operations in Champagne will show under what conditions our troops acquitted themselves of the task assigned to them, and also the value and significance of this success, without precedent in the war of positions in which we are at present engaged.

The German line that was broken.

The German line that was broken in Champagne is the same that was fortified by our adversaries after the victory of the Marne. It rests on the western side on the Massif de Moronvillers; to the east it stretches as far as the Argonne. It was intended to cover the railway line from Challerange to Bazancourt, a line indispensable for the concentration movements of the German troops. The offensive front, which extended from Auberive to the east of Ville-sur-Tourbe, presents a varied aspect. From east to west may be seen:

A wooded glacis.

(1) A glacis about eight kilometres in width, the gentle slopes of which are covered by numerous little woods. The road from Saint-Hilaire to Saint-Souplet, with the Baraque de l'Epine de Vedegrange, marks approximately its axis.

Valley of Souain.

(2) The hollow, at the bottom of which is the village of Souain and of which the first German line followed the further edge. The road from Souain to Pomme-Py describes the radius of this semi-circle. The farm of Navarin, at a distance of three and a half kilometres to the north of Souain, stands on the top of the hills.

(3) To the north of Perthes a comparatively tranquil region of uniform aspect, forming between the wooded hills of the Trou Bricot and those of the Butte du Mesnil a passage three kilometres wide, barred by several lines of trenches and ending at a series of heights, the Butte de Souain, Hills 195 and 201, and the Butte de Tahure, surmounted by the second German line. Second German line.

(4) To the north of Le Mesnil, a very strong position, bastioned on the west by two twin heights (Mamelle Nord and Trapèze), on the east by the Butte du Mesnil. The German trenches formed between these two bastions a powerful curtain, behind which extended as far as Tahure a thickly wooded, undulating region. A strong German position.

(5) To the north of Beauséjour a bare terrain easily practicable, with a gentle rise in the direction of Ripon as far as the farm of Maisons de Champagne.

(6) To the north of Massiges, Hills numbered 191 and 199, describing on the map the figure of a hand, very strongly constructed and constituting the eastern flank of the whole German line. This tableland slopes down gently in the direction of Ville-sur-Tourbe. Eastern flank of the German line.

The achievements of our troops from September 25 to October 3, 1915, in this region may be thus summarised: They scaled the whole of the glacis of l'Epine de Vedegrange; they occupied the ridge of the hollow at Souain; debouched in the opening to the north of Perthes to the slopes of Hill 195 and as far as the Butte de Tahure; carried the western bastions of the curtain of le Mesnil; advanced as far as Maisons de Champagne and took by assault the "hand" of Massiges. That is to say that they captured an area about forty square kilometres in extent. The importance of that figure is shown when one

examines on the map accompanying this report the position of the German trenches, with a view to understanding the system of defence adopted by our adversaries. Two positions distant from three to four kilometres from each other, stand out clearly. The first is the more dense; the trenches with their alleys of communication present at certain points the appearance of a wirework chessboard. Everywhere, to a depth of from 300 to 400 metres there are at least three parallel lines, sometimes five. The trenches are separated from each other as a rule by wire entanglements varying in width from 15 to 60 metres.

German system of trench defenses.

The second position comprises only one trench, reinforced at certain points by a supporting trench. It is everywhere constructed as is the wire network in front of it, in the form of a slope. On top there are merely observation stations with machine-gun shelters connected with the trench by an alley of communication. Between the two positions the terrain was also specially prepared, being cut up by transverse or diagonal trenches. The alleys of communication constructed to facilitate the firing, which were in many cases protected by wirework, make possible, according to the German method, a splitting up of the terrain by lateral fire and the maintenance even after the tide of the assailants had flooded the trenches, of centres of resistance, veritable strongholds that could only be reduced after a siege. The positions of the artillery were established, as were also the camps and provision depots, behind the first position, the principal line of defence.

The second position.

Alleys of communication.

The whole German organization was known to us. It was shown on our maps, and every defensive work, trench, alley of communication and clump of trees was given a special name or a number preceded by a certain letter, ac-

German organization known.

:ording to the sector of attack wherein it was ituated. This minute precision in the details)f the preparation is worthy of being pointed)ut; it constitutes one of the peculiarities of :he present war, a veritable siege war, in which the objective has to be realised beforehand and clearly determined, every piece of ground having to be captured by heavy fighting, as was formerly every redan and every curtain.

The bombardment of the German positions began on September 22, 1915 and was pursued night and day according to a time scheme and a division of labour previously determined upon. The results expected were:

Results of bombardment.

(1) The destruction of the wire entanglements.

(2) The burial of the defenders in their dug-out.

(3) The razing of the trenches and the demolition of the embrasures.

(4) The stopping-up of the alleys of communication.

The gun-fire covered not only the first trench but also the supporting trench and even the second position, although the distance at which the last was situated and the outline of its wire entanglements made it difficult to make field observations in that direction. At the same time the heavy long-range guns bombarded the headquarters, the cantonments and the railway stations; they cut the railway lines, causing a suspension of the work of revictualling. The best witnesses to the effectiveness of our bombardment are to be found in unfinished letters found upon prisoners.

Work of the long-range guns.

"SEPTEMBER 23.

"The French artillery fired without intermission from the morning of the 21st to the evening of the 23rd, and we all took refuge in our dug-outs. On the evening of the 22nd we

were to have gone to get some food, and the French continued to fire on our trenches. In the evening we had heavy losses, and we had nothing to eat."

"SEPTEMBER 25.

Letters found on prisoners.

"I have received no news, and probably I shall not receive any for some days. The whole postal service has been stopped; all places have been bombarded to such an extent that no human being could stand against it.

"The railway line is so seriously damaged that the train service for some time has been completely stopped.

"We have been for three days in the first line; during those three days the French have fired so heavily that our trenches are no longer visible."

"SEPTEMBER 24.

"For the last two days the French have been firing like mad. To-day, for instance, a dug-out has been destroyed. There were sixteen men in it. Not one of them managed to save his skin. They are all dead. Besides that, a number of individual men have been killed and there are a great mass of wounded.

Number of wounded.

"The artillery fires almost as rapidly as the infantry. A mist of smoke hangs over the whole battle-front, so that it is impossible to see anything. Men are dropping like flies.

"The trenches are no longer anything but a mound of ruins."

"SEPTEMBER 24.

Sufferings of the soldiers.

"A rain of shells is pouring down upon us. The kitchen and everything that is sent to us is bombarded at night. The field-kitchens no longer come to us. Oh, if only the end were near! That is the cry every one is repeating. Peace! Peace!"

Extract from the notebook of a man of the 103rd Regiment:

"From the trench nothing much can now be seen; it will soon be on a level with the ground."

Letter of an artilleryman of the 100th Regiment of Field Artillery:

"SEPTEMBER 25.

"We have passed through some terrible hours. It was as though the whole world was in a state of collapse. We have had heavy losses. One company of two hundred and fifty men had sixty killed last night. A neighboring battery had sixteen killed yesterday.

"The following instance will show you the frightful destructiveness of the French shells. A dug-out five metres deep, surmounted by 2 metres 50 centimetres of earth and two thicknesses of heavy timber, was broken like a match." Destructiveness of the French shells.

Report made on September 24 in the morning, by the captain commanding the 3rd company of the 135th Regiment of Reserve:

"The French are firing on us with great bombs and machine-guns. We must have reinforcements at once. Many men are no longer fit for anything. It is not that they are wounded, but they are Landsturmers. Moreover the wastage is greater than the losses announced.

"Send rations immediately; no food has reached us to-day. Urgently want illuminating cartridges and hand grenades. Is the hospital corps never coming to fetch the wounded?"

"SEPTEMBER 25, 11.45.

"I urgently beg for reinforcements; the men are dying from fatigue and want of sleep. I have no news of the battalion." German troops exhausted.

The time fixed for all the attacks on the Champagne front was a quarter-past nine in

the morning. There was no hesitation. At the time mentioned the troops came *out of* the trenches with the aid of steps or scaling ladders and drew up in line before making a rush at the German trenches.

The operation was rapidly effected. The objective was at an average distance of two hundred metres; this was covered without serious losses. The Germans were nearly everywhere surprised, and their defensive fire was not opened until after the invading tide of the attackers had passed by.

First German trench penetrated.

Over the whole attacking front our troops penetrated into the first German trench. But subsequently the progress was no longer uniform. While certain units continued their forward movement with extreme rapidity, others came up against machine guns still in action and either stopped or advanced only with difficulty. Some centres of the German resistance maintained their position for several hours and even for several days.

Outline of advance in Champagne.

A line showing the different stages of our advance in Champagne would assume a curiously winding outline, and would reveal on the one hand the defensive power of an adversary resolved to stick to the ground at all costs and on the other the victorious continuity of the efforts of our troops in this hand-to-hand struggle. The battle of Champagne must be considered in the light of a series of assaults, executed at the same moment, in parallel or convergent directions and having for their object either the capture or the hemming in of the first German position, the units being instructed to reform in a continuous line before the second position.

The battle a series of assaults.

In order to understand the development, the terrain must be divided into several sectors, in each of which the operations, although closely co-ordinated, assumed, as a conse-

quence either of the nature of the ground or of the peculiarities of the enemy defences, a different character. The unity of the action was nevertheless ensured by the simultaneity of the rush, which carried all the troops beyond the first position, past the batteries, to the defences established by the enemy on the heights to the south of Py.

Unity of the action.

At the two extremities of our attacking front, subjected to converging fires and to counterattacks on the flanks, our offensive made no progress. The fighting which took place in Auberive and round about Servon were distinguished by more than one trait of heroism, but they were destined to have no other result than that of containing the forces of the enemy and of immobilising him at the wings while the attack was progressing in the centre.

At extremities offensive does not progress.

(1) *Sector of l'Epine de Vedegrange.* The first German line was established at the base of a wide glacis covered with clumps of trees, and formed a series of salients running into each other. At certain points it ran along the edge of the woods where the supplementary defences were completed by abattis. The position as a whole between Auberive and Souain described a vast triangle. To the west of the road, from Saint-Hilaire to Saint-Souplet, the troops traversed the first enemy line and rushed forward for a distance of about a kilometre as far as a supporting trench, in front of which they were stopped by the wirework. A counterattack debouching from the west and supported by the artillery of Moronvillers caused a slight retirement of our left. The troops of the right, on the contrary, maintained their gains and succeeded on the following days in enlarging and extending them, remaining in touch with the units which were attacking on the east of the road. The latter

Position from Auberive to Souain a triangle.

Wire checks the attackers.

Gains maintained.

had succeeded in a particularly brilliant manner in overcoming the difficulties with which they were confronted.

Nature of the position captured.

The German position which they captured with its triple and quadruple lines of trenches its small forts armed with machine guns, its woods adapted for the purpose in view, constituted one of the most complete schemes of defence on the Champagne front and afforded cover to a numerous artillery concealed in the woods of the glacis. On this front, which was about three and a half kilometres wide, the attack on September 25, 1915 achieved a varying success. The troops on the left, after having penetrated into the first trench, had their progress arrested by machine guns. On the right, however, in spite of the obstacle presented by four successive trenches, each of which was covered by a network of wire entanglements and was concealed in the woods, where our artillery had difficulty in reaching them, the attacking troops gained nearly two kilometres

Prisoners and guns seized.

capturing seven hundred prisoners, of whom seventeen were officers, and seizing two guns of 77 and five guns of 105.

The advance recommenced on September 27, 1915. The left took possession of the woods lining the road from Saint-Hilaire to Saint-Souplet as far as the Epine de Vedegrange. Along the whole extent of the wooded heights as far as the western side of the hollow at Souain the success was identical. Notwithstanding the losses they sustained, notwithstanding the fatigue involved in the incessant fighting, the troops pushed forward, leaving behind them only a sufficient force to clear the woods of isolated groups of the enemy who still remained there. Between 4 and 6 p.m. we arrived immediately in front of the second German position.

On the 27th we penetrated into this position

at two points. We took possession of a trench about a kilometre wide, called the "parallel of the Epine de Vedegrange," which is duplicated almost throughout by another trench (the parallel of the wood of Chevron), and the wirework entanglements of which were intact, and precluded an assault. Further east our soldiers also continued, thanks to the conformation of the terrain, to penetrate into the enemy trench to a depth of about four hundred metres. But it was impossible to take advantage to this breach owing to a concentration of the German heavy artillery, a rapidly continued defence of the surrounding woods, and the fire of machine guns which it was not possible to capture and which were directed from the trenches on the right and left of the entry and exit to the breach. The results attained in this attacking sector alone may be stated thus: fifteen square miles of territory organized for defence throughout nearly the whole of its extent; on September 28, forty-four cannon, seven of 105 and six of 150, and more than three thousand prisoners.

Second German position penetrated.

Results of attack in this sector.

(2) *Sector of Souain.* The enemy lines round about Souain described a wide curve. In the immediate vicinity of our trenches, to the west at the Mill and to the east of the wood of Sabot, they swerved to the extent of over a kilometre to the north of the village and of the source of the Ain.

When the offensive was decided upon it was necessary, in order to extend our lines forward to striking distance, to undertake sapping operations in parallel lines, and at times to make dashes by night over the intervening ground. The men working underground got into communication with the trenches by digging alleys of communication. This difficult undertaking was effected with very slight losses, under the eyes and under the fire of the

Sapping operations.

enemy. Our parallel lines approached to within a distance of two hundred metres of the German trenches. The assault was made in three different directions: on the west in the direction of Hills 167 and 174; in the centre along a line running parallel with the road from Souain to Pomme-Py, in the direction of the farm of Navarin; on the east in the direction of the woods intersected by the road from Souain to Tahure, and in the direction of the Butte de Souain.

Assault made in three directions.

The advance was extremely rapid—on the left two kilometres in less than one hour, in the centre three kilometres in forty-five minutes. At 10 a.m. we had reached the farm of Navarin. Towards the east the forward march was more difficult. Some German machine guns stood their ground in the wood of Sabot and contributed to the resistance of the enemy. This defence was destined to be overcome by surrounding them. Arriving at the wooded region in that part where it is intersected by the road from Souain to Tahure, the assailants joined up on September 27, 1915 with those of our troops who were attacking to the north of Perthes. They left behind them only what was barely necessary in the way of troops to clear the woods of stragglers.

Machine gun positions surrounded.

Parlementaires were sent to the Germans, who received them with a volley of rifle shots and endeavored to escape during the night. The majority were killed and the survivors surrendered. Several batteries and a large quantity of *matériel* (supplies of shells and provisions, grenades, telephones, wire, light railways) remained in our hands. On the 28th, along the entire length of the sector, we were immediately in front of the second German position. The troops had shown an unparalleled ardour and energy. They had been trained by officers whose courage and spirit

The French take guns and supplies.

of self-sacrifice are indicated by this casualty list: a general of division and four colonels wounded; two colonels killed.

(3) *Sector of Perthes.* Between Souain and Perthes stretches a wooded region in which already, in February and March, heavy fighting had taken place. At that period we had contrived to take possession on the eastern extremity of this region of the German defences of the wood of Sabot. We had also made progress to the north-west of Perthes, on the summit of Hill 200. But between these two positions the Germans had retained a strong system of trenches forming a salient almost triangular in shape, to which we gave the name of the Pocket (*la Poche*). During the whole year a war of mining had been going on, and the region, which was broken up by concave constructions and intersected in all directions by trenches and alleys of communication, constituted an attacking ground all the more difficult because to the north of la Poche the somewhat thickly wooded Trou Bricot, the edges of which were in a state of defence, obstructed a rapid advance. This wooded region extends over a width of a kilometre and a half and a depth of four kilometres. The arrangements made for the attack contemplated, after the capture of la Poche, the surrounding of the wood of the Trou Bricot. The junction was to be made at the road from Souain to Tahure, with the troops assigned for the attack on the eastern border of the hollow at Souain.

Wooded region between Souain and Perthes.

Region broken up by mines and trenches.

The ground to the east of the Trou Bricot was less difficult. Open and comparatively flat, it was defended on the north of Perthes by a triple line of trenches distant 100 metres from each other. At a distance of 1000 metres to 1200 metres a supporting trench, called the "York trench," was almost unique in its en-

The York trench.

tire construction. The open country beyond stretched for a distance of three kilometres up to the second German position (Hill 195, Butte de Tahure). The principal effort was directed against this passage, the left flank of the attack being secured by a subsidiary action confined to the capture of la Poche.

Attack preceded by artillery fire.

At 9 a.m. our artillery directed its fire successively against the first-line trenches and the supporting trenches. The attack took place in the most perfect order. The assailants were already swarming in the German lines when the enemy artillery opened its defensive fire. Our counter-batteries hampered the German pieces and our reserves in the rear suffered little from their fire.

La Poche position surrendered.

At 9.45 a.m. the two columns which were attacking the extremities of the salient of la Poche joined hands. The position was surrounded. These Germans who remained alive inside it surrendered. At the same time a battalion was setting foot in the defences of the southern edges of the wood of Trou Bricot. The battalions that followed, marching to the outside of the eastern edges, executed with perfect regularity a "left turn" and came and formed up alongside the alleys of communication as far as the supporting trench. At the same moment, in the open country to the north of Perthes, the troops surmounted the three first-line trenches and, preceded by our artillery, made a quick march towards the York trench and occupied it almost without striking a blow.

The York trench occupied.

Further to the East, along the road from Perthes to Tahure, their advance encountered greater difficulties. Some centres of the German resistance could not be overcome. A sheltered machine gun continued its fire. An infantry officer, with a quartermaster of artillery, succeeded in getting into action a gun

at a distance of three hundred metres from the machine gun and in firing at it at close quarters. Of the troops which were advancing to the north of Perthes, some made for the eastern border of the wood of Bricot, where they penetrated into the camps, ousting the defenders and surprising several officers in bed. Late in the afternoon one of our regiments had reached the road from Souain to Tahure. Other units were marching straight towards the north, clearing out the little woods on the way. They there captured batteries of which the artillerymen were riveted to their guns by means of bayonets (notably ten pieces of 105 and five of 150).

Cleaning up the sector.

The same work was being performed in the woods extending east of the road from Perthes to Souain and Tahure, where batteries were charged and captured while in action. At this spot a regiment covered four kilometres in two hours and captured ten guns, three of 105 and seven of 77. But, from twelve o'clock midday, onwards the rate of progress decreased, the bad weather making it impossible for our artillery to see what was going on, and rendering the joining up of the different corps extremely difficult. From the Buttes de Souain and Tahure the enemy directed converging fires on our men, who were advancing along very open ground. Nevertheless they continued their advance as far as the slopes of Hill 193 and the Butte de Tahure, and there dug themselves in.

Progress hindered by weather.

The night passed without any counter-attack by the enemy. Our artillery, including several field batteries, which had arrived immediately after the attack beyond the York trench, also brought forward its heavy pieces. At dawn the reconstituted regiments made another forward rush which enabled them to establish themselves in immediate contact with the second German position from the Butte de Souain to

Contact with second German position.

the Butte de Tahure, and even to seize several advanced posts in that neighbourhood.

But on the lower slopes some of the wire entanglements remained intact; a successful assault on them would have been possible only after a fresh preparation. Up to October 6, 1915, the troops remained where they were, digging trenches and organizing a defensive system which had to be constructed all over again on ground devastated by the enemy fire.

(4) *Sector of Le Mesnil.* It was to the north of Le Mesnil that we encountered the greatest resistance on the part of the adversary. In the course of the engagements of the preceding winter we had succeeded in securing a foothold on top of the hill numbered 196. The Germans remained a little to the east, in a ravine which we continued to call by its designation of the "Ravine of the Kitchens" (Ravin des Cuisines). Our assault rendered us masters of it, but we could make no further progress.

Ravin des Cuisines.

The German trenches are constructed on the northern slopes of Hill 196, and are concealed from field observation so that it is difficult for the artillery to play upon them. Moreover, they are flanked on one side by the twin heights of the Mamelles, on the other by the Butte du Mesnil. To the eastward some of our units contrived on September 25, 1915, to penetrate into the trenches of the *butte* (knoll), but failed to maintain their ground, in consequence of a counter-attack supported by flank fires. Westward, it was not until the night of the 1st to the 2nd of October, 1915, that we captured the northern Mamelle, thus surrounding the works of the Trapeze which surmount the southern Mamelle.

Fighting on the Butte du Mesnil.

(5) *Sector of Beauséjour.* The attacks launched north of Beauséjour met with a more rapid and more brilliant success. The swarm of invaders throwing themselves on the first

Rapid and brilliant advance.

German lines captured one after the other the enemy works in the very sparsely timbered woods called the Fer de Lance wood and the Demi-Lune wood, and afterwards all the works known as the Bastion. In one rush certain units gained the top of Maisons de Champagne, past several batteries, killing the artillerymen as they served their pieces. The same movement took the assailants across the intricate region of the mine "funnels" of Beauséjour up to the extended wood intersected by the road to Maisons de Champagne. Our soldiers then came across German artillerymen engaged in unlimbering their guns. They killed the drivers and horses; the survivors surrendered.

Further westward the left wing of the attacking troops advanced with greater difficulty, being hampered by small forts and covered works with which the trenches were everywhere protected. It was at this moment that the cavalry came unexpectedly to the support of the infantry. Two squadrons of hussars having crossed our old trenches in face of a heavy defensive artillery fire prepared to gallop against the German batteries north of Maisons de Champagne, when they reached that part of the lines where the Germans still maintained their position. The latter immediately directed the fire of their machine guns against the cavalrymen, several of whose horses were hit. The hussars dismounted and, with drawn sabres, made for the trenches, while favoured by this diversion, the infantrymen resumed their forward movement. The resistance of the enemy broke down; more than six hundred Germans were captured in this way. In the course of the afternoon and during the day of September 25, 1915, some enemy counter-attacks were made from the direction of Ripont, but were unsuccessful in ousting us from summit of Maisons de Champagne.

Cavalry supports the infantry.

Enemy counter-attacks.

On the following days a fierce struggle took place north of the summit in the region of a defensive work known as the "Ouvrage de la Défaite," which was captured by us, lost, then recaptured, and finally evacuated in consequence of an extremely violent bombardment.

Heights of Massiges.

(6) *Sector of Massiges.* The safety of our troops which had advanced as far as the extended wood and Maisons de Champagne was assured by the capture of the summits of the heights of Massiges. This sharply undulating upland, numbered 199 on the north and 191 on the south, constituted in the hands of the Germans a fortress which they believed to be impregnable and from the top of which they commanded our positions in several directions. At 9.15 a.m. the two first attacking parties marched out in columns. The men went forth gaily and deliberately, preceded by the firing of the field artillery. By 9.30 a.m. our infantry, before the enemy had had time to recover themselves, had reached the summit.

Enemy machine gun fire.

From this moment, subject to machine gun and musketry fire, the men could only proceed slowly along the summits by the alleys of communication, with hand grenades, supported by the artillery, with whom they remained in constant touch by flag-signalling. As the advance of our grenadiers continued, the Germans surrendered in large numbers. An uninterrupted chain of grenade-bearers, like the chains of bucket-holders at a fire in former times, was established in the alleys of communication from Massiges forward, and each fresh arrival of grenades was accompanied by a fresh advance.

Lines of grenadiers.

From September 25 to October 3, 1915, the fight continued in this way and was carried on by our soldiers with fierce persistency. The Germans hurled upon the spot constant rein-

forcements and offered an obstinate resistance that has rarely been equalled. They stood up to be shot down—the machine-gun men at their guns, the grenadiers on their grenade chests. All attempts at a counter-attack remained equally unproductive. The possession of the heights of Massiges enabled us to extend our gains towards Ville-sur-Tourbe, while taking in flank the trenches which we had failed to secure by a frontal attack.

Value of possessing the heights.

The loss of the heights of Massiges appears to have particularly upset the German General Staff, which, after having denied the fact, represented that the ground which it had lost as a consequence of grenade fighting had been abandoned owing to artillery fire.

Attitude of the enemy.

The attitude of the enemy was characterized by: (1) Surprise; (2) disorganization; (3) a sudden and almost disorderly engagement of the reserves; (4) the exhaustion and demoralization of the soldiers.

(1) It is beyond doubt that the Germans were surprised by the extent and violence of our attacks. They were expecting a French offensive. The orders of the day of Generals von Fleck and Von Ditfurth prove this. ("The possibility of a great French offensive must be considered": Von Ditfurth, August 15. "The French Higher Command appears to be disposed to make another desperate effort": Von Fleck, September 26.) But the Germans foresaw neither the strength nor the success of the effort. During our artillery preparation twenty-nine battalions only were brought back to Champagne (the 183rd Brigade, the 5th Division of the 3rd Corps, and one-half of the 43rd Division of Reserve). In thus limiting before the attack the reinforcements of its effectives the German General Staff showed that they did not suspect the vigour of the blow that was about to be delivered.

Reasons for surprise.

The same thing happened with regard to the subordinate forces. Inside the shelters in the second line officers were captured while lying down; they had an unwarranted confidence in the strength of their first line, and the interruption of telephone communications had prevented their being informed of the rapid progress of our offensive.

Rapidity of French attack.

(2) This rapidity of our attack explains the disorganization of the adversary on the morning of September 25. At some points certain officers and non-commissioned officers were able to continue the resistance until the investment, followed by capitulation. But elsewhere there were prompt surrenders. Men were also seen flying before our attacking troops and being killed while making for their second position.

How the German reserves were utilized.

(3) In order to make up for the insufficiency of the local reserves the German military authorities had to put in line not only the important units which they held at their disposal behind the front (10th Corps brought back from Russia), but the local reserves from other sectors (Soissonnais, Argonne, Woevre, Alsace), which were despatched to Champagne one battalion after another, and even in groups of double companies.

Nothing better indicates the disorganization of the German command and the significance of the check suffered than the conditions under which these reserves were engaged.

The units were despatched to the fight completely disassociated. Among the regiments of the 5th Division (3rd Corps), one, the 81st, was identified near Massiges, while a battalion of the 12th was at Tahure and a battalion of the 32nd at the Trou Bricot. It was the same as regards the 56th Division, of which the 88th and 35th Regiments were despatched to Massiges and the 91st to Souain, while a battalion

of the 79th took up a position to the west of the Butte de Tahure.

Haste increased German losses.

Ill provided with food and munitions, the reinforcements were thrown into the engagement on an unknown terrain without indication as to the direction they had to take and without their junction with neighbouring units having been arranged. Through the haste with which they threw their reserves under the fire of our artillery and of our infantry, already in possession of the positions, the German General Staff considerably increased the number of their losses.

Soldiers brought by motor-car.

A letter taken from a soldier of the 118th Regiment furnishes us with proof of this: "We were put in a motor-car and proceeded at a headlong pace to Tahure, by way of Vouziers. Two hours' rest in the open air, with rain falling and then we had a six hours' march to take up our positions. On our way we were greeted by the fire of the enemy shells, so that, for instance, out of 280 men of the second company, only 224 arrival safe and sound inside the trenches. These trenches, freshly dug, were barely from 35 to 50 centimetres deep. Continually surrounded by mines and bursting shells, we had to remain in them and do the best we could with them for 118 hours without getting anything hot to eat.

"Hell itself could not be more terrible. Today, at about twelve o'clock noon, 600 men, fresh troops, joined the regiment. In five days we have lost as many and more."

Battalions from many regiments.

The disorder amid which the reinforcements were engaged appears clearly from this fact, that on the only part of the front included between Maisons de Champagne and Hill 189 there were on October 2, 1915, thirty-two battalions belonging to twenty-one different regiments.

(4) The violence of the shock sustained, and

the necessity of replacing in the fighting line units which had almost entirely disappeared hampered the German military authorities. On the first day they were unable to respond effectively even with their artillery, the fire of which along the whole front was badly directed and as a rule poorly sustained. The loss of numerous batteries obviously deprived them of a portion of their resources.

Enemy endeavors to stem advance.

The following days the enemy seemed to have but one idea, to strengthen their second line to stem our advance. The counter-attacks were concentrated on a comparatively unimportant part of the battlefront in certain places, the loss of which appeared to them to be particularly dangerous. Therefore on the heights of Massiges the German military authorities threw in succession isolated battalions of the 123rd, 124th, and 120th regiments, of the 30th regular regiment and of the 2nd regiment of Ersatz Reserve (16th Corps), which were each in turn decimated, for these counter-attacks hastily and crudely prepared, all resulted in sanguinary failures. Generally speaking, the offensive capacity of the Germans appeared to be broken. The following order of the day of General von Ditfurth bears witness to this:

Isolated battalion on the heights of Massiges.

General von Ditfurth's order.

"It seemed to me that the infantry at certain points was confining its action to a mere defensive . . . I cannot protest too strongly against such an idea, which necessarily results in destroying the spirit of offensive in our own troops and in arousing and strengthening in the mind of the enemy a feeling of his superiority.

"The enemy is left full liberty of action and our own action is subjected to the will of the enemy."

(5) In an engagement in the open the number of prisoners is an indication of the spirit of the enemy. In Champagne the Germans sur-

rendered in constituted units (sections or companies), and even in groups of several hundred men. They confessed that they were worn out. They had been, for the most part, without supplies for several days and had suffered more particularly from thirst. They all showed that they had been greatly impressed by our uninterrupted artillery fire, the feeble response of their own guns, and the extent of their losses. Prisoners exhausted.

Here by way of specimen is what was set down by a reserve lieutenant of the 90th Regiment of infantry (10th Corps):

"Yesterday I had sixteen men killed by high explosive bombs. The trench was nearly filled up. Extreme activity of the French howitzers. Our artillery fires shrapnel, but unfortunately does not get the range.

"B . . . was also killed. The second battalion, too, has had heavy losses. It is frightful. Those confounded high explosive shells!

"The weather is becoming fine again. If only it would rain again, or fog would come. As it is, the aviators will arrive and we shall have more high explosive bombs and flank firing on the trenches. Abominable fine weather! Fog, fog, come to our assistance." An officer wishes for rain.

It is difficult to estimate precisely the German losses. Certain indications however serve to indicate their extent. A *vizefeldwebel* declares that he is the only man remaining out of his company. A soldier of the third battalion of the 123rd Regiment engaged on the 26th, states that his regiment was withdrawn from the front after only two days' fighting because its losses were too great. The 118th Regiment relieved in the trenches the 158th Regiment after it had been reduced to fifteen or twenty men per company. Certain units disappeared completely, as for instance the 27th Reserve Regiment and the 52nd Regular Regi- The enemy's lines.

ment, which, by the evening of the 25th ha left in our hands, the first thirteen officer and 933 men, the second twenty-one office and 927 men. In order to arrive at the tot of the losses certain figures may serve as a indication.

German strength in Champagne.

At the beginning of September, 1915 th Germans had on the Champagne front seven battalions. In anticipation of our attack the brought there, before September 25, 191 twenty-nine battalions. This makes nine nine battalions, representing, if account is taken of the corresponding artillery an pioneer formations, 115,000 men directly en gaged. The losses due to the artillery prepara tion and the first attacks were such that from September 25 to October 15, 1915, the Germa General Staff was compelled to renew its ef fectives almost in their entirety by sending ninety-three fresh battalions.

Ninety-three fresh battalions.

It may be assumed that the units engaged on September 25 and 26, 1915, suffered losses amounting to from 60 to 80 per cent. (eve more for certain corps, which have entirely disappeared). The new units brought into line for the counter-attacks, and subjected in connection with these to an incessant bom bardment, lost 50 per cent. of their effectives if not more. We think we shall be understat ing the case if we set down 140,000 men as the sum of the German losses in Champagne. Ac count must be taken of the fact that of this number the proportion of slightly wounded men able to recuperate rapidly and return to the front is, in the case of the Germans, very much below the average proportion in connec tion with other engagements by reason of the fact that they were unable to gather up their wounded, and thus left in our hands nearly the whole of the troops entrusted with the defence of the first position.

All those who lived through the engagements of the battle of Champagne experienced the sensation of victory. The aspect of the battle-field, the long columns of prisoners, the look in the eyes of our soldiers, their animation and their enthusiasm, all this gave expression to the importance of a success which the Generalissimo recognized in these terms.

Enthusiasm of the French.

"Grand Headquarters,
"October 5, 1915.

"The Commander-in-Chief addresses to the troops under his orders the expression of his profound satisfaction at the results obtained up to the present day by the attacks.

Thanks of the commander-in-chief.

"Twenty-five thousand prisoners, three hundred and fifty officers, a hundred and fifty guns, a quantity of material which it has not yet been possible to gauge, are the trophies of a victory the echo of which throughout Europe indicates its importance.

"The sacrifices willingly made have not been in vain. All have been able to take part in the common task. The present is a sure guarantee to us of the future.

"The Commander-in-Chief is proud to command the finest troops France has ever known.

"J. Joffre."

Of all the brutal atrocities perpetrated by the Germans in Belgium, none aroused such world-wide horror and execration as the murder of Edith Cavell, an English nurse, on the charge of aiding English and Belgian soldiers who escaped from Belgium in order to rejoin their respective armies.

THE TRAGEDY OF EDITH CAVELL

BRAND WHITLOCK

ONE day in August it was learned at the Legation that an English nurse, named Edith Cavell, had been arrested by the Germans. I wrote a letter to the Baron von der Lancken to ask if it was true that Miss Cavell had been arrested, and saying that if it were I should request that Maître de Leval, the legal counselor of the Legation, be permitted to see her and to prepare for her defense.

The first letter of inquiry not answered.

There was no reply to this letter, and on September tenth I wrote a second letter, repeating the questions and the requests made in the first. On the twelfth of September I had a reply from the Baron stating that Miss Cavell had been arrested on the fifth of August, that she was confined in the prison of St. Gilles, that she had admitted having hidden English and French soldiers in her home, as well as Belgians, of an age to bear arms, all anxious to get to the front that she had admitted also having furnished these soldiers with money to get to France, and had provided guides to enable them to cross the Dutch frontier; that the defense of Miss Cavell was in the hands of Maître Thomas Braun, and that inasmuch as the German Government, on principle, would not permit accused persons to have any interviews whatever, he could not obtain permission for Maître de Leval to visit Miss Cavell as long as she was in solitary confinement.

Reasons given for Miss Cavell's arrest.

For one of our Anglo-Saxon race and legal

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traditions to understand conditions in Belgium during the German occupation, it is necessary to banish resolutely from the mind every conception of right we have inherited from our ancestors—conceptions long since crystallized into inimitable principles of law and confirmed in our charters of liberty. In the German mentality these conceptions do not exist; they think in other sequences; they act according to another principle, if it is a principle, the conviction that there is only one right, one privilege, and that it belongs exclusively to Germany, the right, namely, to do whatever they have the physical force to do. These so-called courts, of whose arbitrary and irresponsible and brutal nature I have tried to convey some notion, were mere inquisitorial bodies, guided by no principle save that of interest in their own bloody nature; they did as they pleased, and would have scorned a Jeffreys as too lenient, a Lynch as too formal, a Spanish *auto da fé* as too technical, and a tribunal of the French Revolution as soft and sentimental. Before them the accused had literally no rights, not even to present a defense, and if he was permitted to speak in his own behalf, it was only as a generous and liberal favor.

The German mentality.

The principle that power makes right.

The accused without rights.

It was before such a court that Edith Cavell was to be arraigned. I had asked Maître de Leval to provide for her defense, and on his advice, inasmuch as Maître Braun was already of counsel in the case, chosen by certain friends of Miss Cavell, I invited him into consultation.

Edith Cavell was a frail and delicate little woman about forty years of age. She had come to Brussels some years before the war to exercise her calling as a trained nurse. She soon became known to the leading physicians of the capital and nursed in the homes of the leading families. But she was ambitious, and devoted to her profession, and ere long had entered a

Personality of Edith Cavell.

nursing-home in the Rue de la Clinique, when she organized for Doctor Depage a training school for nurses. She was a woman of refinement and education; she knew French as she knew her own language; she was deeply religious, with a conscience almost puritan, and was very stern with herself in what she conceived to be her duty. In her training-school she showed great executive ability, was firm in matters of discipline, and brought it to a high state of efficiency. And every one who knew her in Brussels spoke of her with that unvarying term of respect which her noble character inspired.

Miss Cavell's character and ability.

Some time before the trial, Maître Thomas Braun announced to the Legation that for personal reasons he would be obliged to withdraw from the case, and asked that some one else appear for Miss Cavell. We engaged Maître Sadi Kirschen.

Mr. Whitlock engages a defender.

It was the morning of Thursday, October seventh, that the case came before the court martial in the Senate chamber, where the military trials always took place, and Miss Cavell was arraigned with the Princess de Croy, the Countess de Belleville, and thirty-two others. The accused were seated in a circle facing the court, in such a way that they could neither see nor communicate with their own counsel who were compelled to sit behind them. Nor could they see the witnesses, who were also placed behind them.

The court martial in the Senate chamber.

The charge brought against the accused was that of having conspired to violate the German Military Penal Code, punishing with death those who conduct troops to the enemy.

We have no record of that trial; we do not know all that occurred there behind the closed doors of that Senate chamber, where for fourscore years laws based on another and more enlightened principle of justice had been dis-

The trial secret.

cussed. Miss Cavell did not know, or knew only in the vaguest manner, the offense with which she was charged. She did not deny having received at her hospital English soldiers whom she nursed and to whom she gave money; she did not deny that she knew they were going to try to cross the border into Holland. She even took a patriotic pride in the fact. She was very calm. She was interrogated in German, a language she did not understand, but the questions and responses were translated into French. Her mind was very alert, and she was entirely self-possessed, and frequently rectified any inexact details and statements that were put to her. When, in her interrogatory, she was asked if she had not aided English soldiers left behind after the early battles of the preceding Autumn about Mons and Charleroi, she said yes; they were English and she was English, and she would help her own. The answer seemed to impress the court. They asked her if she had not helped twenty.

Miss Cavell's attitude.

Admits aiding English soldiers.

"Yes," she said "more than twenty; two hundred."

"English?"

"No, not all English; French and Belgians, too."

But the French and Belgians were not of her own nationality, said the judge—and that made a serious difference. She was subjected to a nagging interrogatory. One of the judges said that she had been foolish to aid the English because, he said, the English are ungrateful.

"No," replied Miss Cavell, "the English are not ungrateful."

"How do you know they are not?" asked the inquisitor.

"Because," she answered, "some of them have written to me from England to thank me."

Miss Cavell makes a fatal admission.

It was a fatal admission on the part of the tortured little woman; under the German mili-

tary law her having helped soldiers to re
Holland, a neutral country, would have be
a less serious offense, but to aid them to re
an enemy country, and especially England, w
the last offense in the eyes of the German mi
tary court.

Rumor that death sentence is asked.

The trial was concluded on Saturday, a
on Sunday one of the nurses in Miss Cavel
school came to tell me that there was a rum
about town that the prosecuting officer h
asked the court to pronounce a sentence
death in the cases of the Princess de Croy, t
Countess de Belleville, and of Miss Cavell, a
of several others. I remember to have said
Maître de Leval, when he came up to my ro
to report the astounding news:

"That's only the usual exaggeration of th
prosecutor; they all ask for the extre
penalty, everywhere, when they sum up the
cases."

Leval's opinion of German court

"Yes," said Maître de Leval, "and in Germa
courts they always get it."

Maître de Leval sent a note to Maître Ki
schen, asking him to come on Monday, at eigh
thirty o'clock, to the Legation or to send
word regarding Miss Cavell. Maître Kirsch
did not send Maître de Leval the word he ha
requested, and on that Sunday, de Leval sa
another lawyer who had been on the case and
could tell him what had taken place at th
trial. The lawyer thought that the court ma
tial would not condemn Miss Cavell to dea
At any rate, no judgment had been pr
nounced, and the judges themselves did not a
pear to be in agreement.

On Monday, the eleventh of October, at eigh
thirty in the morning, Maître de Leval went
the *Politische Abteilung* in the Rue Lambe
mont, and found Conrad. He spoke to him
the case of Miss Cavell and asked that, n
that the trial had taken place, he and the Re

erend Mr. Gahan, the rector of the English church, be allowed to see Miss Cavell, Conrad said he would make inquiries and inform de Leval by telephone, and by one of the messengers of the Legation who that morning happened to deliver some papers to the *Politische Abteilung,* Conrad sent word that neither the Reverend Mr. Gahan nor Maître de Leval could see Miss Cavell at that time, but that Maître de Leval could see her as soon as the judgment had been pronounced.

Leval asks to see Miss Cavell.

At eleven-thirty o'clock on the Monday morning, Maître de Leval himself telephoned to Conrad, who repeated this statement. The judgment had not yet been rendered, he said, and Maître de Leval asked him to let him know as soon as the judgment had been pronounced, so that he might go to see Miss Cavell. Conrad promised this, but added that even then the Reverend Mr. Gahan could not see her, because there were German Protestant pastors at the prison, and that if Miss Cavell needed spiritual advice or consolation she could call on them. Conrad concluded this conversation by saying that the judgment would be rendered on the morrow, that is, on Tuesday, or the day after, and that even when it had been pronounced it would have to be signed by the Military Governor, and that the Legation would be kept informed.

Waiting for judgment to be pronounced.

Promise to inform the Legation.

At twelve-ten on the Monday, not having received any news from Maître Kirschen, Maître de Leval went to his house, but did not find him there, and left his card.

At twelve-twenty o'clock, Maître de Leval went to the house of the lawyer to whom reference has already been made, and left word for him to go to his home.

Leval makes repeated inquiries.

At four o'clock that afternoon the lawyer arrived at the Legation and said that he had been to see the Germans at eleven o'clock, and

that there he had been told no judgment would be pronounced before the following day. Before leaving the Legation to go home, Maître de Leval told to Gibson all that had happened, and asked him to telephone again to Conrad before going home himself. Then at intervals all day long the inquiry had been repeated, and the same response was made.

Monday evening at six-twenty o'clock, Belgian time, Topping, one of the clerks of the Legation, with Gibson standing by, again called Conrad on the telephone, again was told that the judgment had not been pronounced, and that the Political Department would not fail to inform the Legation the moment the judgment was confirmed. And the *chancellerie* was closed for the night.

The chancellerie was closed for the night.

At nine o'clock that Monday evening, Maître de Leval appeared suddenly at the door of my chamber; his face was deadly pallid; he said that he had just heard from the nurse who kept him informed, that the judgment had been confirmed and that the sentence of death had been pronounced on Miss Cavell at half-past four o'clock that afternoon, and that she was to be shot at two o'clock the next morning. It seemed preposterous, especially the immediate execution of sentence; there had always been time at least to prepare and present a plea for mercy. To condemn a woman in the evening and then to hurry her out to be shot before another dawn! Impossible! It could not be!

A nurse informs Leval of the death sentence.

But no; Maître de Leval was certain. That evening he had gone home and was writing at his table when about eight o'clock two nurses were introduced. One was Miss Wilkinson, little and nervous, all in tears; the other, taller and more calm. Miss Wilkinson said that she had just learned that the judgment of the court condemned Miss Cavell to death, that the judgment had been read to her in her cell

it four-thirty that afternoon, and that the Germans were going to shoot her that night at two o'clock. Maître de Leval told her that it was difficult to believe such news, since twice he had been told that the judgment had not been rendered and that it would not be rendered before the following day, but on her reiteration that she had this news from a source that was absolutely certain, de Leval left at once with her and her friends and came to the Legation. And there he stood, pale and shaken. Even then I could not believe; it was too preposterous; surely a stay of execution would be granted. Already in the afternoon, in some premonition, Maître de Leval had prepared a plea for mercy, to be submitted to the Governor-General, and a letter of transmittal to present to the Baron von der Lancken. I asked Maître de Leval to bring me these documents and I signed them, and then, at the last minute, on the letter addressed to von der Lancken, I wrote these words:

Judgment read in the afternoon.

Plea for mercy had been prepared.

MY DEAR BARON:

"I am too sick to present my request to you in person, but I appeal to your generosity of heart to support it, and save this unfortunate woman from death. Have pity on her."

Mr. Whitlock's personal appeal.

I told Maître de Leval to send Joseph at once to hunt up Gibson to present my plea and, if possible, to find the Marquis de Villalobar and to ask him to support it with the Baron von der Lancken. Gibson was dining somewhere; we did not know where Villalobar was. The *Politische Abteilung,* in the Ministry of Industry, where Baron von der Lancken lived, was only half a dozen blocks away. The Governor-General was in his château at Trois Fontaines, ten miles away, playing bridge that evening. Maître de Leval went; and I waited.

Search for the Spanish ambassador.

The nurses from Miss Cavell's school were waiting in a lower room; other nurses came for news; they, too, had heard, but could not believe. Then the Reverend Mr. H. Stirling T. Gahan, the British chaplain at Brussels and pastor of the English church, came. He had a note from some one at the St. Gilles prison, a note written in German, saying simply:

English rector summoned.

"Come at once; some one is about to die."

He went away to the prison; his frail, delicate little wife remained at the Legation, and there, with my wife and Miss Larner, sat with those women all that long evening, trying to comfort them, to reassure them. Outside a cold rain was falling. Up in my chamber I waited; a stay of execution would be granted, of course; they always were; there was not, in our time, anywhere, a court, even a court martial, that would condemn a woman to death at half-past four in the afternoon and hurry her out and shoot her before dawn—not even a German court martial.

A delay of executive expected.

Miss Cavell calm and courageous.

When Mr. Gahan arrived at the prison that night Miss Cavell was lying on the narrow cot in her cell; she arose, drew on a dressing gown, folded it about her thin form, and received him calmly. She had never expected such an end to the trial, but she was brave and was not afraid to die. The judgment had been read to her that afternoon, there in her cell. She had written letters to her mother in England and to certain of her friends, and entrusted them to the German authorities.

She did not complain of her trial; she had avowed all, she said; and it is one of the saddest, bitterest ironies of the whole tragedy that she seems not to have known that all she had avowed was not sufficient, even under German law, to justify the judgment passed upon her. The German chaplain had been kind, and she was willing for him to be with her

at the last, if Mr. Gahan could not be. Life had not been all happy for her, she said, and she was glad to die for her country. Life had been hurried, and she was grateful for these weeks of rest in prison.

"Patriotism is not enough," she said, "I must have no hatred and no bitterness toward any one."

She received the sacrament, she had no hatred for any one, and she had no regrets. In the touching report that Mr. Gahan made there is a statement, one of the last that Edith Cavell ever made, which, in its exquisite pathos, illuminates the whole of that life of stern duty, of human service and martyrdom. She said that she was grateful for the six weeks of rest she had just before the end. During those weeks she had read and reflected; her companions and her solace were her Bible, her prayer-book and the "Imitation of Christ." The notes she made in these books reveal her thoughts in that time, and will touch the uttermost depths of any nature nourished in that beautiful faith which is at once so tender and so austere. The prayer-book with those laconic entries on its fly-leaf, in which she set down the sad and eloquent chronology of her fate, the copy of the "Imitation" which she had read and marked during those weeks in prison —weeks, which, as she so pathetically said, had given her rest and quiet and time to think in a life that had been "so hurried"—and the passages noted in her firm hand have a deep and appealing pathos.

Notes made in Bible and prayer-book.

Just before the end, too, as I have said, she wrote a number of letters. She forgot no one. Among the letters that she left one was addressed to the nurses of her school; and there was a message for a girl who was trying to break herself of the morphine habit — Miss Cavell had been trying to help her, and she sent

her word to be brave, and that if God would permit she would continue to try to help her.

The petitioners fail.

Midnight came, and Gibson, with a dark face, and de Leval, paler than ever. There was nothing to be done.

Errand of Marquis Villalobar, Gibson and de Leval.

De Leval had gone to Gibson, and together they went in search of the Marquis, whom they found at Baron Lambert's, where he had been dining; he and Baron Lambert and M. Francqui were over their coffee. The three, the Marquis, Gibson and de Leval, then went to the Rue Lambermont. The little Ministry was closed and dark; no one was there. They rang, and rang again, and finally the *concierge* appeared—no one was there, he said. They insisted. The *concierge* at last found a German functionary who came down, stood staring stupidly; every one was gone; *son Excellence* was at the theater. At what theater? He did not know. They urged him to go and find out. He disappeared inside, went up and down stairs two or three times, finally came out and said that he was at Le Bois Sacré. They explained that the presence of the Baron was urgent and asked the man to go for him; they turned over the motor to him and he mounted on the box beside Eugene. They reached the little variety theater there in the Rue d'Arenberg. The German functionary went in and found the Baron, who said he could not come before the piece was over.

The sad wait for der Lancken.

All this while Villalobar, Gibson and de Leval were in the salon at the Ministry, the room of which I have spoken so often as the yellow salon, because of the satin upholstery of its Louis XVI. furniture of white lacquer—that bright, almost laughing little salon, all done in the gayest, lightest tones, where so many little dramas were played. All three of them were deeply moved and very anxious—the eternal contrast, as de Leval said, between things and

sentiments. Lancken entered at last, very much surprised to find them; he was accompanied by Count Harrach and by the young Baron von Falkenhausen.

"What is it, gentlemen?" he said. "Has something serious happened?"

They told him why they were there, and Lancken, raising his hands, said:

"Impossible!"

He had vaguely heard that afternoon of a condemnation for spying, but he did not know that it had anything to do with the case of Miss Cavell, and in any event it was impossible that they would put a woman to death that night.

De-Lancken believes the rumor false.

"Who has given you this information? Because, to come and disturb me at such an hour you must have actual information," he said.

De Leval replied: "Without doubt I consider it so, but I must refuse to tell you from whom I received the information. Besides, what difference does it make? If the information is true, our presence at this hour is justified; if it is not true, I am ready to take the consequences of my mistake."

The Baron grew irritated.

"What," he said, "is it on the hint of mere rumor that you come and disturb me at such an hour, me and these gentlemen? No, no, gentlemen, this news can not be true. Orders are never executed with such precipitation, especially when a woman is concerned. Come and see me to-morrow. Besides, how do you think that at this hour I can obtain any information? The Governor-General must certainly be sleeping."

Gibson, or one of them, suggested to him that a very simple way of finding out would be to telephone to the prison.

"Quite right," said he. "I had not thought of that."

He went out, was gone a few minutes and came back embarrassed, so they said, even a little bit ashamed, for he said:

The sad news confirmed.

"You are right, gentlemen; I have heard by telephone that Miss Cavell has been condemned and that she will be shot to-night."

Then de Leval drew out the letter that I had written to the Baron and gave it to him, and he read it in an undertone—with a little sardonic smile, de Leval said—and when he had finished he handed it back to de Leval and said:

The plea for mercy.

"But it is necessary to have a plea for mercy at the same time."

"Here it is," said de Leval, and gave him the document. Then they all sat down.

I could see the scene as it was described to me by Villalobar, by Gibson, by de Leval, in that pretty little Louis XVI. salon that I knew so well—Lancken giving way to an outburst of feeling against "that spy," as he called Miss Cavell, and Gibson and de Leval by turns pleading with him, the Marquis sitting by. It was not a question of spying as they pointed out; it was a question of the life of a woman, a life that had been devoted to charity, to helping others. She had nursed wounded soldiers, she had even nursed German wounded at the beginning of the war, and now she was accused of but one thing: having helped English soldiers make their way toward Holland. She may have been imprudent, she may have acted against the laws of the occupying power, but she was not a spy, she was not even accused of being a spy, she had not been convicted of spying, and she did not merit the death of a spy. They sat there pleading, Gibson and de Leval, bringing forth all the arguments that would occur to men of sense and sensibility. Gibson called Lancken's attention to their failure to inform the Legation of the sentence, of their failure to keep the word that Conrad had

Von der Lancken's attitude.

Miss Cavell not a spy.

given. He argued that the offense charged against Miss Cavell had long since been accomplished, that as she had been for some weeks in prison a slight delay in carrying out the sentence could not endanger the German cause; he even pointed out the effect such a deed as the summary execution of the death sentence against a woman would have upon public opinion, not only in Belgium, but in America, and elsewhere; he even spoke of the possibility of reprisals.

The military authority supreme.

But it was all in vain. Baron von der Lancken explained to them that the Military Governor, that is, General von Saubersweig, was the supreme authority in matters of this sort, that an appeal from his decision lay only to the Emperor, that the Governor-General himself had no authority to intervene in such cases, and that under the provisions of German martial law it lay within the discretion of the Military Governor whether he would accept or refuse an appeal for clemency And then Villalobar suddenly cried out:

"Oh, come now! It's a woman; you can't shoot a woman like that!"

The Baron paused, was evidently moved.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is past eleven o'clock; what can be done?"

Lancken goes to von Saubersweig.

It was only von Saubersweig who could act, he had said, and they urged the Baron to go to see von Saubersweig. Finally he consented. While he was gone Villalobar, Gibson and de Leval repeated to Harrach and von Falkenhausen all the arguments that might move them. Von Falkenhausen was young, he had been to Cambridge in England, and he was touched, though of course he was powerless. And de Leval says that when he gave signs of showing pity, Harrach cast a glance at him, so that he said nothing more, and then Harrach said:

"The life of one German soldier seems to us much more important than that of all these old English nurses."

Lancken's return.

At last Lancken returned and, standing there, announced:

"I am exceedingly sorry, but the Governor tells me that only after due reflection was the execution decided upon, and that he will not change his decision. Under his prerogative he even refuses to receive the plea for mercy. Therefore, no one, not even the Emperor, can do anything for you."

The plea for mercy handed back.

With this he handed my letter and the *requête en grace* back to Gibson. There was a moment of silence in the yellow salon. Then Villalobar sprang up and seizing Lancken by the shoulder said to him in an energetic tone:

"Baron, I wish to speak to you."

"It is useless," began Lancken.

The Marquis Villalobar pleads.

But the old Spanish pride had been mounting in the Marquis, and he literally dragged the tall von der Lancken into a little room near by, and then voices were heard in sharp discussion, and even through the partition the voice of Villalobar:

"It is idiotic, this thing you are going to do: you will have another Louvain."

A few moments later they came back, Villalobar in silent rage, Lancken very red. And, as de Leval said, without another word, dumb, in consternation, filled with an immense despair, they came away.

The messengers withdraw.

I heard the report, and they withdrew. A little while and I heard the street door open. The women who had waited all that night went out into the rain.

The rain had ceased and the air was soft and warm the next morning; the sunlight shone through an autumn haze. But over the city the horror of the dreadful deed hung like a pall.

Twenty-six others were condemned with Miss Cavell, four of whom were sentenced to death: Philippe Baucq, an architect of Brussels; Louise Thuiliez, a school-teacher at Lille; Louis Severin, a pharmacist of Brussels; and the Countess Jeanne de Belleville of Montignies-sur-Roc. Other prisoners condemned.

Harman Capian, a civil engineer of Wasmes; Mrs. Ada Bodart of Brussels; Albert Libiez, a lawyer of Wasmes; and Georges Derveau, a pharmacist of Pâturages, were sentenced each to fifteen years' penal servitude at hard labor. Severe sentences.

The Princess Maria de Croy was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude at hard labor.

Seventeen others were sentenced to hard labor or to terms of imprisonment of from two to five years. The eight remaining were acquitted.

All day long sad and solemn groups stood under the trees in the boulevards amid the falling leaves discussing the crime in horrified tones. The horror of it pervaded the house. I found my wife weeping at evening; no need to ask what was the matter; the wife of the chaplain had been there, with some detail of Miss Cavell's last hours: how she had arisen wearily from her cot at the coming of the clergyman, drawing her dressing-gown about her thin throat. The people horrified at Miss Cavell's execution.

I sent a note to Baron von der Lancken asking that the Governor-General permit the body of Miss Cavell to be buried by the American Legation and the friends of the dead girl. In reply he came himself to see me in the afternoon. He was very solemn, and said that he wished to express his regret in the circumstances, but that he had done all he could. The body, he said, had already been interred, with respect and with religious rites, in a quiet place, and under the law it could not be exhumed without an order from the Imperial The body not given to friends.

Government. The Governor-General himself had gone to Berlin.

Whitlock and Villalobar.

And then came Villalobar, and I thanked him for what he had done. He told me much, and described the scene the night before in that anteroom with Lancken. The Marquis was much concerned about the Countess Jeanne de Belleville and Madame Thuiliez, both French, and hence protégées of his, condemned to die within eight days; but I told him not to be concerned; that the effect of Miss Cavell's martyrdom did not end with her death; it would procure other liberations, this among them; the thirst for blood had been slaked and there would be no more executions in this group; it was the way of the law of blood vengeance. We talked a long time about the tragedy and about the even larger tragedy of the war.

"We are getting old," he said. "Life is going; and after the war, if we live in that new world, we shall be of the old—the new generation will push us aside."

Gibson and de Leval prepared reports of the whole matter, and I sent them by the next courier to our Embassy at London. But somehow that very day the news got into Holland and shocked the world. Richards, of the C. R. B., just back from The Hague, said that they had already heard of it there and were filled with horror. And even the Germans who seemed always to do a deed and to consider its effect afterward, knew that they had another Louvain, another *Lusitania,* for which to answer before the bar of civilization. The lives of the three others remaining, of the five condemned to death, were ultimately spared as I had told Villalobar they would be. The King of Spain and the President of the United States made representations at Berlin in behalf of the Countess de Belleville and Madame

Miss Cavell's death wins mercy for others.

Thuiliez, and their sentences were commuted to imprisonment, as was that of Louis Severin, the Brussels druggist. The storm of universal loathing and reprobation for the deed was too much even for the Germans.

In an earlier chapter we have read of the beginning of the attempt to cross the Dardanelles and to capture the Peninsula of Gallipoli. After great losses and terrible suffering had been endured in these attempts, it was decided in December, 1915, by the British war authorities that further sacrifices were not justified. Preparations were accordingly made to abandon the enterprise. How these plans were carried out is told in the chapter following.

GALLIPOLI ABANDONED

GENERAL SIR CHARLES C. MONRO

ON October 20, 1915, in London, I received instructions to proceed as soon as possible to the Near East and take over the command of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

General Monro's orders on arrival.

My duty on arrival was in broad outline:

(a) To report on the military situation on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

(b) To express an opinion whether on purely military grounds the Peninsula should be evacuated or another attempt made to carry it.

(c) The number of troops that would be required—

(1) To carry the Peninsula.

(2) To keep the strait open, and

(3) To take Constantinople.

The positions occupied by our troops presented a military situation unique in history. The mere fringe of the coast line had been secured. The beaches and piers upon which they depended for all requirements in personnel and material were exposed to registered and observed artillery fire. Our intrenchments were dominated almost throughout by the Turks. The possible artillery positions were insufficient and defective. The force, in short, held a line possessing every possible military defect. The position was without depth, the communications were insecure and dependent on the weather.

Military defects in positions occupied.

No means existed for the concealment and deployment of fresh troops destined for the offensive—while the Turks enjoyed full powers

of observation, abundant artillery positions, and they been given the time to supplement the natural advantages which the position presented by all the devices at the disposal of the field engineer.

Another material factor came prominently before me. The troops on the Peninsula had suffered much from various causes—exposure to shell fire, disease, the dearth of competent officers owing to earlier losses, and "make-shifts" due to the attachment of Yeomanry and Mounted Brigades to the Territorial Divisions. Other arguments, irrefutable in their conclusions, convinced me that a complete evacuation was the only wise course to pursue. Disease, loss of competent officers, make-shift organization.

On November 21, 1915 the Peninsula was visited by a storm said to be nearly unprecedented for the time of the year. The storm was accompanied by torrential rain, which lasted for twenty-four hours. This was followed by hard frost and a heavy blizzard. In the areas of the Eighth Corps and the Anzac Corps the effects were not felt to a very marked degree owing to the protection offered by the surrounding hills. The Ninth Corps was less favorably situated, the water courses in this area became converted into surging rivers, which carried all before them. The water rose in many places to the height of the parapets and all means of communications were prevented. Consequences of unusual storms.

The men, drenched as they were by the rain, suffered from the subsequent blizzard most severely. Large numbers collapsed from exposure and exhaustion, and in spite of untiring efforts that were made to mitigate the suffering I regret to announce that there were 200 deaths from exposure and over 10,000 sick evacuated during the first few days of December.

From reports given by deserters it is probable that the Turks suffered even to a greater degree.

Difficulties pertaining to withdrawal.

The problem with which we were confronted was the withdrawal of an army of a considerable size from positions in no cases more than 300 yards from the enemy's trenches, and its embarkation on open beaches, every part of which was within effective range of Turkish guns, and from which in winds from the south or southwest, the withdrawal of troops was not possible.

I came to the conclusion that our chances of success were infinitely more probable if we made no departure of any kind from the normal life which we were following both on sea and on land. A feint which did not fully fulfill its purpose would have been worse than useless, and there was the obvious danger that the suspicions of the Turks would be aroused by our adoption of a course the real purport of which could not have been long disguised.

Unsettled weather a menace.

Rapidity of action was imperative, having in view the unsettled weather which might be expected in the Ægean. The success of our operations was entirely dependent on weather conditions. Even a mild wind from the south or southwest was found to raise such a ground swell as to greatly impede communication with the beaches, while anything in the nature of a gale from this direction could not fail to break up the piers, wreck the small craft, and thus definitely prevent any steps being taken toward withdrawal.

Throughout the period December 10 to 18, 1915 the withdrawal proceeded under the most auspicious conditions, and the morning of December 18, 1915, found the positions both at Anzac and Suvla reduced to the numbers determined, while the evacuation of guns, animals,

stores, and supplies had continued most satisfactorily. Evacuation of supplies continues satisfactorily.

It was imperative, of course, that the front-line trenches should be held, however lightly, until the very last moment and that the withdrawal from these trenches should be simultaneous throughout the line.

The good fortune which had attended the evacuation continued during the night of the 19th-20th. The night was perfectly calm with a slight haze over the moon, an additional stroke of good luck, as there was a full moon on that night.

Soon after dark the covering ships were all in position, and the final withdrawal began. At 1:30 A. M. the withdrawal of the rear parties commenced from the front trenches at Suvla and the left of Anzac. Those on the right of Anzac who were nearer the beach remained in position until 2 A. M. By 5:30 A. M. the last man had quit the trenches. Final withdrawals from Anzac and Suvla.

At Anzac, four 18-pounder guns, two 5-inch howitzers, one 4.7 naval gun, one anti-air craft, and two 3-pounder Hotchkiss guns were left, but they were destroyed before the troops finally embarked. In addition, fifty-six mules, a certain number of carts, mostly stripped of their wheels, and some supplies which were set on fire, were also abandoned.

At Suvla every gun, vehicle and animal was embarked, and all that remained was a small stock of supplies, which were burned. A few supplies destroyed.

On December 28, 1915, your Lordship's telegram ordering the evacuation of Helles was received, whereupon, in view of the possibility of bad weather intervening, I instructed the General Officer Commanding Dardanelles Army to complete the operation as rapidly as possible. He was reminded that every effort conditional on not exposing the personnel to undue risk should be made to save all 60-pounder and

18-pounder guns, 6-inch and 4.5 howitzers with their ammunition and other accessories such as mules, and A. T. carts, limbered wagons, &c.

At a meeting which was attended by the Vice Admiral and the General Officer Commanding Dardanelles Army I explained the course which I thought we should adopt to again deceive the Turks as to our intentions.

Situation on Gallipoli Peninsula.

The situation on the Peninsula had not materially changed owing to our withdrawal from Suvla and Anzac, except that there was a marked increased activity in aerial reconnoissance over our positions, and the islands of Mudros and Imbros, and that hostile patrolling of our trenches was more frequent and daring.

Increase in Turkish artillery.

The most apparent factor was that the number of heavy guns on the European and Asiatic shores had been considerably augmented, and that these guns were more liberally supplied with German ammunition, the result of which was that our beaches were continuously shelled, especially from the Asiatic shore. I gave it as my opinion that in my judgment I did not regard a feint as an operation offering any prospect of success; and it was decided the navy should do their utmost to pursue a course of retaliation against the Turkish batteries, but to refrain from any unusually aggressive attitude should the Turkish guns remain quiescent.

General Birdwood's comprehensive plans.

General Sir W. Birdwood had, in anticipation of being ordered to evacuate Helles, made such complete and far-seeing arrangements that he was able to proceed without delay to the issue of the comprehensive orders which the consummation of such a delicate operation in war requires.

The evacuation, following the same system as was practiced at Suvla and Anzac, proceeded without delay. The French infantry remaining

on the Peninsula were relieved on the night of January 1-2, 1916, and were embarked by the French navy on the following nights. Progress, however, was slower than had been hoped, owing to delays caused by accident and the weather. One of our largest horse ships was sunk by a French battleship, whereby the withdrawal was considerably retarded, and at the same time strong winds sprang up which interfered materially with work on the beaches. The character of the weather now setting in offered so little hope of a calm period of any duration that General Sir W. Birdwood arranged with Admiral Sir J. de Robeck for the assistance of some destroyers in order to accelerate the progress of re-embarkation. French infantry embarked.

Meanwhile the Eighth Corps had maintained the offensive spirit in bombing and minor operations with which they had established the moral superiority they enjoyed over the enemy. On December 29, 1915 the Fifty-second Division completed the excellent work which they had been carrying out for so long by capturing a considerable portion of the Turkish trenches, and by successfully holding these in the face of repeated counterattacks. The shelling of our trenches and beaches, however, increased in frequency and intensity, and the average daily casualties continued to increase. Turks shell trenches and beaches.

On January 7, 1916, the enemy developed heavy artillery fire on the trenches held by the Thirteenth Division, while the Asiatic guns shelled those occupied by the Royal Naval Division. The bombardment, which was reported to be the heaviest experienced since we landed in April, lasted from noon until 5 P. M., and was intensive between 3 and 3:30 P. M.

January 8, 1916 was a bright, calm day, with a light breeze from the south. There was every indication of the continuance of favorable conditions, and, in the opinion of the meteorologi-

cal officer, no important change was to be expected for at least twenty-four hours. The Turkish artillery was unusually inactive. All preparations for the execution of the final stage were complete.

Unfavorable weather.

About 7 P. M. the breeze freshened considerably from the southwest, the most unfavorable quarter, but the first trip, timed for 8 P. M. was dispatched without difficulty. The wind, however, continued to rise until, by 11 P. M. the connecting pier between the hulks and the shore at "W" Beach was washed away by heavy seas, and further embarkation into destroyers from these hulks became impracticable. In spite of these difficulties the second trips, which commenced at 11:30 P. M., were carried out well up to time, and the embarkation of guns continued uninterruptedly. Early in the evening reports had been received from the right flank that a hostile submarine was believed to be moving down the strait, and about midnight H. M. S. *Prince George,* which had embarked 2,000 men, and was sailing for Mudros, reported she was struck by a torpedo which failed to explode. The indications of the presence of a submarine added considerably to the anxiety for the safety of the troop carriers, and made it necessary for the Vice Admiral to modify the arrangements made for the subsequent bombardment of the evacuated positions.

Hostile submarine near by.

Gully Beach embarkation completed.

At 1:50 A. M., Gully Beach reported that the embarkation at that beach was complete, and that the lighters were about to push off, but at 2:10 A. M. a telephone message was received that one of the lighters was aground and could not be refloated. The N. T. O. at once took all possible steps to have another lighter sent in to Gully Beach, and this was, as a matter of fact, done within an hour, but in the meantime, at 2:30 A. M. it was decided to

move the 160 men who had been relanded from the grounded lighter to "W" Beach and embark them there.

Conflagrations show Turks the allies have withdrawn

At 3:30 A. M. the evacuation was complete, and abandoned heaps of stores and supplies were successfully set on fire by time fuses after the last man had embarked. Two magazines of ammunition and explosives were also successfully blown up at 4 A. M. These conflagrations were apparently the first intimation received by the Turks that we had withdrawn. Red lights were immediately discharged from the enemy's trenches, and heavy artillery fire opened on our trenches and beaches. This shelling was maintained until about 6:30 A. M.

Good luck and skilled organization forthcoming.

Apart from four unserviceable fifteen-pounders which had been destroyed earlier in the month, ten worn-out fifteen-pounders, one six-inch Mark VII gun, and six old heavy French guns, all of which were previously blown up, were left on the Peninsula. In addition to the above, 508 animals, most of which were destroyed, and a number of vehicles and considerable quantities of stores, material, and supplies, all of which were destroyed by burning, had to be abandoned.

Competent officers in charge.

The entire evacuation of the Peninsula had now been completed. It demanded for its successful realization two important military essentials, viz., good luck and skilled disciplined organization, and they were both forthcoming to a marked degree at the hour needed. Our luck was in the ascendant by the marvelous spell of calm weather which prevailed. But we were able to turn to the fullest advantage these accidents of fortune.

Lieutenant General Sir W. Birdwood and his corps commanders elaborated and prepared the orders in reference to the evacuation with a skill, competence, and courage which could not

have been surpassed, and we had a further stroke of good fortune in being associated with Vice Admiral Sir J. de Robeck, K. C. B., Vice Admiral Wemyss, and a body of naval officers whose work remained throughout this anxious period at that standard of accuracy and professional ability which is beyond the power of criticism or cavil.

The form of "frightfulness" in which the Germans placed the greatest faith was the terrorizing of the inhabitants of unprotected enemy cities by bombs from Zeppelins and aeroplanes. While the objects for which these atrocities were perpetrated were not attained, hundreds of innocent men, women, and children were murdered. The following narrative describes one of these German air raids.

THE DEATH-SHIP IN THE SKY

PERRITON MAXWELL

FOR twenty-six years old Tom Cumbers had held his job as switchman at the Walthamstow railroad junction where the London-bound trains come up from Southend to the great city. It was an important post and old Tom filled it with stolid British efficiency. A kindly man who felt himself an integral part of the giant railroad system that employed him, old Tom had few interests beyond his work, his white-haired wife, his reeking pipe and the little four-room tenement in Walthamstow which he called home. The latter was one of the thousands of two-storied rabbit-hatches of sooty, yellow brick, all alike and all incredibly ugly, which stretch, mile upon mile, from Walthamstow toward London's tumultuous heart.

The switchman at Walthamstow.

Within a radius of four dun miles, just on the nearer edge of Epping Forest—the scene in a forgotten day of Robin Hood's adventurings—a section of these huddling homes of the submerged, together with a street of trams and some pathetic shops, constitute this town of Walthamstow. It is a sordid, unlovely place, but for some ten thousand wage-strugglers it is all of England. There are workshops hereabout in which one may mingle one's copious sweat with the grime of machinery and have fourteen shillings a week into the bargain—if one is properly skilled and muscular and bovinely plodding. Walthamstow is not the place where one would deliberately choose to

The workshops near Epping Forest.

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live if bread could be earned elsewhere with equal certainty. But for all its dirt and dullness it has a spot on the map and a meaning in the dull souls of its inhabitants, and here within half an hour's train travel of the Lord Mayor's Mansion and the golden vaults of the Bank of England, transpired on the sweltering night of which I write, one of the most witless and appalling tragedies of the present war. Forever memorable in the hitherto colorless calendar of Walthamstow will be this tragedy in the second year of Armageddon.

An appalling tragedy of the war.

Beyond the stenchful heat-stress of it, there was nothing up to half-past eleven to mark this night as different from its fellows of the past. From eight o'clock till ten the small activities of the town centered chiefly about its tramway terminus, its smudgy station, its three or four moving-picture theatres, and its fetid pubs. On the pavements, in the roadways and at every crossing, corduroyed men yawned and spat, and slatternly women, most of them with whimpering infants in their arms, talked of shop or household cares and the frailties of their neighbors. Some, more alive to the big events of a clashing world, repeated the meagre news of the ha'penny press and dwelt with prideful fervor on the latest bit of heroism reported from the front. Now and again an outburst of raucous humor echoed above the babble of cockney tongues. The maudlin clamor of "a pore lone lidy 'oos 'subing 'ad desarted 'er" failed to arouse anyone's curiosity. Ladies in their cups are not a rarity in Walthamstow. In side streets, lads in khaki, many of them fresh from fields of slaughter "somewhere in Flanders," sported boisterously with their factory-girl sweethearts or spooned in the shadows. Everywhere grubby children in scant clothing shrilled and scampered and got in the way. Humidity enveloped the town like a

An ordinary hot night.

News of the war.

sodden cloak and its humanity stewed in moist and smelly discomfort.

But shortly after eleven o'clock the whole place became suddenly and majestically still and black. People who go to their work at sunrise cannot afford the extravagance of midnight revelry, and there are few street-lamps alight after ten o'clock in any London suburb in these times of martial law. Walthamstow slept in heated but profound oblivion of its mean existence. Beyond the town lay, like a prostrate giant camel, the heat-blurred silhouette of the classic forest. Low over Walthamstow hung the festoons of flat, humid clouds, menacing storm, but motionless.

Street lamps out.

If there was no disturbance in the clouds themselves there was among them something very active, something that drilled its way through them with a muffled whirring, something that was oblong and lean and light of texture, that was ominous and menacing for all its buoyancy. The sound it made was too high up, too thickly shrouded by clouds, to determine its precise position. It gave forth a breathing of persistent, definite rhythm. This was plainly not the wing-stroke of a nocturnal bird; for no bird, big or little, could advertise its flight in such perfect pulsation. And yet it was a bird, a Gargantuan, man-made bird with murder in its talons and hatred in its heart. From its steel nest in Germanized Belgium this whirring monster had soared eight thousand feet and crossed the Channel with little fear of discovery. It had penetrated the English Coast somewhere down Sheerness way and over Southend and then, dropping lower, had sought and found through the haze the tiny train whose locomotive had just fluted its brief salutation to Walthamstow. To the close-cropped men on the Zeppelin, the string of cars far down under their feet, with its

The rhythm of the Zeppelin.

The train to serve as pilot to London.

side-flare from lighted windows, its engine headlamp and its sparks, had proved a providential pilotage. They knew that this train was on the main line, and that it would lead them straight to the great Liverpool Street Station, and that was London, and it was London's wharfs and ammunition works along the Thames that they had planned to obliterate with their cylinders of mechanical doom. But the moist clouds which aided so materially in hiding the Zeppelin's presence from below also worked for its defeat, in so far as its ultimate objective was concerned, for to keep the guiding train in view it was compelled to travel lower and yet lower—so low, indeed, as to make it a target for Kitchener's sentinels.

The Zeppelin forced to travel low.

Somehow, by sight or intuition or the instant commingling of the two, old Tom Cumbers became aware of the danger above him; for he sprang to his switch, shut off all the cheery blue and white lights along "the line" and swung on with a mighty jerk the ruby signal of danger. The engineer in the on-rushing train jammed down his brakes and brought to his locomotive with a complaining, grinding moan, a hundred yards beyond Walthamstow station. Tom Cumbers had done a greater thing than any other in all his existence.

The switchman signals "danger."

The train stops at Walthamstow.

That by his act the Germans in their speeding sky-craft were baffled there is no doubt. They had lost their trail of fire; their involuntary guide had disappeared in the gloom. The airmen's long journey had suddenly become fruitless; their peril from hidden British guns and flying scouts was increased tenfold. The heat of the night was as nothing to the hot surge of disappointment that must have swept the brains of the Zeppelin crew. Their commander, too, must have lost his judgment utterly, forgotten his sense of military effectiveness. Whatever happened, he sacrificed his

soul when he turned his cloud-ship aside from the railway line, steered over the shabby roofs of Walthamstow and, at less than two thousand feet, unloosed his iron dogs of destruction. The German revenge.

I have it on the authority of experienced aviators that it is not impossible on a dark night to distinguish buildings of importance like St. Paul's or the Houses of Parliament or a great gun factory or a river as broad as the Thames with its uprearing and frequent bridges. The crowding tenements of Walthamstow could have had no semblance to any of these, at any height. It would seem a cheap and worthless revenge, then, to wreck an unimportant and defenceless town, having failed to wreck the military nerve-center of the world's metropolis. But this is what one of Count Zeppelin's soaring dreadnoughts did in this night, in this blood-drenched year. Bombing tenements of a defenseless town.

Like the mirage of a tropical island the dirigible hung motionless in space for a breathless minute. There was a wavering pin-prick of light in the carriage suspended from the leviathan's belly—a light that fluttered fore and aft as of a man with a fairy lantern running to and fro giving orders or taking them. Then faintly discernible against the sky, like a rope hung down for anchorage, came a thin, gray streak—the tail of a bomb with all hell in its wake. From somewhere near the town's centre the earth split and roared apart. The world reeled and a brain-shattering crash compounded of all the elements of pain and hurled from the shoulders of a thousand thunderclaps smote the senses. It was a blast of sickening and malignant fury. It did not so much stun as it stopped one—stopped the breath and the heart's beat, suspending thought, halting life itself for a fraction of time. One was, somehow, aware of existence but without sensation.

When a bomb explodes.

And then came reaction and the realization of what was really taking place. The German bomb landed fully ten blocks away, but you would have taken oath in court that it had fallen at your feet, behind you, above you and into your very brain.

An air raid on Walthamstow, which district town can boast neither ammunition works nor the ownership of war material of any description, could not be at once realized. But here was the cyclonic fact, hideously real, appallingly actual; and there in the heavens were the buoyant Zeppelin maneuvering for further mischief. The reverberation of the first explosion was still grumbling back in Epping Forest when all Walthamstow, rubbing its eyes, tumbled out into the black streets. Men, women, children, all ludicrously clotheless swarmed aimlessly like bees in an overturned hive. Stark terror gripped them. It distorted their faces and set their legs quivering. The dullest among these toil-dulled people knew what that explosion meant, knew that it was part of the punishment promised by the German foe. "Gott strafe England" had come to pass. But they could not understand why the enemy had singled them out for such drastic distinction. The more alert and cool-headed of the men battled with their fellows and shouted instructions to get the women folk and the kiddies back indoors and down into their cellars. The night-gowned and pajamaed throng could not be persuaded that safety lay not in sight of the Zeppelin but away from it. The hypnotism of horror lured them on to where twelve houses lay spread about in smoking chaos, a plateau of blazing and noisome havoc. Somewhere a gas-main burst with a roar and drove the crowd back with its choking fumes as no human hands could have done. Women frankly hysterical or swooning

Terror of the people.

A broken gas main.

were roughly thrust aside. Children shrieking in uncomprehending panic were swept along with the crowd or trodden upon. Lumbering men ran and shouted and cursed and shook hairy fists at the long blot on the clouds. Some of the men leaped over iron palings like startled rabbits and flung themselves in the grass, face downward and quaking. And yet, I dare say that most of these would have walked straight into a familiar danger without the waver of an eyelash; it was the unknown peril, the doubt as to how and whence this hurtling death might spring upon them out of the night, that unhinged their manhood. And while Walthamstow's walls went down and great flame-tongues spouted where homes had stood, while the thick, hot air was tortured with agonized and inhuman cries, the enemy up above let loose another bolt.

The second bomb as the town blazes.

More terrible than the first explosion was, or seemed, this second one. It mowed down half a hundred shrieking souls. And it was curious to note the lateral action of the blast when it hit a resisting surface. Dynamite explodes with a downward or upward force, lyddite and nitro-glycerine and what not other devil's own powers act more or less in the same set manner. But the furious ingredients of these bombs hurled on Walthamstow contained stuff that released a discharge which swept all things from it horizontally, in a quarter-mile, lightning sweep, like a scythe of flame. A solid block of shabby villas was laid out as flat as your palm by the explosion of this second bomb. Scarcely a brick was left standing upright. What houses escaped demolition around the edge of the convulsion had their doors and windows splintered into rubbish. The concussion of this chemical frenzy was felt, like an earthquake, in a ten-mile circle. Wherever the scorching breath of the bombs

Effects of the explosion.

breathed on stone or metal it left a sulphurous yellow-white veneer, acrid in odor and smo to the touch. Whole street-lengths of twis iron railings were coated with this murder white-wash.

More bombs as the Zeppelin rises.

Having made sure of its mark, the ravag Zeppelin rose higher on the discharge of first bomb and still higher after firing the s ond. At the safe distance of four thous feet it dropped three more shells reckless haphazard. One of these bored cleanly thro a slate-tiled roof, through furniture and fl floorings and burrowed ten feet into the grou without exploding. This intact shell has sin been carefully analyzed by the experts of t Board of Explosions at the British War Offi Another bomb detonated on the steel rails the Walthamstow tram-line and sent the curling skyward from their rivetted found tions like serpentine wisps of paper. Great co blestones were heaved through shop windo and partitions and out into the flower-beds rear gardens; some of the cobbles were flu through solid attic blinds and others we catapulted through brick walls a foot in thick ness. A hole as big as a moving-van burne into the road at one place. In a side street a impromptu fountain squirted playfully into th dust-burdened air, the result of a central wate pipe punctured by a slug from one of the bomb iron entrails. But these things were not note until dawn and comparative peace had returne to Walthamstow and men could count with some degree the cost of the reckless invasion

Freaks of the explosion.

Before the clouds had swallowed up the hate ful visitant the noise of its attack had arouse the military guards across Epping Forest, in Chingford village, and, aided by a search-light the anti-aircraft-gun opened its unavailing fir on the Zeppelin—ineffective, except that its returning shrapnel smashed up several roof

and battered some innocent heads. The Germans had gauged their skyward path to London along which, apparently, they felt reasonably safe from gun-reach. But they had barely headed homeward before a flock of army aeroplanes, rising from all points of the compass, were in hot pursuit. One of the Britishers was shot down by the men aboard the Zeppelin. Neither speed nor daring counts for much in an encounter between flying-machines and swift dirigibles of the latest types. The advantage lies solely with the one that can overfly his adversary. This can be achieved by a biplane or monoplane pilot only if he has a long start from the ground and time enough to surmount his opponent. This is difficult even in daylight with a cloudless sky. Given darkness and clouds, the chances for success are tremendously against the smaller craft.

British aeroplanes pursue.

Eight bombs in all were launched on Walthamstow—two of them ineffectual. The sixth bomb fell into a field close beside the railway line and worked a hideous wonder. It blew into never-to-be-gathered fragments all that was mortal of old Tom Cumbers, the signalman. They found only his left hand plastered gruesomely against the grassy bank of the railway cut—not a hair nor button else.

The old switchman a victim.

The great series of attacks by the massed German Army against the mighty forces of Verdun began in February, 1917, and continued throughout the following months. Taken as a whole, it was the most dramatic effort in all its phases which took place between the German and French forces. The French showed during these terrible months, the spirit of devotion and sacrifice which was never excelled during the war.

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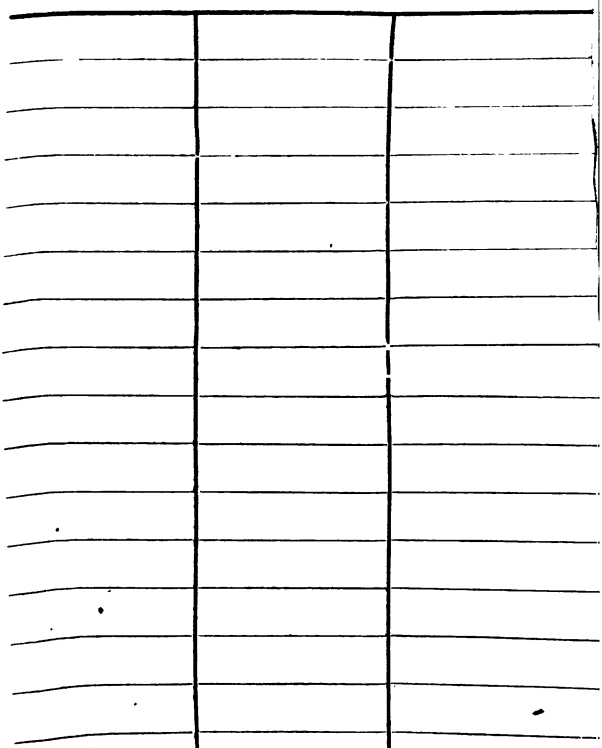

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